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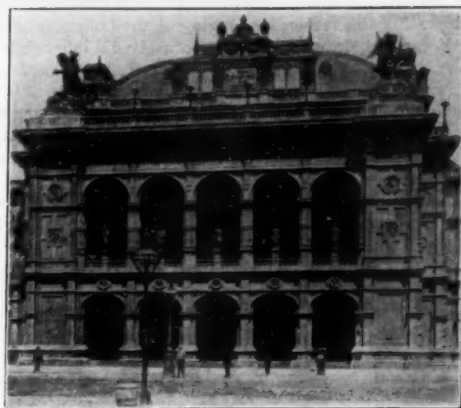
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SCHUBERT CELEBRATION AND SCHUBERT EXHIBITION.

THERE are still lingering echoes from the anniversary of Schubert's one hundredth birthday, which Vienna has celebrated with such patriotic and pious enthusiasm.

The celebration began with two Schubert comic operas—*Der Vierjährige Posten* and *Die Verschnornen* in the Court Opera on January 30. Then on the 31st was the performance of the F major mass in the Lichtenthaler Kirche by a choir of women and members of the Schubert Club. In the afternoon the parade and procession of the South Austrian Singers' Club to the Schubert Monument in the city park, and also to the arcade of the town hall at 3 o'clock, where a large folks concert was given by the male choir with the following program:

Die Nacht.
Lindenbaum.
Hymn, accompanied by wind instruments.

and in the evening in the Katherinen Fest Halle of Dreher Park a Fest-Commerz of the same club, where toasts, speeches, selections from Schubert by various choirs, the club and orchestra were the order of the evening.

Besides the numerous other independent concerts there were four regular fest concerts announced by the Musik Verein, authorized by the municipality of Vienna. These were first by the Gesellschaft der Musik Freunde, with orchestra under Richter's direction, with the following program:

Overture to *Pierabras*.
Nur wer die Sehnsucht Kennt.
Der Gondel fuhrer.
Gesang der Geister über den Wassern.
Symphonie, B minor, Unfinished.
Ständchen für alto, solo and Frauenchor.
Gott in der Natur, Zensuchte chor mit orchester.

These songs were given by the male vocal club, women's vocal club, soloist Frl. Walker, and mixed choir, and the Vienna Male Vocal Association under the direction of Kremser. Perger directed the Singverein of the Musik Freunde, who gave *Gott in der Natur*.

The second fest concert, on February 2, was given by the Schubert Club, their leader, Kirch, directing, with the assistance of the Court Opera orchestra; a great-niece of Schubert, Karoline Geisler-Schubert, pianist, from London; Frau Olga von Türk Rohn, Herr George Reimes and the ladies' choir of the Vienna Singakademie, with the following program:

Overture to *Zauberharfe*.
Prologue (Dr. Hermann Roltett).
Gesang der Geister über den Wassern.
Der Entferten (J. G. von Salls).
Mirjams Sieges-gesang (Grillparzer).
Clavierstücke.
Char der Genien (Zauberharfe).
Lieder.
Nachtgesang (J. G. Seidl).
Nachtheile (J. G. Seidl).
Bruchstück (from Rosamund).

On February 4 a third concert was given. Gustav Walter and the Quartets Helmesberger and Rosé played the D minor string quartet (with variations on *Death and the Maiden*), and the G major (op. 161) string quartet. Gustav Walter sang the *Lieder*, among which were *Wohin?* and *Sei mir Gegrüsst*. The last concert, on February 7, was a coincidence, it being the date of Richter's fiftieth anniversary, and also a Schubert anniversary. A large and distinguished audience gathered to hear the first complete performance of the great Mass in E flat major. Richter directed the Court Opera orchestra, and Frau Baronni Buch, Frau Gisela Rärner, Gustav Walter, Heinrich Lissek and Ludwig Weiglein were the vocalists. Of course all the works mentioned are Schubert's.

I attended the première of the *Vierjährige Posten* and *Die Verschnornen*, also the last fest concert, and I heard Frl. Geisler-Schubert play a newly discovered overture for four hands, with Professor Dorr, in the Tonkünstler-verein, where she was formally presented on the Schubert Abend. Another very enjoyable Schubert evening was given by the

Quartet Rosé, with Grünfeld, who played the Floellen quartet, and Frau Uziella, of the Frankfort Conservatory, who sang *Lieder*, of which one was *Die Nonne*, of Schubert, which I also attended. Indeed the Schubert concerts have been without number, and I have not been able to hear half of them.

Three or four were often announced for the same day. Amid such a bewilderment, such an "embarras de l'uxes." I have been content to hear the newcomers, to visit the large and interesting Schubert Ausstellung in the Künstlerhaus, to hear the Schubert opera premières, to consider some phases of Schubert's short life in Vienna, and I have explored the little house in Nussdorfer strasse where he was born, and the house in Kettenbrücken strasse where he died. In the Künstlerhaus one feels carried back over half a century, as though one were indeed living in Schubert's inner social circle. There he was surrounded by his intimate friends, Kupelweiser, Grillparzer, Mayshofer, Vogl, the Ritter von Spann, Moriz von Schmid, Josephine and Katherine Fröhlich—that Katherine whose unrequited love for Grillparzer was the cause of her death—Bauernfeld, Schober, and even Beethoven, for he, too, was present in this group, though Schubert and Beethoven were only acquainted and there was no mutual friendship. Nothing could better show what a Viennese child of the people Schubert was than this Ausstellung—in such marked contrast to Beethoven, whose many photographs are displayed here, who kept himself so shut up, so estranged, and so difficult to approach.

In the café, on the street, in the salons, in the Volksgarten, in intimate intercourse with his many friends, like Haydn and Mozart, speaking the Vienna dialect (Beethoven and Brahms speak only the High German), Schubert struck root with his songs deep into the very heart of the Viennese, a pet, a darling of the social circle and having for patrons some of the first among the aristocracy; even the gypsies formed a part of his world, for Schubert made his gypsy music an adopted child of the pious Vienna nationalist.

He idealized, in tones full of charm, grace and elegance, the feelings, the excitements, the art perceptions of his native city; so Schubert is par excellence a Viennese product, a growth from its very soil, the blossom of this new period which, like the second great epoch created by his contemporary the Titan Beethoven, had its birth under Vienna skies.

The general opinion seems to be that Beethoven's greatness overclouded the genius of Schubert, so little appreciated in his day (I mean in the sense that no adequate estimate of Schubert's creative genius was formed in his day). Was it not rather, like the third period of Beethoven's unrivaled productions, or like most new departures in every world, that the time was not yet come?

As Bach wrote almost a hundred years before his time, as Beethoven's last works were at the time looked upon merely as the works of a sickly, half crazed period, so this birth of the new lyric in music had first to take root and grow and gradually prepare the minds of coming generations to acknowledge its presence and its significance in the world of music. The words of Grillparzer at the burial of Schubert come now to us with newer and more significant impressions: "Art buries here a rich possession, but still more beautiful hopes," and as the fulfillment of these hopes what voice speaks to us with a more certain sound than Rubinstein's, who, after declaring that Bach, Beethoven and Schubert occupy the highest pinnacles of music, goes on to say:

"Yes, this Schubert is a remarkable presence in music. While in the case of all others (even the greatest) we find a preparatory forerunner, he appears as developed of himself (or even if he had predecessors they are entirely unknown to us), and that, too, in vocal as well as instrumental music. He creates a new lyric—the lyric romantic in music; before him the song was either the naive couplet, or the ballade, stiff, dry, with recitations with shallow cantilena, scholastic form, meaningless accompaniment, &c. He creates the emotional song, which comes from the heart and penetrates to the heart—gives the musical poem to the poetic one; the melody that declares the words; he creates a form of art in which very much that is beautiful has been done after him, but in which he stands unrivaled."

"Besides that, he created the little piano pieces—and there he is, too, most inexplicable. Living at the same time in the same city with Beethoven, and so entirely uninfluenced in his musical creation. Compare Beethoven's Bagatellen alone with Schubert's Moments Musicaux, or with his impromptus. Yes, he stands alone in his song as in his little piano pieces. His peculiarity of inserting whole songs (without words) into his larger works in extending them to great lengths (especially to be felt in his piano sonatas, with exception of two or three), Schumann has rightly called heavenly lengths."

"He sang as the birds sing, always and without ceasing, from a full heart, a full throat, and gave himself as he was and polished his works but slightly. His enormous creation in so short a time would otherwise be incomprehensible; his melody outweighs all deficiency, if deficiency there be. One of his most sympathetic attributes is his naturalness."

How harmlessly by the side of the highest and most beautiful he exhibits the Kreuzfideien Lerchenfelder Wiener, in the last movement of the C major string quintet, in the last movement of the D major piano sonata, in the last movement of the G major fantasia, &c.; and, withal, the manifoldness, the versatility of his creations! And then his songs, *Die Krähe*, *Der Doppelgänger*, *Du bist die Ruh*, *Der Erl König*; his waltzes, his string quartets, his Hungarian rhapsody, his moments musical, the symphony in C major! No—again, and a thousand times over, Bach, Beethoven and Schubert occupy the highest pinnacles in music!"

"It is interesting to note that some see the predecessor, the inspiration to these lyric romantic creations of Schubert in the Leidekreis—An die ferne Geliebte, of Beethoven, and in the lyric song, as in some other things, pronounced Schubert the legitimate successor of Beethoven."

But to return from this digression to the Ausstellung in the Künstlerhaus; we shall find there the faces of many who fulfilled these "more beautiful hopes" of Schubert's genius.

Entering the main room, the large painting of Julius Schmid confronts you on the opposite wall. This pictures Schubert at a bürgerhaus, Ritter von Spann's, playing before his circle of idolizing friends, prominent among whom are those I have mentioned, excepting Beethoven, and also Sonnleithner, with many others. On either side are two excellently painted portraits, by Rieder, of Schubert and an excellent one (said to be) of Moriz von Schwind, the artist painter, who, with Schober, Bauernfeld and Ritter von Spann, numbered himself among his most intimate friends and admiring followers, and who is the painter of many Schubert portraits. Not far away are the pictures of the house of his birth, the garden and the red marble slab bearing the house number, with portraits of his father, Franz Schubert, and other members of his family. (Schubert was one of fourteen children by a first marriage with Elizabeth Vitz.) In this room, and indeed in the whole Ausstellung, are countless portraits of Schubert's friends and contemporaries—artists, singers, poets and painters, whom only to mention would fill a book. Particular notice is given to those poets for whose poems Schubert composed his celebrated *Lieder*. His Viennese contemporary poets are especially interesting in a collection like this, as, for instance, Kärner, Grillparzer, Müller, Bauernfeld, Mayrhofer, Schober, &c. Busts and portraits of Schiller, Goethe, Walter Scott, Klopstock and Heine are all there. That of Goethe is unlike any I have before seen and particularly interesting for a "study."

Of paramount significance and occupying much space are all the singers who assisted at a first performance or composers who heard a work of his for the first time, or with whom he worked; teachers in the conservatory, Court Opera directors in his day, &c.; publishers who first presented his works to the public; great pianists who won by their great performances the recognition due to Schubert's compositions; classic authorities who, with Breitkopf & Härtel, carefully revised and published a complete edition of his works for students. What naturally attracts the attention of all are the cases of autograph original manuscripts, autograph letters, cases of Schubert relics and mementoes.

Of all these I will just merely mention the leading names: Vogl, who is represented at the piano with Schubert, and by his excellent performances brought Schubert's songs first before the public, not only in Vienna but in those other cities where he stopped on his vacations. About Vogl, perhaps, I ought to copy this little note of Schubert. He says:

"The manner in which Vogl sings and I accompany—how we at such a time appear as one—is to these people something new and unheard of." And Von Spann remarks, "Vogl in his execution interests not alone because of the music but also of the poem itself."

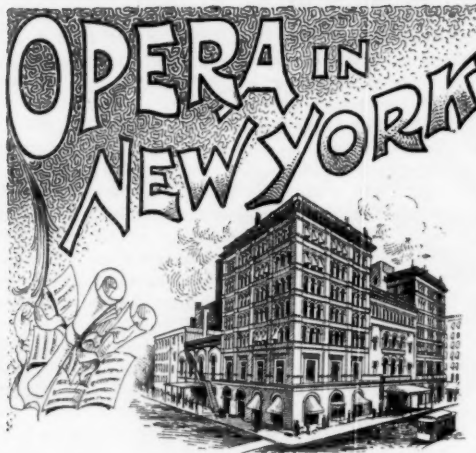
Lachner is represented in the Moriz von Schwind collection by a cyclis, Scenes from the Life of Lachner, where the latter and Schubert are often seen together. This cyclis is as amusing from certain standpoints as it is interesting, but space forbids a description. It is interesting to note that Lachner was the first director in the old Kärlthner Thor Theater, and in his old residence on the Landstrasse is pointed out the little court or garden where were performed (with Schubert) for the first time the *Fantaisie*, op. 106, in F major and the D minor string quartet, op. 160.

Liszt, who first made Schubert's works understood and admired by the French; Schumann, who first undertook a worthy characterization of Schubert's artistic work in the *Neuen Zeitschrift* and saved from oblivion the Seventh (C) Symphonie; Haydn, Mozart, Hummel, Mendelssohn, Lowe, Spohr, Paganini, Rossini, who was the inspiration of the Overtures in Italian Style, and Weber are among the composers' portraits who were either contemporaries or whose works were Schubert's study and admiration.

E. P. FRISSELL.

(To be continued.)

New Orleans Frohsinn.—The New Orleans Singing Society Frohsinn had a musical festival on Sunday, March 21, under the direction of Mr. Joseph Engel. The program was excellent and the attendance large.



SIEGFRIED was sung at the German opera last Wednesday night. The cast was the following:

Brünnhilde.....Lillian Nordica
(Her first appearance in this rôle.)

Forest Bird.....Augusta Vollmar
Siegfried.....Ernst Kraus
Mime.....Paul Lange
Wanderer.....Gerhard Stehmann
Fafner.....Fritz Derschuch
Alberich.....Wilhelm Mertens

The performance was a commendable, although by no means a brilliant one. Ernst Kraus, who assumed the title rôle, was still too ill to do himself or the music justice. His voice was clouded, hoarse, and at the close he showed signs of distress. It is altogether a pity that Herr Kraus has been so indisposed this season, for tenors of his calibre are rare. He has youth, buoyancy, virility, and a fresh, clear, strong voice, which he uses with earnestness and intelligence. He has not been able to show New York what he can do when at his best; perhaps he will next season.

Nordica gave a very satisfactory interpretation of *Brünnhilde*, evidently based on good models and steering close to tradition. She has been well schooled in the part, and as she was in good voice she must be pronounced an excellent *Brünnhilde*. Brilliant, startling or passionate she was not, nor did she more than half hint at the divinity in the goddess of the fire-hemmed hill. The climax of the love duo was not wanting while her phrasing and enunciation were admirable. Considering that it was a first appearance, Nordica's work deserves praise despite its temperamental shortcomings, its want of heroic breadth.

Paul Lange was a very good *Mime*, Stehmann an earnest *Wanderer*, Augusta Vollmar the *Forest Bird* and Mertens a satisfactory *Alberich*. The cuts were numerous, especially at the beginning of the third act, when the entire scene was omitted. Mr. Damrosch conducted his orchestra with great skill.

Friday evening *Lohengrin* was repeated before a large audience. Kraus was again too hoarse to score a success, although his bearing was more dignified and graceful than on Wednesday evening. His singing in some parts was full of power and promise. Lehmann was the *Ortrud*, and Nordica, not in good voice, was a very satisfactory *Elsa*. Somer, the *Tetramund*, was as usual harsh and inflexible.

At the matinée, Saturday, *Flying Dutchman* was given for the last time with the same cast as before, Carl Somer, Johanna Galski and Stehmann in the principal rôles. No further criticism is necessary, except to say that Somer was very bad and Galski very good.

Das Rheingold was revived for the first time in some years last Monday night at the German opera. The cast was this:

Wotan.....Emil Fischer
Donner.....Gerhard Stehmann
Froh.....Wilhelm Xanten
Loge.....Fritz Ernst
Alberich.....Wilhelm Mertens
Mime.....Paul Lange
Fasolt.....Heinrich Hobbing
Fafner.....Fritz Derschuch
Fricka.....Marie Brandis
Freia.....Marie Hartmann
Erda.....Riza Eibenschuetz
Woglinda.....Augusta Vollmar
Wellgunda.....Marie Mattfeld
Flosshilde.....Riza Eibenschuetz

It was not a performance that will go down in history. Scenically considered, it was weak; vocally mediocre, with one exception. That exception was Emil Fischer, who had preserved the admirable tradition of the rôle of *Wotan*, even if his voice did not quite match his conception. For the first, he acted throughout with the repose and breadth, sorrow and dignity called for, and being in especially good voice he was able to ably execute his intentions. His scene with *Alberich* before the curse is hurled at his unhappy godlike presence was very strong, and one noted his command of dramatic resources when he finally made up his

mind to accompany *Loge* on his foolhardy errand to wrest the ring and tarnhelm from Nibelheim and all its hosts.

Mr. Fischer literally stood out of the picture last Monday night.

The most difficult part in this epic prologue is that of *Loge*, and singularly enough Fritz Ernst actually distinguished himself for the first time this season. He was not, of course, the sardonic, nor yet the cynically humorous, light hearted and roguish creation of Wagner, but he succeeded in suggesting certain elements in a conventional way. He was not happy when he mocked the gods for their gloom at *Freia's* mishap, but he was sufficiently facile and humorous in the episode in Nibelheim with the grimy *Alberich*. His singing was not always pleasant nor tuneful, and he will not efface memories of Alvary nor of Vogl, but he was a bright figure in a generally disconsolate cast. Paul Lange did his small part of *Mime* successfully, and Wilhelm Mertens was best in the curse scene at the close. He was not dramatically intense in the Rhine scene.

The women were not good. Brandis was a commonplace *Fricka*, Hartmann's *Freia* was hoydenish, and Eibenschuetz's *Erda* lacked in mystical character. The *Rhine Daughters* neither swam nor sung well, and the scene, although the most picturesque of the four, was illy lighted and the lump of gold was within too easy reaching distance for *Alberich's* lustful paws. The giants were not gigantic, neither were they fearsome. The measuring of *Freia* was rather ludicrous, and *Fasolt's* thundering fall and death caused a very un-Wagnerian snicker.

The rainbow bridge was a failure and the gauze storm cloud simply silly. Why did the stage manager allow the calcium to fall on the faces of *Fricka*, *Froh* and *Donner* when they are supposed to grow wan and ashy because of *Freia's* absence? Mr. Fischer wisely avoided the dilemma and the light. Mr. Damrosch divided the work between the second and third scenes. He probably had to because Nibelheim is difficult to set in time for the beautiful music Wagner made for all the entr'actes. There was little illusion in the performance, and the large audience did not quite know if it enjoyed itself or not. The orchestra sounded rather raw and fatigued, and the prelude was ineffectual. Das Rheingold should only be given with a superb scenic outfit and with great artists.

On Wednesday night the second of the Tetralogy, *Die Walküre* will be given. On Friday *Siegfried* will be given, with Herr Kraus as *Siegfried* and Mme. Lilli Lehmann as *Brünnhilde*. On Saturday, the last of the Tetralogy, *Die Götterdämmerung* will be given, and with this performance the Damrosch opera season closes. *Die Götterdämmerung* will mark Mme. Lilli Lehmann's farewell appearance in opera in America. It is about time! The cast for *Die Götterdämmerung* is as follows: *Brünnhilde*, Lilli Lehmann; *Siegfried*, Paul Kalisch; *Hagen*, Emil Fischer; *Gunter*, Carl Somer; *Gutrune*, Marie Brandis; *Woglinda*, Augusta Vollmar; *Wellgunda*, Marie Mattfeld; *Flosshilde*, Riza Eibenschuetz.

Boston Symphony Concert.

THE fifth and last concert this season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place at the Metropolitan Opera House on Thursday evening last, the 25th inst. The program, which was almost an exact duplication of the most brilliant one of the season 1895-6, given just one year ago, deserves to stand as a sort of climacteric in the career of this famous band. No more delicate, sonorous, multicolored page has been turned than this one of Wagner, and no more superb example of executive power has ever been given by the Boston band than in this choice series of excerpts culled to reflect in the most effective degree the salient points of Wagner's genius.

Mr. Ben Davies was the soloist and sang in English the narrative from *Lohengrin* and *Siegfried's* Love Song from the *Walküre*. Orchestral numbers included the prelude to *Parsifal*, Eine Faust overture, preludes to Acts I. and III. of *Lohengrin*, the *Siegfried* Idyll and *Waldweben* and the *Ride of the Valkyries*.

Mr. Paur read his program with strong dramatic force and delicate insight. The band was led into judicious and effective fury, or held within delicately calculated poetic bounds. The sombre intensity of the Faust overture was nobly expressed, and whosoever missed this rare performance missed the most perfect of its kind which times are apt to bring forth. The imposing, mellow, musical sonority of the band was at all times evident, even overwhelming, in places; while delicate color, every degree of fineness in tonal shade and beauty were enunciated with graciously intellectual charm. Due stimulus and fire now flow throughout the veins of Mr. Paur, the material to his hand being of the most capable and responsive in the world. Results are naturally beyond cavil. We hear the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and have the proud satisfaction of realizing that finer performances of its varying programs it would be impossible to enjoy on one or other continent.

Mr. Ben Davies gave *Siegfried's* Love Song musically and intelligently. It lies within his voice, which is anything but a pure average tenor. Mr. Davies commands the range

of a baritone; it matters not that his voice have the tenor timbre. For this reason his singing of the *Lohengrin* narrative was bad, drawing the singer as it did into heights which his compass scaleth not. Naturally he cracked up high and made his narrative a grievous one. The Love Song of *Siegfried*, however, was an artistic reparation, as Mr. Davies, when not put to a strain on the score of compass, is a highly satisfying lyric artist. He was cordially received.

This last concert of the Boston Symphony stands forth with red-letter emphasis as one of the most brilliant of its career. The primary note was a dramatic one, and the full-blooded intensity and glow with which it was uttered caused a frequent thrill. Throughout all the superb command of detail the intellectual appreciation of every finest shade of poetic or dramatic tint filled mind and ear with genuine delight.

The audience was one of the largest every attracted by the band. The house was packed.

Arion Society Concert.

THE third concert this season of the Arion Society, Julius Lorenz director, took place on Sunday evening last, the 28th inst., at the Arion Club House, East Fifty-ninth street and Park avenue. The soloists were Maud Powell, violin; Gertrude May Stein, mezzo-soprano, and Evan Williams, tenor.

The orchestra did clean, firm, nicely colored work, opening with the Vorspiel to the Meistersinger, which was played with vitality, decision and clarity. Other orchestral numbers were Goldmark's scherzo, op. 45, and two numbers from a suite by Rietzel.

The Arion chorus lives up to its prestige. It still remains one of the most musical, intelligently polished and effective of male choral bodies in this or any other country. The unanimity, taste and precision of the chorus are absolute, and there is a characteristic, telling individuality in expression. Mr. Lorenz is an excellent drillmaster, and has kept both the orchestral and choral sections of the Arion Society in admirable musical condition.

A madrigal of Max Spicker, two a capella choruses by Mr. Lorenz himself, Schumann's *Ziegeunerleben*, for chorus with orchestra, and a pretty chorus of Eugen Gageur, a capella, were all admirably sung. The tone of the Arions is purity itself, and is susceptible to every delicate tinge or shade of emotional effect in the most artistically controlled degree.

Three soloists honored this occasion, Miss Gertrude May Stein, mezzo soprano; Miss Maud Powell, violin, and Mr. H. Evan Williams, tenor. Miss Powell played the Saint-Saëns violin concerto with ease, repose and authority. Her tone was unimpeachable, and her phrasing that of a musician. Technically she displayed great brilliancy and facility. Bemberg's *Mort de Jeanne d'Arc*, and Wagner's two lovely poems, *Schmerzen* and *Traume* were sung by Miss Stein. Her voice is delicious in its mellow, even beauty, and the supreme musical intelligence of the woman is a delight to enjoy. Whatever she does musically she is sure to do surprisingly well.

The prodigal volume of Mr. Evan Williams' tenor poured forth freely in Rossini's *Cujus Animam*. This is a lavish voice, musical in quality, and should at no distant date make for itself a leading place among the singers of the day.

The house was as usual crowded to the doors, and enthusiasm was abundant. The concert was an excellent one, and Herr Julius Lorenz deserves cordial congratulation for his labors.

Damrosch to Europe.—Mr. Walter Damrosch leaves for Europe next Tuesday, April 6, on the Lahn to engage forces for next season's German opera.

Ella Russell's Contract.—Miss Ella Russell is not under engagement with any manager or bureau in this country. All agents may make engagements for her, subject to her approval.

Seidl Goes to Bayreuth.—It has been decided that Anton Seidl will conduct the Wagner performances at Bayreuth this summer.

Æolian Recital.—The recital presented last Saturday afternoon drew an overflowing audience as usual, and the following program was enjoyed:

Soloist:
Mr. Carlos Hasselbrink, violinist.
Overture, Il Guarany.....Gomes
Æolian Pipe Organ.
Valse Poétique.....Gottschalk
Lucia di Lammermoor, fantasia.....Liszt
Æolian Piano.
Legende.....Wienawski
Mr. Hasselbrink.
Æolian Grand Accompaniment.
Poeme Pastorale, Idylle.....Jakobowski
Æolian Grand.
Marche Funèbre et Chant Seraphique.....Guilmant
Æolian Pipe Organ.
Capriccio Brillante.....Mendelssohn
Æolian Piano.
Traume (from Tristan and Isolde).....Wagner
Habanera, No. 8.....Sarasate
Mr. Hasselbrink.
Æolian Grand Accompaniment.
Rhapsodie, España.....Chabrier
Æolian Pipe Organ.

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THE MUSICAL COURIER, 8 RUE CLÉMENT-MAROT,
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A LESSON IN HARMONY.

DEAR —: I am indeed glad if any suggestions of mine have helped to serve as a guide-post to your happiness. I had not the opportunity at parting to say more than a word to you on this fruitful theme; but I felt that having myself been married six years—six *very, very happy* years—to a musician, that perhaps I might help you to avoid some mistakes in your married life which once made can never wholly be repaired.

You see musicians are different from other men, and must be so considered.

Understand me, I do not mean by this all this herd of lookers-on and hangers-on in *musical business*, who because they happen to touch a note, a key, a pen, an organ stop, or a pass ticket, arrogate a whole mess of bizarre and vulgar affectations of irregularity, in the effort to prove to all onlookers that they belong to the privileged class. Not by any means.

I refer to the *real musician*, the born son of music, who gives to his wife a mother, instead of to the mother a wife; the man who, while bound to his Art by ties of blood, is slave to surrounding conditions, which in the nature of things are wholly at enmity with her. To such the relation of wife is different than to a man of affairs, a man of leisure, or the man of self.

The business man merely works to obtain the means for future leisure, when he hopes to be free to follow other more congenial pursuits. Generally the lawyer or doctor selects his profession because it seems the most convenient at the time. The ordinary man has no feeling of any kind except to get the most for himself out of people, things and conditions existing around him.

The musician is Music embodied in a sense, and the art is so ingrained into every fibre of his nature that he cannot possibly be or appear to be anything else. He cannot lay it aside and enter into his wife's world, because he cannot—it is not possible for him to do so; and an *artist's wife* need never hope or expect that he ever will or can.

So her wisest course is to make up her mind from the start to adopt his life work as hers also, and let it absorb her as completely as it absorbs him. Together they will then work for a great cause to some purpose.

There is no tie on earth so close and strong and tender as that which exists between a man and his wife who cares supremely for *his work* and identifies herself with him in it as well as in all the other relations of his life. With the musician it is especially so.

At all events that has been my experience. Of course I

cannot do very much to help my husband in his actual artistic work, giant that he is. But I find that I can do many things which are a valuable assistance to him indirectly; for instance, I keep the home atmosphere always bright and calm and cheerful, so that no matter what friction he encounters outside he finds rest and peace, and, I am proud to say, first inspiration in his home. Then I can do much in strengthening his friendship with the outside world. This is a rich province for me and one in which I have talent. Then I write many of his letters, copy his programs, and a thousand and one odd things which, though of small importance seemingly, take almost all small worrisome details off his mind and allow him to give his whole concentrated power exclusively to his artistic work.

He in turn, bless him, is very grateful to me for all this—this sort of under-study work which it would never have occurred to him to direct me to do or to have done. His real gratitude (often rebounding from real relief) is most touching, especially when silently expressed in a thousand dear ways, as is his way. He does everything in his power to make me happy, and I have actually risen to the dignity of being able to make little helpful suggestions. My friends tell me that I spoil him, but I find that a little "spoiling" is just what he needs—that is if love and tact and care are spoiling. It is my conviction that a little of just that among American wives would make a great many more happy marriages, because it would make wives better loved, which is the real secret.

The most romantic of marriages becomes in time a close and intimate friendship. But it is in the wife's power to carry the early romance into the "friendship" if she have but tact and patience and unselfishness. Her marriage then will never become commonplace. This marriage is a delicate flower which needs constant thought and care to get the best results, and, like the chrysanthemum, for example, let it run wild even for a season and it degenerates. On the other hand, when successful it is so beautiful and satisfactory a relation that it is well worth all the care and sacrifice one can make to render it so.

[This letter is from life, being written by an American woman, wife of a celebrated musician (German) in America, to an American woman, wife of a celebrated musician (French) in Paris.]

"PROSE OR VERSE" FOR MUSIC.

Mr. Alfred Bruneau, composer of the opera *Messidor*, lifts up his voice in emphatic fashion against that part of the general criticism which pities him for having been obliged to marry his music with the extremely prose prose of M. Zola, saying what a miserable time he must have had trying to write it.

On the contrary, he says, the task was to him one of incessant joy, increasing with every page and never for a moment lessening. The prose was to him an inspiration the most lofty, noble, easy, vivifying, eloquent and strong. Further even than that he goes, saying that if there are any passages in the work worthy the attention of real artists they are due to the inspiration of the prose words. Generous, surely.

Passing from personal considerations, the composer goes on to discuss the general question of poetry versus prose in opera, much to the disparagement of the former.

"The literature of the theatre," he says, "lives on truth and logic. The rhythmic expression being wholly illogical, the musical theatre would have been wholly killed off by it, had not the movement of late years galvanized the body operative by liberty of expression—i. e., prose expression. The division of an act into forms, and duos, trios, romances and arias, is quite arbitrary and destructive of emotion." Mr. Bruneau says also "that a scene sung should have the form, living and natural, of that spoken (which is impossible in the first place), and that it can be made so, inasmuch as that tones lend a certain magic to what is said, and make it possible to express everything thereby." (This might be true of a certain musical accompaniment, certainly not that which we know of at the present time.)

He speaks of the immense liberty left to the composer in wedding his music to prose. He is enabled thus to write large and bold and free, with large folds and flowing, sonorous phrases.

One can obey his most fantastic fancies. He enjoys liberty of expression, liberty of infinite melody, liberty of phrasing, liberty of inspiration, liberty of art, of form—liberty complete, magnificent, definite!

(This liberty is uncontested. Certainly if liberty made music we should have that which was most superb. Unfortunately one may live and one may die just as miserably in a republic as in a monarchy. What good is this liberty if the audience remain miserable or die of ennui?)

Gounod, it appears, had some ideas on this subject which are interesting in this connection. He said: "The infinite variety of periods in prose offers to the musician a quite new horizon which delivers him from monotony and uniformity. In verse the composer is apt to become mechanical and write negligently. He is in danger of becoming a slave instead of reigning a master."

(There is danger of every kind always, of course, for everyone who is not master to become slave in everything. Genius passes by danger; it is his genius.)

A certain Frenchman, M. Masque de Fer, says somewhere: "Ne serait-ce que cette originalité consiste précisément à n'en avoir aucune?"

The female hat in the theatre is occupying more attention than composition. A deputy the other day in listening to the exposition of a certain reform measure, whispered to his colleague.

"That you know is too wise and logical a measure ever to be adopted!"

One thinks of this in the turbulence that surrounds this most enormous of nuisances, of the most easy and logical adjustment—the wearing of hats in the theatre. The papers here are copying with every variety of comment the "movements" being made in America in this regard. The names Plotke, Swift, Leslie, Wilson and others have become household words and their influence is stirring even the sluggish French current of thought. One man is even testing the case in the courts this week, a result of wearing his low hat behind two milliners' castles which obstructed his view of a recent performance of *La Loi de l'Homme*, par exemple!

The personal encounter will aid nothing, of course, toward general reform, any more than any one settlement of one wife's grievances ever settled the question of marital rights or a drunk and disorderly case the crime of intemperance. All the worst wrongs of the universe exist by the right of stupidity, and the hat nuisance is no exception to the rule. Recent interviews with Sara Bernhardt, Jules Claretie, MM. Coquelin, Porel, Samuel and others but add to this impression of *unnecessary* misfortune. By the justness and common sense of their views and the fact that they are absolutely powerless to reduce them to fact, one is more than ever convinced that we might all be happy in this world if we would.

The President of the republic was at the Conservatoire concert last Sunday. The program was the same as that described here last week with Mme. Bolska the soloist, and M. Guilman at the organ. The President occupied the box used by the jury at the public examinations, which are always held in this concert hall.

In 1896 the theatres here made more than 305,000 frs. over the year before. The musical establishments, on the contrary, lost 253,000 frs. The Opéra and Opéra Comique, however, had a slight increase.

Tamagno will sing *Otello* here in April.

Popular songs of Greece was the subject of a lecture with illustrations at the Bodinière this week. The Greek Hymn of Independence was sung at the close. As most all of the Greek colony was present the movement was effective, to say the least. To anyone who felt it it was more than that.

Speaking of the Arc de Triomphe sculpture, the bas-reliefs of the four pillars are Le Départ, by Rude; La Paix and La Résistance, by Etex, and Le Triomphe, by Cortot. The first is the one spoken of last week as seen on the right-hand pillar of the arc at the head of this letter.

I would like to bespeak the interest of uptown readers in two recent depots where THE MUSICAL COURIER may be

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FANNIE EDGAR THOMAS.

PARIS NOTES.

Madame Falcon, the celebrated French singer, whose name has passed into immortality, perhaps, as head of the school of voice which bears her name, died this week at the age of eighty-three. "No flowers, no notices, no calling of me to the mind of the public," were her last words. "The public of me has been long since dead," she said. In fact the death of her superb voice occurred five years after her début, which was in 1832, when a little over nineteen years old. The peculiar throat trouble which overtook her might probably in these days have been cured. Thinking it cured by a visit to Italy, she returned to the Paris Opéra, whose idol she was, but on opening her mouth to sing no sound came, and weeping bitterly she was led from the scene of her grand triumphs. Her début in Robert le Diable was a great sensation. She created *la Juive* and *Valentine* in The Huguenots.

Three American women have had distinct success in different parts of Europe this week. Miss Margaret Reid, the beautiful young singer of Covent Garden, London, who has been triumphing in Romeo and Juliette at Cannes; Mlle. Francesca (Miss Michelson), who has been singing in the classic concerts at Monte Carlo to enthusiastic audiences, and who commences her operatic rôles next week, and Mrs. Marie Barna (Barnard), who is in Milan on her way from Bologna (where she conquered as *Marguerite*) to Brescia, where she is to sing in Andrea Chenier, and thence to Rome. It may be remembered that Miss Reid made a remarkably successful début at the New York opera house before ever coming abroad. Her *Nedda*, *Micaela* and *Zerlina* in London confirmed the impression formed of her, and now the French triumphs seal the victory. She is to sing in Mignon, Tannhäuser, Lohengrin, Mephistofele and Pardon de Ploennel before going on to London, where she will be again heard under Mr. Grau's management.

Mlle. d'Egremont (Miss Estelle Potts) will doubtless be the next young American to be heard from as a débutant. Her *Prophète* and *Aida* rôles are remarkably fine representations. Her dramatic instinct is strong and her voice, always beautiful, has in the hands of Madame Artot become superb and masterful. Of an angelic disposition, Miss Potts is one of the best loved of the American musical circle at Paris and her success will bring pleasure to many.

Mr. Henri Marteau, the violinist, is in France passing his time between his country home at Marne and rue Richer in Paris. He has been playing at Marseilles, where he made one of his early appearances, and where now as artist he has aroused the greatest enthusiasm. The last of this month he makes a tournée in the various cities of France and Switzerland. His intensity, clearness, energy, largeness and agility are spoken of as well as his beautiful sonority and distinction of style.

The programs of the series of concerts of chamber music being given by Mr. I. Philip are worthy of record. That of March 4, given yesterday, was: Quartet for strings, op. 135, No. 16, Beethoven; Schubert variations for piano and flute, op. 160; Saint-Saëns sonata for piano and violoncello; Beethoven trio for two hautbois and cor Anglais, and a serenade by Alph. Duvernoy for trumpet, strings and piano. The Beethoven selections were especially well received, the quatuor winning much applause, as also the unique trio, the peculiar intonation of which required some little time for the audience to assimilate. It makes no difference on what Beethoven writes, what he says always subjugates. The lento of the quartet was of exquisite beauty. The Saint-Saëns sonata was strong and musicianly, and portions of it beautiful. The intention was symmetrically expressed, and earned the applause it received. The next concert will be devoted to Bach, Lefebvre, Dubois, Saint-Saëns and Bernard. M. Philip played with his usual clearness,

spirit and finish, and was heard again in the evening at the concert of the Composers' Society, where Saint-Saëns' variations for two pianos, and a sonata for piano and 'cello prefaced a very able and interesting lecture on Russian music by M. Arthur Pougin. This lecture was illustrated by selections, vocal and instrumental, by Tschalkowsky, Cui Glinka and Arensky. A trio for piano, violin and 'cello, by Arensky, closed the concert. M. Pougin's address merits printing in full, as does all of this intelligent critic's work.

Mr. Georges Hesse, the pianist, gave a very enjoyable concert last week in the Salle Erard. Compositions by Chopin and Ravenna were played. Mr. Hesse was well received.

Miss Alice Duff, of Boston, as Mlle. Alice Dayrold, is in Cannes, where she sang *Marguerite* in Faust this week. The papers say of her that "it would be difficult to put more charm and poetry into the rôle of *Marguerite* than was done by Mlle. Dayrold. This, although she sang under the disadvantage of not expecting to sing in this character, as she was engaged for *Elsa*, *Aida*, &c. Mlle. Dayrold is a pupil of M. Manoury.

A unique journal of music which is having success in Paris is the *Journal Musical*, whose province is the review and criticism of all musical journals, as well as movements. The scope of the work is international, extremely interesting and valuable to a city like Paris, which reads so little of what goes on outside. The work, which is concise, artistic and accurate, is in the hands of M. Baudouin-la-Londre, an able music critic, who is associated with the famous Mazarin library in Paris. Success to our confrère!

M. Paul Seguy gave a very brilliant soirée-musical at his studio, 3 rue de la Terrasse, this week. A most dignified audience was present, including many titles and distinguished musical authorities. The evening was devoted largely to the works of M. Gabriel Fauré, the composer and organist of la Madeleine, who was present and accompanied in a most exquisitely musicianly fashion. Seldom is it the good fortune of an audience to hear such accompaniment. The works in detail must be spoken of in another number, as they were too beautiful to be briefly discussed. Mlle. Holmès was also to have accompanied some of her compositions, but being ill the audience was deprived of that pleasure. The Baron de la Tombelle, who was present for the direction of M. Dubois' Frithof, graciously accompanied.

The entire Scandinavian legend Frithof was the ambitious second part of the program. M. Paul Seguy, the celebrated baritone, a favorite pupil of Fauré, taking the title rôle. His numerous pupils did him honor in the early part of the program, and there were dances, violin solos and also recitations by the poet, Jean Rameau. A generous program surely, brilliantly rendered and warmly applauded. No one ever realizes that it is the early morning before they leave the entertaining home of M. and Madame Seguy.

Mr. Johnson Francis, of Buffalo, brother of Mr. Ed. Francis, is in Paris studying with Ziska. Mr. Francis has a superior tenor voice, which is rapidly improving. Miss Susanne Mathewson, of Buffalo and New York, who is studying in London with Mr. Shakespeare, is over here at present studying French by the Yersin Phonic system, and is progressing rapidly. Mrs. Anna Thompson, whose name may be found elsewhere in this paper as a concert singer, is another delighted disciple of the same system. Her teachers are equally delighted with her. Mr. Harold Bauer has given two more of his interesting and valuable concerts. An excellent concert of chamber music was given yesterday at the National Institute for the Blind, on the Boulevard des Invalides. A quartet of blind young men, MM. Gensse, Dantot, Rottembourg and Blazy, gave a fine classical program divinely.

Mr. Georges MacMaster, organist-composer, has been named Officier de l'Instruction Publique. Félicitations! Mr. MacMaster is a sound musician, excellent organist, charming composer and good friend to all musicians.

Another charming matinée musicale in the salons of Mme. Marie Roze, rue de la Victoire. The popular professor herself, the rising young tenor, her pupil, Mr.

Rivière, now engaged at the Opéra Comique, and Mlle. Amaury were among the stars of the occasion. Many composers were present. MM. Leroux and Le Borne accompanied their own compositions.

Miss Stockton is here studying with M. Giraudet. A concert was given this week of the works of Mme. Louise Fellioux-Tiger, preceded by a lecture on Women in Music. The centenary of Donizetti's birthday will be the next musical fête. (Wish he would come back and write something for us.) Madame Roger-Miclos has scored another success in Moscow, where she played the third Beethoven concerto before the Imperial Symphonie Society. She was enthusiastically recalled and obliged to play three supplementary numbers.

Lille has secured a subvention of 80,000 frs. for its city theatre, with the addition of 16,000 frs. for lighting and 1,000 frs. for heating the building; 200 places at cheap rates are reserved for people who cannot afford expensive seats. Poor America!

"Poor, Floundering Milwaukee!"

MILWAUKEE, March 15, 1897.

Editors The Musical Courier:

ALTHOUGH a regular reader of this journal I did not see a copy of February 10 issue owing to my temporary absence from town. On my return I heard comments regarding a Milwaukee communication in that issue. No copy being at hand the matter slipped from my mind, but a few days ago a Chicago editor sent me the letter, which he had clipped from THE MUSICAL COURIER of that date. I feel constrained, even at this late hour, to say a few words for poor Milwaukee, floundering so hopelessly in the slough of despond—of pachydermata entrails, whiskey and beer; for "low, contemptible, debased" Milwaukee, with whom your regular contributor, apparently, can hardly be considered even on "speaking terms."

"WHY MILWAUKEE IS NOT AN ART CENTRE."

At last! O, ye well-wishers for our city's artistic advancement, rejoice and be glad, for there has arisen among you a prophetess, and the question that has worried the public mind these many moons has at last found an answer—we are not an art centre because we are not an art centre, nothing more, nothing less; and a bright specimen of the genus homo, feminine bias, has spread her "woman's reason" over more than a page of a well-known New York music paper.

All glory to this discoverer of the new truth, that a prophet is unhonored in his own country. For eighteen centuries and more has the truth been hidden, till, lo and behold! a member of the Guild of the Azure Hose unearths and cries it forth in the wilderness of a popular newspaper's correspondence columns. Milwaukee, thou who steinst the artists and musicians, woe unto thee and thy "descendants of peasants" with an unquenchable thirst.

May ye suffer moral appendicitis from now on forever as a punishment, inasmuch as ye did not donate car fare to enable the disgruntled Lady Teazle to depart from your gates.

Ye poor, unfortunate, illiterate ones, who, perchance, may not have perused the edifying product of her pen, you should know of the grievous sins of which we are accused, and at which the arrogant finger of scorn is pointed and wiggled. We could not compete with one of the greatest art centres of Europe as a desirable residence for an artist, of whom we may justly be proud. For this fault of extreme youthfulness we are to be loathed and detested as unworthy the tread of any wise men of the East who may vend their way toward the setting sun.

Because our tradespeople, groveling sons of mercenary bores, expect of musicians, as of the common herd, that they pay for the best they receive and the *wuerst* they consume; and because, upon credit becoming exhausted, they leave the city with the cry of "lack of confidence," we are accused of driving them from our midst!

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can play Paganini's God Save the Queen, and whom, being now a citizen of this republic and city, we suppose is famishing for musical pabulum while practicing Von der Penckle's God Save Milwaukee. We have also driven (?) from our gates at one time and another musicians and vocalists that were so well grounded in their art that Jersey lightning had no ill effects. And, apparently, we are made responsible for the death of one of the finest concert pianists in the country—a man and musician, by the bye, whom Milwaukee had long recognized and held in loving esteem.

Because a conductor found it feasible to select other fields in which to graze—his abilities worthy of a wider latitude—and because another is appointed to fill the position, or a club go without a director, we are told that the former was literally kicked out of the place. For one assisted (?) from the town by the application of metaphorical boot heels, this same man enjoys here phenomenal popularity. And our salvationist also pays her "respects" to the press and the music critics. But, as she says one is good enough for the other, we should be dumb and feel thankful that no one has been slighted. Probably she sweetly begs pardon "if there is any one present whom she has failed to insult." We are merely "paying the penalty for our brilliancy"—that is one comfort.

But why all this hullabaloo? Have we claimed to be musical Pharisees? What has caused this whining? The few truths included and inaptly delivered in the article will apply to all cities of this wide continent—in fact, of the world; and for falsehoods, they will descend on the author's own occiput. It is well enough for us to call ourselves "miserable sinners," but "there are others," and it becomes a serious matter when one of our neighbors publishes our modest confessions as a declaration of self-abasement over our own signature. Let us be thankful, O ye "worn-out old singers," ye of the "unloiled vocal cords," that the caustic quill of the petticoated Iago ran dry ere it could point out per individual our musical peccadilloes; for would she not have shown them in all their repulsive nakedness?

This public mentor—should she not take a lesson of the same Brander Mathews, of whom she says we have no need? He declares that the "inexpert delivery of truth is more likely to harm a man's journalistic chances than any other vice whatever. One must be like Eolus in Virgil, knowing when to give loose rein, and when to restrain." Oh, all ye frothy, pretentious critics, get ye to a brewery, a tannery, or, as ye value your musical reputations, do as the old schoolmasters, pendantically endeavor to prove that this is right and that is wrong. And never think for a moment that there is any difference "between a professor teaching his class how to resolve the Dominant Seventh and a critic standing in the presence of his world and its art (even of the world of artless Milwaukee), submitting his opinion of the work of an artist whose authority is at least equal to his own."

The first condition of modern criticism, says Cuthbert Hadden, "is that as a matter of good journalism it shall be as attractive to the general reader, musician or non-musician, as any other section of the paper in which it appears. Of course where we find an editor who does not believe in this kind of criticism, we find in their pages that 'Miss A played with her customary good taste, that the part of Nebuchadnezzar was safe in the hands of Mr. B, that Dr. So-and-so's oratorio, Jonah in the Whale's Belly, bears the stamp of the composer's genius on every page, and is a work of which American music may be proud.'"

and many other equally meaningless absurdities to the same effect. Most editors, however, are not so hopelessly blind either to their own interests or to the interests of the musical public." Of course all this is a digression, but as the voluminous faultfinder has given us opportunity we are willing to aid in the work, so nobly begun, of uplifting (?) our provincial press, which from her standpoint does not appear to realize that (in the hands of a clever writer, one understanding his subject) music, painting and the drama are quite as good subjects from a purely journalistic point of views as either politics or sports. In following the graceful art of libeling one's own town of course one also becomes familiar with the graceful art of giving offense, for even a *grovelling worm of foreign extraction* may turn on occasion.

Believing there are among the thousands of readers of THE MUSICAL COURIER some who may be interested in learning

WHY MILWAUKEE IS NOT A ROT CENTRE.

I submit a few paragraphs regarding its musical advantages, written by Prof. John C. Fillmore, the well-known musician and author (now of Pomona College, California), taken from a compilation of facts (not hysterical fancies), edited in 1892 by Messrs. W. J. Anderson and Julius Bleyer, the latter one of the able editors of the *Evening Wisconsin*:

"For opportunities to hear good music and opportunities for musical instruction Milwaukee is not surpassed, if equaled, by any city of its size in America. (Milwaukee is only fifty years old). The Musical Society, which has existed over forty years, has given nearly 400 concerts, about half of them with full orchestra, chorus and soloists. Many of the great oratorios, cantatas, operas, symphonies, overtures and other masterpieces have been publicly performed by this society, which is still in a flourishing condition (now under the direction of Mr. Eugene Luening). The Arion Club is a choral organization which has existed for fourteen years, and has also given many fine works with a finish and spirit unsurpassed anywhere. It has just raised a guarantee fund of \$40,000 to continue its work." (This society is at present conducted by Mr. Wm. Tomlins, of Chicago. I will mention here also, the A Capella Choir, an organization but two years old, under the leadership of Mr. Wm. Boeppler, their concert programs including the names of celebrated soloists, and the Lyric Glee Club, a männerchor conducted by Mr. Daniel Protheroe.

"There are also numerous smaller singing societies. Bach's orchestra, of forty men, gives weekly concerts the year round. It forms the nucleus of our local Symphony orchestra. The Symphony orchestra, organized by Arthur Weld, an exceedingly able conductor, gave six concerts of a very high order. Hugo Kaun, a composer and conductor of high rank, gives chamber music concerts at which the best string quartets may be heard. And as for the immediate present we have, besides the musical advantages mentioned, the Milwaukee Trio, including Messrs. Erich Schmaal, Willy Jaffe and Ernest Beyer. They give five chamber concerts this season, their programs including classical and the very best of modern works. The Woman's Club of Wisconsin brings to us many of the most celebrated artists, such as Carreño, Sherwood, Ysaye, Sieveking and Lillian Blauvelt. The Monday Musical Club, an amateur society similar to the Amateur Musical Club of Chicago, have branched out seriously, presenting for the benefit of its members such artists, for example, as Leo Stern and Mile. Alice Verlet. Theodore Thomas, with his orchestra, gives us six concerts this season, the same number having been given by them last year. We had the

Damrosch Opera Company last year, as you know, also the Humperdinck creation; and for the lighter amusement there is the Schlitz Park Opera Company, which plays during the summer season. We have an excellent symphony orchestra now, under the direction of Mr. Luening, and one of the very best pianists to be found in the country, one who has played several times with the Thomas orchestra here and in Chicago—Herr Hans Bruening.

"As to opportunities for instruction, there are the Luening Conservatory and other schools and innumerable private teachers in all branches of musical science and art"; and from the commercial side may be counted several large music firms and music publishing companies, one ranking among the best known publishers and importers in the country.

"And by these our works would we be known, O Lord, and we beseech Thee to be Thou mindful of our 'pristine limitations,' remembering we are but the miserable scions of the houses of foreign nationalities, and take not vengeance of this sin nor the offenses of our forefathers. Spare us, good Lord, and be not angry with us forever!

Eternal scolding never helped the world one whit, and one guilty of the offense should be, as of old, treated to the ducking stool. Everyone who has a spark of the love for art in his bosom should discourage all pessimistic grumbling, and do what lies in his power to help build up and foster the best that is in us; and one very important injunction should be printed, framed and hung on every studio wall: 'Tis better to work for the good than to rail at the ill." H. G.

Ben Davies Their Guest.—Mr. Ben Davies, the eminent English tenor, will be the guest of Mr. Tom Karl and Mr. Dellon Dewey at their delightful home and studios, 18 West Seventy-fifth street, during his stay in New York. He will give eight weeks of concerts in America.

Success of Brooke's Band in Boston.—The following notice is a strong one for the Chicago Marine Band:

Chicago has always been famous for breeziness and spirit, and its reputation in this respect is fully sustained by its principal musical organization, the Chicago Marine Band, which made its debut in this city yesterday at the Boston Theatre. Despite the severe weather over 3,000 people listened to the inspiring music, and evidenced their satisfaction with such liberal and enthusiastic plaudits that every number on the program was encored, fully half of them receiving the merited compliment of a third or fourth encore. It was not perfunctory, complimentary applause, but a hearty, spontaneous tribute to worth.

Mr. T. P. Brooke and his band were unknown quantities until yesterday. To-day all Boston knows them, and those who were present yesterday are untinged in their words of praise.

It is a distinctively "popular band," in the sense that it plays the music that the people like. This fact was made very clear last evening, when thousands of hearers joined in frequent bursts of enthusiasm at the close of some particularly appealing suggestions. If comparisons are to be made it is perfectly justifiable to say that Mr. Brooke's organization is, as has been claimed for it, the greatest popular music band. The band directed by Mr. John Philip Sousa has heretofore held this position in the Boston mind, but it has been wrested from him by the performances of Mr. Brooke and his men. They meet Mr. Sousa on his own ground, catering to the popular taste, and they defeat him. Mr. Sousa never aroused so much enthusiasm in this city as did Mr. Brooke, and this despite altogether depressing conditions of weather. There is a spirit, dash and vigor about the band's playing which carries everything before it. It is Western enterprise and push applied to music, and the result is to the advantage and pleasure of the public.

Those who enjoy the more substantial form of music are not neglected by Mr. Brooke, and his programs contain a fitting quantity of classical compositions, which are intelligently and artistically executed.

Altogether, Brooke and his famous band are a welcome addition to Boston's musical visitors. Their concert next Sunday at the Boston Theatre will prove how Bostonians appreciate musical merit.—*The Boston Traveller*, March 15, 1907.

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A Welcome Addition to the Vocal Professorat of Paris.

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A SPLENDID opportunity for vocal students to learn not only sound vocal art, but its direct application to the Paris Opéra House, is offered in the fact that the above named musician, who has for the past fifteen years been chef de chant of the Grand Opéra, Paris, has yielded to the insistence of friends in establishing a school of private vocal instruction at his home, 54 rue Ponthieu.

"Chef de chant" means an artist chef (one of six engaged at the Opéra), who, in addition to regular rehearsal direction, have in charge those singers who have been engaged by the management, but who need final training in the operatic traditions of the house, in phrasing, finish, language, expression, &c., and sometimes even of features still more fundamental in vocal technique.

Now this does not mean by any means that by rushing to Mr. Koenig a singer can get a passport of admission direct to commence an engagement the following week at the Opéra. By no means. The one who would be the first to laugh at such an idea would be Mr. Koenig himself, who is the soul of integrity, and still more of musical integrity. No one living can secure engagements for singers at the Opéra. A certain voice must be needed at a certain time, and the singer gifted in all points of dramatic value besides the voice to make her acceptance possible. Any promises to circumvent this logical condition of things are insincere, and should be so regarded.

But that which Mr. Koenig can offer to singers, besides general advantages, is a ripe experience in the choice and training and preparation of voices, home and foreign, who aspire to representation on the stage of the first musical academy of France. No one better than he knows the false and the true in the matter—the things to avoid, the qualities sought, the correct balance of exaggeration for stage production, the necessities of strangers who would become assimilated with the French school of action, the lines of correction, training and finish necessary to success, and also the features which make hope of entry impossible. All this his long years of close connection with the entrance and exits, the failures and successes of the various operatic artists have given him. In addition, the fact of his continued association with the house, of his having personal charge of various artists destined to please the French public, is in itself a guaranty of his vocal knowledge, musical authority, and his practical ability in its exercise. In these days of mushroom professorships, when anyone is privileged to assume art instruction, this guaranty is a precious privilege to students, especially foreigners, who are wholly at sea on these matters on coming to this city.

His experience is not confined to French singers, as, engaged also for several years in an English convent as vocal instructor, he has a fund of varied knowledge from which to draw conclusions. Graduate of the Conservatoire, he is himself a thorough musician and organist; in fact he has played for years in one of the American churches here, and speaks with enthusiasm of the splendid American voices which have been heard there from time to time. His father, a great tenor of his day, was a singer in the Opéra and solo tenor to Napoleon III. He speaks with interest of the arrival on the Paris scene of Melba, Eames, Moore, Griswold and Suzanne Adams. There is none of the diffi-

culty generally imagined in becoming heard at the Opéra; auditions are had constantly. All one has to do is to inscribe his or her name as an applicant, and if needed and capable is accepted. All this bombast of teachers about presentation to directors is therefore useless and done for effect. Neither is there any prejudice against strangers. Capability is the one and only sesame—capability and the need of it.

The greatest general lack found in artists who present themselves for admission, says Mr. Koenig, is *lack of sense of measure*. Not one in ten possesses it, and not one in twenty can sing a trill in measure! That is, they can sing the trill either very fast or very slow, but are not capable of producing the veritable turn to different varieties of time by the metronome, which indicates a lack of vocal control. This with a method of saving the voice from all forcing or straining, so as to avoid the dreaded tremolo, and an insistence on general sincere musicianship as a necessity to vocal success, are features of M. Koenig's teaching. In fact, he is about to publish a work of metronomic vocalizes, which promises to do much for vocal art, and of which more hereafter.

Among M. Koenig's excellent qualities must be mentioned the straightforward sincerity which marks the genuine French artist; a tireless effort for the good of the musicians in his charge, and a musical intuition which gives him immediate control of the temperament and the means by which to reach results in the shortest possible time. His judgment as to the line of career to be adopted by a singer is unquestionably reliable.

Among other of his valuable possessions may be mentioned a most charming American wife, and to win her—thorough Parisian that he is—he left Paris, crossed the Atlantic Ocean and traversed the States quite to California. Miss Grace Ely, daughter of Mr. Samuel P. Ely, of Cleveland, is well known in the United States and Cuba for her social and artistic qualities. She is a cousin of Mr. Theodore Thomas, or rather of Rose Fay, who is his wife, and of Miss Amy Fay, the well-known musician. Her aunt (Mrs. Moulton), who was known as a great amateur in the time of the Empire, is married to M. de Hegemann Lindencrone, who has been named to replace the Danish Minister to Paris, Count Moltke, and is coming to make Paris his headquarters in a short time.

A Wagner Manuscript.—A fragment of an opera, Die Hochzeit, written by Richard Wagner during his residence at Würzburg, and presented by him March, 1833, to the Würzburg Musical Society, has been purchased for the sum of 2,000 marks by a London collector, Miss Burrell. In 1879 Wagner attempted to obtain possession of the manuscript, then in the hands of Kaspar Röser, the music dealer, but failed to secure it, as Röser's title could not be impeached. The opera cannot be performed without the consent of the Wagner family.

Mrs. Henry E. Abbey.—Mrs. Henry E. Abbey has written to friends in this country that her temporary retirement from the stage was brought about by ill health, which was the result of her reappearance as an actress and the troubles which had preceded her departure from this country. She writes that her nervous condition was such that she fainted two or three times a day. As soon as she is in better health she will come out again under the management of George Edwardes.—*Sun*.



GERMAN HEADQUARTERS OF THE MUSICAL COURIER,
BERLIN, W., LINKSTRASSE 17, March 2, 1897.

At the regular Philharmonic popular concert of Tuesday of last week Frau Marie de Gorlenko-Dolina, from the Imperial Russian Court Opera at St. Petersburg, made her Berlin début.

It is not always an unalloyed pleasure to hear operatic singers, even comparatively good ones, upon the concert platform. This experience I had again in the case of the Russian lady with the complicated name. She has a fine stage presence, and may be a good dramatic vocalist when her general impersonation of the part she sings absorbs as much of the listener's interest as her purely vocal efforts. These latter, however, are the only ones that tell on the concert stage, and their charms were nearly all absent in her interpretations. Her voice is a pretty well used up dramatic soprano, which has little steadiness, and the calf's foot jelly-like wobbling of her tones was so bad and persistent that it appeared to sound musical ears as if she were singing out of tune. Still there were perceptible signs of a once fine voice and of dramatic instinct in her delivery of Wanya's aria from Glinka's Life for the Czar, and her singing of Schumann and Brahms Lieder was by no means unmusical or displeasing so far as conception was concerned.

Professor Mannstaedt's program, whether in honor of the soloist or from personal predilection, was quite Russian and contained Tchaikowsky's 1812 overture, Borodin's Prairie Sketch, from Middle Asia (a very interesting tone picture), and Tchaikowsky's last symphony.

In the third part of the program Frau de Gorlenko-Dolina sang some songs with piano and cello accompaniment, of which A. Jedliczka's Hustoschka was unknown to me.

On the same evening the Papendick Chamber Music Vereinigung performed at the Hotel de Rome Spohr's rarely heard but still valuable piano quintet, op. 130, in D, Beethoven's second Rasumoffski string quartet and the Mendelssohn D minor piano trio. I was in time only for the latter work and the final Beethoven movement, but as the ensemble playing was hardly more than mediocre I did not regret that I missed the greater part of the program.

Again at the Wednesday Philharmonic popular concert the soloistic attraction brought me to the place. The soloist was the Philharmonic orchestra's excellent young concertmaster Anton Witek, who in the course of the evening played no less than three violin works: Bruch's Scotch

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fantaisie, the Tchaikowsky and the Vieuxtemps A minor concertos. The Bruch fantaisie is by no means, either musically or from a virtuoso viewpoint the equal of his *chef d'œuvre*, the G minor concerto. It starts in the key of E flat minor, a rather impractical one for the violin, and the same major key is retained in the adagio and finale. The most effective movement is the scherzo in G, in which also the flute has some clever solo work. Witek did not seem at his best in the Bruch work, in which he had many mishaps. I was told that also in the Tchaikowsky concerto he was far from being the equal of either Petschnikoff or Auer, who have played that work here last season, but that in the Vieuxtemps concerto he was in excellent form, and covered himself with glory. Witek is a great favorite with the habitués of the Pops., many of whom are Americans, and they used the occasion to applaud him vigorously.

In the meantime I wandered over to the Bechstein Saal and heard Miss Elise Kutzi play the piano, or rather make an effort at playing the piano. In reality she did not quite succeed. She is a pupil of Dr. Jedliczka, and he has so many better and more talented ones that I cannot understand why he selected this one or allowed her to appear in public. She is absolutely immature and did not seem to me to be possessed of any talent.

Of Miss Otti Hey, the vocalist who assisted at this recital, I don't need or care to write, as I have expressed my opinion of the great vocal teacher's and professor's daughter in previous budgets and in unmistakable language.

A vocalist of a far different type is Camilla Landi, who on Wednesday night took her audience as well as the critics by storm on the occasion of her first Berlin appearance in a concert of her own in the Singakademie.

Mlle. Landi is an Italian who lives in London, and is said to be a pupil of the elder Lamperti. No less an authority than Arthur Nikisch had spoken to me in glowing terms of this singer, who was heretofore unknown to me even by name. My expectations thus raised were bound not only to be fulfilled, but they were even surpassed by her singing, which is of the most artistic and finished kind I have heard for a long time. You do not get much good singing here in Berlin on the average, and consequently one enjoys it all the more when it is offered. Mlle. Landi's voice is a beautiful round alto, with a big compass into the upper region which makes some of the Berlin critics rate her as a mezzo soprano. The timbre, however, strikes me as that of an alto, especially, of course, in the lower register. Her intonation is flawlessly pure, and most admirable is her breathing. In point of musical conception and a general gracefulness of delivery Mlle. Landi's singing is equally delightful.

I heard from her some old and antiquated vocal numbers by Rosa (1615-73) and De Fesch (eighteenth century), as well as a Gluck aria, which she sang with a virtuosity that is rarely found in voices of that calibre. Equally well sung, but far more interesting, was the Printemps qui Commence aria, from Saint-Saëns' Samson and Dalila, the same composer's Persian melody, La Brise, and Mlle. Chaminade's Noël des Oiseaux, which was rapturously redemanded, as well as an encore insisted upon after the Saint-Saëns second number. The encore selected was Grieg's Der Schwan, but in this Lied the pronunciation of the German text was not as good as that of the French and Italian texts that had preceded.

Herr Carl Flesch, the highly gifted young Hungarian violinist, brought the desired variety into the program with a very smooth and yet quite passionate performance of Tchaikowsky's Sérénade Mélancolique, and a virtuoso-like delivery of Sarasate's Jota Navarra. He was likewise well received and encored, playing the Chopin D flat nocturne (transposed up to D).

Mlle. Landi's phrasing seemed to me most musical and artistic in the romanza of *Pauline* from Tchaikowsky's opera, La Dame de Pique. It is a very fanciful and original excerpt. Also in Fauré's Apres un Rêve she was delightful, but best of all I liked her in the Habanera from Carmen.

After the page aria from Les Huguenots, which she is said not to have sung as well as the remainder of the program, but which final number I could not stay to hear, Mlle. Landi was encored no less than five times, and so

great and pronounced was her success here at this her first appearance that Manager Wolff engaged her as soloist for the next Nikisch Philharmonic concert, the last one of this season's cycle.

The concert of Bertha Dagner-Viechmann, a soprano, which took place almost simultaneously at the Hotel de Rome, was interesting to the readers of THE MUSICAL COURIER only through the co-operation of Miss Jessie Shay, the pretty little American pianist. If I were not averse to slang I would say "little, but oh my!" The Nicodé variations and fugue I had missed, but Miss Shay was in her element in the somewhat Vienna flavored waltz, op. 84, by Moszkowski, and she thundered out the Liszt Twelfth Hungarian Rhapsody with so much dash, technic and brilliant virtuosity that she aroused the audience to an outburst of enthusiasm. After several recalls and lots of urging Miss Shay played as an encore a highly interesting new impromptu in F sharp minor by my versatile and very talented assistant, Leonard Leibling.

Miss Shay will play the Saint-Saëns G minor concerto at one of next week's Philharmonic popular concerts.

Of Wassili Bescirsky, the young Moscow violinist, I spoke at length in my last week's budget. I therefore can content myself by stating of his second appearance here in Bechstein Hall on Friday night that I heard on this occasion a very nice and promising local mezzo soprano, Miss Hermine Geyer, who sang Schubert's Allmacht and some Schumann songs with an agreeable voice and good musical delivery.

On the same evening Dr. Georg Dohrn, a Munich pianist, gave a concert with the assistance of the Philharmonic Orchestra in the Singakademie.

The program opened with a novelty, which I awaited with some expectancy, or should I say expected with interest? It was a new piano concerto in E minor, op. 8, by the Cologne composer, Ewald Straesser. My expectations to hear a novelty of merit and importance (new concertos for the piano being so very scarce just now) were doomed to disappointment. This Straesser concerto is so inane in point of invention, so long winded, so intricate, and yet so ineffective in piano technic, that I wonder why anybody should have taken the trouble to study it, and, what is more, should have taken the risk of making his début with it in a city like Berlin. This courage would have been worthy of a far better new concerto if there were one in sight, but beyond this courage Dr. Dohrn had little to encourage me to praise him. His technic is far from perfect yet, and his pedaling in the Liszt transcription of the Bach G minor organ fantaisie and fugue was not of the kind to make me believe that he will ever become a Paderewski. Besides these works Dr. Dohrn played the Brahms B minor rhapsody and the Mozart A major concerto.

The Philharmonic Orchestra did better than usual with the accompaniments, and in the larghetto from Mozart's clarinet quintet, which they gave as an *entremet*, the first clarinet player of the *Philharmoniker* greatly distinguished himself for beautiful tone and musical phrasing.

About Louis Diémer, the great Paris pianist, and his even greater pupil, Edouard Risler, I had occasion to speak in my last week's budget. The praise I bestowed upon them it is hardly possible to augment, and yet I feel inclined to do so after the piano recitals they gave here on last Saturday and yesterday evening in Bechstein Saal.

Monsieur Diémer's smooth and even technic, his purity of style and his exquisite phrasing shone to the best advantage in the first classic portion of his program:

| | |
|---|--------------------|
| Thirty-two variations on C-moll..... | Beethoven |
| Le Carillon de Cythère..... | F. Couperin (1724) |
| Les Papillons..... | C. Daquin (1735) |
| Le Coucou..... | Rameau (1700) |
| Gavotte tirée de l'opéra: Les Boréades..... | Dandrieu (1735) |
| Le Ramage des Oiseaux..... | W. A. Mozart |
| Les Fiftes..... | |
| Ouverture, Zauberflöte..... | |

The French antiquities were piquant and dainty; their performance delightful. In the Magic Flute overture the technical display and precision was wonderful, but in this piano transcription of Diémer's orchestral color was wanting in the reproduction of the portentous and beautiful trombone entrances of the original.

The Chopin G minor ballad and B major nocturne, op.

17, I liked less, for sentiment seems less in the nature of Diémer's interpretations. The chain of trills in the nocturne were like rivulets of pearls, however. In the Liszt Eleventh Hungarian Rhapsody many sforzatos, which had a hard, clashing tone, were not pleasing, but the brilliancy and the élan with which it was carried through were electrifying.

The last part of the program was given over to the modern French school and brought two impromptus, Sleeping Water, in G minor, and Life Water, in E flat, by Massenet; a telling ronde Française in A minor, by L. Boëlmann; Widor's charming melody Au Soir, Stojowski's clever La Fileuse, in G, and an Orientale, very characteristic, by Diémer as well as his concert waltz in D flat, a very brilliant virtuoso piece reminiscent of Meyerbeer. In these selections Diémer was at home and at his best; he played them in inimitable style.

Together with Risler he wound up the program with a scherzo and the well-known Beethoven theme variations for two pianos by Saint-Saëns, and these, barring a slight accident in Diémer's left hand work, I have never heard better or more interestingly performed.

The audience tendered the French pianist and pedagogue a perfect ovation, and he was forced to yield to a quadruple encore demand.

The description of last night's recital of Risler would read almost identically the same as that of his respected teacher. He eclipses the latter, however, in beauty and volume of tone, and he has a wealth and poetry of feeling, which he displayed, especially in the Wanderer fantaisie and in the Chopin selections, of which the older man cannot boast in like degree. Here is Risler's complete program:

| | |
|---|----------------|
| Fantaisie in C minor..... | Mozart |
| Fantaisie (Der Wanderer)..... | Schubert |
| Prelude, Des-dur..... | |
| Impromptu, Fis-dur..... | Chopin |
| Polonaise, C-moll (rarely heard)..... | |
| Ballade, As-dur..... | |
| Ballade, H-moll..... | |
| Legende: St. François d'Assise, la prédication aux oiseaux..... | Liszt |
| Il Penseroso..... | |
| Mephisto-Waltzer (n. Leneau's Faust)..... | Wagner |
| Album-Blatt (componist 1861)..... | Strauss-Tausig |
| Wahlstimmen, valse caprice..... | |
| Polonaise, E-dur..... | Liszt |

This is a scorcher, is it not?

Simultaneously with Risler's recital took place in the Philharmonie Pablo de Sarasate's concert with orchestra, of which I heard only the last portion, the Rondo from Lalo's Sinfonie Espagnole, for violin and orchestra, and the inevitable Saint-Saëns Introduction et Rondo Capriccioso. I am gradually gaining the conviction that Sarasate has stopped practicing, and although his playing still retains all the old charm of exquisite but small tone, of coquettish bowing, and of elegance of style, he is not technically as sure and in point of intonation as immaculate as he used to be. This fact is very much to be regretted, for we shall not have a second Sarasate so soon. The large audience which filled every seat of the Philharmonie did not seem to notice any of these defects and went wildly enthusiastic over the popular Spaniard's playing, who was not allowed to stop his encores until the lights were turned out.

A piano recital by an old favorite, and once upon a time the greatest woman pianist of the world, Frau Sophie Menter, I was forced to miss. She is reported to have been very successful with her not over large audience, for whom she played in the Singakademie, and upon a Steinway concert grand, the following interesting program, which she had to supplement with several encores:

| | |
|-------------------------------------|-----------------|
| Toccata und fuge..... | Bach-Tausig |
| Sonate E, op. 100..... | Beethoven |
| Allegro..... | Scarlatti |
| Auf Flügel des Gesanges..... | Mendelssohn |
| Elfenfant..... | W. Sapellnikoff |
| Cracovienne fantastique..... | Paderewski |
| Andante spianato and polonaise..... | Chopin |
| Valse As-dur..... | Chopin-Tausig |
| Mazurka D-dur..... | Rubinstein |
| Danse Russe..... | |
| Wohin..... | Schubert-Liszt |
| Ave Maria..... | |
| Morgenständchen..... | |
| Tannhäuser Ouverture..... | Wagner-Liszt |

At the Royal Opera we anticipate in a week or two the première of the new one act opera Enoch Arden, by Victor

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Hansmann. After this the next novelty will be the Baron von Chelius' one act opera Haschisch, which was recently produced for the first time at Dresden, but not with overwhelming success. ***

I am in receipt of the following letter from Prof. Heinrich Ehrlich:

BERLIN, 27 Kleinbeerenstrasse, 14 März, 1897.
SEHR GEEHRTER HERR:—Sie würden mich zu Danke verpflichten, wenn Sie mir in einem musik-literarischen Unternehmen Ihren freundlichen Beistand gewährten.

Ich beabsichtige für eine grosse Monatschrift einen Essay über die musik-AESTHETISCHEN Werke England's und Amerika's zu schreiben die in den letzten 15 Jahren erschienen sind. Ich glaube dass es Ihnen ein Leichtes sein wird. Ihre Herren Kollegen in Amerika zu veranlassen, mein Unternehmen zu befördern in dem sie mir Ihre musik AESTHETISCHEN (nicht THEORETISCHEN) Werke sobald als möglich zukommen lassen. Ich bin sehr gerne bereit, die Bücher zurück zu senden, wenn die Autoren es wünschen.

Ich hoffe, dass Sie mir die erbetene Vermittlung freundlich gewähren, sage Ihnen meinen Dank im voraus, und zeichne mit besten Empfehlungen, Ihr ergebenster, HEINRICH EHRLICH.

For the benefit of the musical litterateurs who are not versed in the German language I'll give the letter in translation:

You would greatly oblige me if you would lend me your friendly assistance in a musico-literary undertaking.

I intend to write for a big monthly an essay on the musico-aesthetic works which have appeared in England and America during the last fifteen years. I believe that it will be easy for you to further my undertaking by urging your American colleagues to send me their musico-aesthetic (not theoretic) works. I am very willing to return these books if their authors so wish it. I hope you will kindly grant me your assistance and remain with thanks,

Yours, &c., HEINRICH EHRLICH.

It is not necessary for me to urge my colleagues on the other side of the Atlantic, for I know they will be only too happy to oblige Professor Ehrlich.

There came to me also the following amiable letter:

NEW YORK, February 17, 1897.

MY DEAR MR. FLOERSHEIM—It was announced some little time ago in THE MUSICAL COURIER that you were expecting to make a trip to this country, and although I have forgotten the particulars I imagine we can count upon having you with us in the summer time.

I inclose preliminary circular of a meeting to be held in New York of the Music Teachers' National Association. This was reproduced almost entire in a recent number of THE MUSICAL COURIER, which you have probably seen. The younger and more enthusiastic members of the profession in this immediate vicinity are alive to the importance of this meeting, and are fully determined that it shall constitute an epoch in the musical history of this country. We expect and intend to have an immense attendance. We are moving through experts in that line for a complete musical exposition, from which we expect to derive a considerable income, and we are endeavoring to secure for the program such weight and value as will make it impossible for any musician to stay away who can come and who cares to advance in his art. If you are going to be in this part of the world we want your help. It is proposed to have a section on musical journalism, and we naturally think of your name in that connection before any other. Please let me hear from you, and tell me if you are disposed to join hands with us and work for the success of this meeting. Tell me if you are going to be in this country and if you will do something for the meeting, and if so just what it will best please you to do.

Cordially yours, HENRY G. HANCHETT.

I am very much obliged to my old friend Dr. Hanchett for his remembrance of me, but shall have to decline the honor of a personal participation in the proceedings of the M. T. N. A., an organization in which as a constitutional member I take the keenest interest, however. At the present moment it is impossible for me to say with any degree of certainty whether or no I shall be able to put into execution my long cherished plan of revisiting my adopted country after an absence of nearly five years. But even if I do so my sojourn would of necessity be only of short duration, and I would make use of it only to see and shake hands with a number of old friends and valued acquaintances and as a recreation after a severe musical season.

If the committee, however, cares to have my name on the program, I can let them have the manuscript score and orchestral parts of a Miniature Suite to which I am just now putting the finishing touches, and which is to have its initial performance here in Berlin at a concert of Mr. Otis B. Boise's pupils, at the Philharmonie, on the 17th of next month. Or if there is no room for an orchestral suite and one of the other of the pianists at the meeting would like to play one of my piano pieces, I take the liberty of recommending my Impromptu in C sharp minor, dedicated to

and performed several times by Paderewski, which has just been published by Messrs. Willcocks & Co., London (G. Schirmer, in New York).

Otto Singer sends me a set of small four-hand piano pieces which are highly interesting in musical invention as well as in facture. I also received four little Lieder by the young Berlin composer, Walter Meyrowitz, which prove him to be possessed of lyric talent. They are are not so very difficult and can therefore be sung also by amateurs. Published by Georg Plothow, Berlin W., Potsdamerstrasse 118.

The dates for the Bayreuth performances this coming summer are the following: July 19, Parsifal; first Nibelungen cycle, July 21 to 24; Parsifal on July 27, 28 and 30; second Nibelungen cycle August 2 to 5; Parsifal on August 8, 9 and 11; third Nibelungen cycle August 14 to 17; final Parsifal performance on August 19.

Among the callers at THE MUSICAL COURIER's Berlin headquarters were Messrs. Baptist Hoffmann, the baritone; Conrad Ansonge, the pianist; Hans Pfizner, composer from Mayence; Fitzenhagen, of the Steinway & Sons factory at Hamburg; Charles Joseph Dyer, from Worcester, Mass., who is going to London soon to take part in the coming musical season, where his baritone voice will be heard principally in the rendering of German Lieder; Mrs. Clarence Eddy, from Chicago, with her talented pupil, Miss Rose Ettinger, who is creating a sensation here with her beautiful soprano voice.

MARCH 9, 1897.

The Berlin Royal High School for Music, on account of Joachim's preponderance as director, is more famous for its violin than for its piano classes. In fact the latter are comparatively rarely heard of in public, and then usually only in connection with pupils of Prof. Heinrich Barth, the head of the piano department. On Tuesday of last week, however, Miss Elsie Hall, a young Australian and a pupil of Herr Professor Rudorff, came forward with a piano recital of her own in the Saal Bechstein and created a favorable though by no means an overwhelming impression.

She played the Beethoven F sharp major sonata with natural grace and a nice, amiable conception, which pleased, and did justice to the contents of the work without, however, exhausting its possibilities. In the Bach G major Partita she was less satisfactory, and the over-use of the loud pedal in intricate places ought to be severely criticised. Altogether Miss Hall seems naturally quite talented, but is in need of considerable further training before she can safely aspire to public honors.

Frau Marianne Scharwenka-Stresow, the wife of Philipp Scharwenka and a noted violinist; Miss Agda Lysell, pianist, and Miss Josephine Donat, cellist, have joined hands in the formation of a trio, and gave their first chamber music concert at the Singakademie before a large and very appreciative audience.

Of their concerted efforts I heard the last movement of the Rubinstein B flat trio, which was lacking somewhat in power and brilliancy, but the Haydn G major trio was charmingly performed. The pianist is the weakest of the fair trio, as was evinced also in her solo number, Chopin's andante spianato and polonaise. Miss Donat played a very interesting violoncello concerto in G minor by Händel, of the existence of which I was unaware, but which I can heartily commend to 'cellists who always complain of the limited sphere of their repertory. Miss Donat's interpretation was a model of style, and her bowing was as graceful as her tone was pleasing, and her intonation pure.

I was most interested, however, in Frau Scharwenka-Stresowa, whose playing on this occasion proved a revelation. She has masterly technical command of her instrument, and a good, healthy, not sugary or effeminate tone. The new ballad for violin in G minor by M. Moszkowski is a very clever morceau, and although one meets in it a good many old acquaintances, among which the most startling is the first bar of the march theme from Tchaikowsky's last symphony. I liked the ballad very well, and it was received with strong tokens of approval.

Waldemar Sacks deserves more than a passing word of

praise for his well planned, musicianly piano accompaniments in both the Händel and Moszkowski compositions.

There was a big and very enthusiastic audience, and in it many Americans, at the Wednesday night popular concert at the Philharmonie, at which Miss Jessie Shay was the much appreciated soloist. This pretty American pianist has succeeded in quickly gaining favor in Berlin, and the press, foremost Heinrich Neumann in the *Berliner Tageblatt*, have accorded her an almost equally great amount of attention and praise as does the public.

Miss Shay seemed a trifle nervous in the broad Bach-like opening of the Saint-Saëns G minor piano concerto, but she quickly recovered herself, and in the other two movements she was as brilliant and her fingers as deft and nimble as could be. Of course she met with a rousing reception, and scored a big success.

In the third part of the program, which I could not await, Miss Shay gave some unaccompanied soli (the Schubert-Liszt serenade, the Chopin F sharp major nocturne and a Moszkowski etude). I am told she played the Chopin number particularly well, and of course she was encored.

The Philharmonic orchestra's selections on this occasion were Dvorák's Othello overture, the Beethoven C major symphony, Mendelssohn's Melusine overture and a Schubert Hungarian march in Liszt's orchestral garb. Professor Mannstaedt was the conductor.

In one of the coming final popular concerts of the present season, Otto Singer, of Cincinnati, will conduct "on trial," as probable successor to Professor Mannstaedt.

A composer's concert called me from the Philharmonie to the Singakademie that same evening. The program consisted of a piano trio and Lieder by Hans Pfizner, of Mayence, a young fellow whose opera, *Der arme Heinrich*, was recently performed with something of a sensational success in his native city. To judge from what I heard from him last Wednesday night he must be the victim (I cannot call it otherwise) of a clique of friends, who, as I am told on good authority, on the night of the opera première, went so far as to throw him a laurel wreath with the inscription, "To the successor of Richard Wagner."

Pfzner's piano trio in F major, performed by Messrs. Jedliczka, Halir and Dechert, is the most inane and at the same time the most tedious, disagreeably cacophonous, senseless and meaningless musical, or rather unmusical, rot that I have so far heard performed. I pitied the performers, the composer, the audience and myself, who had to listen to this trio, which lasts for fully an hour.

Some of the Lieder are far better, and Anton Sistermans, from Frankfurt, sang them with a beautiful baritone voice, but there is not much to them, either, and on the whole Mr. Pfzner is an overrated and misguided young composer.

On Thursday night we had the first of two piano recitals to be given this season by Miss Clotilde Kleeberg, the Parisian pianist. I have described her charming, finished style several times heretofore, and can content myself to-day by saying that in what I heard of her program she reached the climax of her abilities in Beethoven's beautiful E minor sonata, while she was naturally least satisfactory in the big A flat sonata, which demands a more weighty interpreter and sonorous performer than the witty, sprightly, but not very profound young artist in question. Her program may prove of interest to American pianists, so I give it here in full:

| | |
|--|-----------------|
| Suite G-moll | Händel |
| Le Bavolet flottant | Couperin (1724) |
| Le Coucou | Daquin (1735) |
| Sonata E-moll, op. 90 | Beethoven |
| Sonata As-dur, op. 109 | Schumann |
| Novellette D-dur, op. 21, No. 4 | Schubert |
| Moment musical Cis-moll, op. 94, No. 4 | Brahms |
| Capriccio, op. 116, No. 7 | Chopin |
| Ballade F-moll | Rubinstein |
| Barcarolle A-moll, op. 45 | Jensen |
| Irrlichter, op. 17, No. 2 | Liszt |
| Consolation Des-dur, No. 3 | Dubois |
| Scherzettino | Kullak |
| Etude-Elegie | Godard |
| En Courant | |

Fräulein Marianne Chales de Beaulieu, whom I heard at the Hotel de Rome on the same evening and who is a pupil



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of Frau Prof. Joachim, has, besides her beautiful and high sounding name, a fairly good alto voice, but she should try to improve herself in the way of delivery and singing before she again ventures before an audience.

Of Miss Donat, the cellist, who assisted at this concert, I spoke above.

From the Hotel de Rome I crossed over to the Royal Opera House in order to hear the second half of the Tannhäuser performance, in which our old and still handsome friend, Theodor Reichmann, of Vienna, appeared "as guest." His rich baritone voice has lost none of its old-time sonorous beauty, and his *Wolfgram* was lyrically as well as histrionically as delightful as ever.

Far more imposing though was our heroic tenor Sylva in the title part. It is wonderful how strong and vibrant his organ sounds and holds out to the very last in the trying pilgrimage narration. Miss Hiedler was as good and virginal as ever as *Elisabeth*, and chorus and orchestra, under Dr. Muck's direction, were superb. The only *bête noire* in the performance was Frau Sucher as *Venus*. She no longer looks, nor can she sing, the part pleasingly.

Reichmann, who opened his short "guesting" season with *William Tell*, will be heard also as *Hans Sachs* in *The Meistersinger*, and probably in one or the other of his favorite Marschner rôles.

On Friday night Miss Helen Goodrich, from Chicago, gave a concert in Bechstein Hall, in conjunction with the young pianist Alfred Schmidt-Badekow. The latter, a pupil of Dr. Jedliczka, has a remarkably fluent technic, but he is a cold player. He demonstrated this again in the business-like manner in which he rattled down the Schumann *Etudes Symphoniques* and in the lack of breadth in the Bach-Tausig, D minor, toccata and fugue. Least of all, however, I liked him in Chopin interpretations, where poetry and feeling ought to be the distinguishing features.

Miss Goodrich has a fair soprano voice of medium range, but her upper register has little or no brilliancy. Therefore the aria *With Verdure Clad*, from Haydn's *Creation*, did not exactly suit her. Nor is her vocal technic, though she is a pupil of Professor Hey, sufficiently developed for such music. I liked her better in a so-called Biblical song, by Dvorák, and two equally "quiet" *Lieder*—*Die Hirten* and *Die Koenige*—by Peter Cornelius.

I heard some more singing that same evening in the Singakademie. Two of Berlin's tallest (in a physical sense) singers, Miss Susanne Triepel and Miss Willy Arendts, gave a vocal concert that was well attended. About Miss Triepel and her beautiful stage presence and beautiful soprano voice I have written before. She is very musical and sings with purity of tone and intonation.

Miss Willy Arendts (you notice Willy can be a female, just as Sally sometimes is a male first name in Germany), is a newcomer, a Hollandish young lady who stands 6 feet 2 or 3 inches in height. Her alto voice is not quite so big as you would suppose it to be, coming from such a portly presence. But it is fairly voluminous nevertheless, and very agreeable and sympathetic in quality. Miss Arendts is also decidedly musical, and thus the singing of both young women was highly enjoyable and found many admirers among the enthusiastic audience. Miss Arendts was encored in W. F. G. Nicolai's *Spielmannslied*, and of Miss Triepel Dr. Reinmann's setting of the *Hirtengesang* from Hallingthal was redemanded.

They closed their program with two duets by Pirani, which diminished my very high opinion of that vocal composer. *Glockenklang* and *O Lieb Auch Du*, settings of rather poor poems by Johanna Ambrosius, are of little musical value and less originality. They, however, pleased the public.

Ludwig Strakosch, operatic and concert singer from Wiesbaden, who sang on Saturday night, was suffering from an indisposition, and thus I think it fairer to pass over his concert without further comment.

Conrad Ansoerge gave his second piano recital in the Singakademie on the same evening, and this proved a much more enjoyable affair. As an interpreter of Schubert's piano music I know no superior to Ansoerge. He understands the art of singing upon the piano, and thus the heavenly andante sostenuto from the B flat sonata, and the C major variations from the A minor sonata, were superbly performed. The same may be said of the *Du bist die Ruh* transcription. But not only these lyrical episodes were so well treated, both sonatas in their entirety were models of reproductive pianistic art, and the C minor impromptu I have never heard more beautifully played in all my life.

The Chopin barcarolle and A flat polonaise were almost

equally fine. I preferred, however, the former, as in the polonaise the thundering octave wrist work sounded a bit lame at the very moment of the climax to be gained. Three numbers from Ansoerge's op. 8, *Dream Pictures*, were interesting, especially No. 1, in E flat minor. No. 4 (*Between Summer and Autumn*), in A flat, is too transcendental and passes my comprehension, while the last one, No. 6, gave me the impression of that horrible dream I have had many times when it seemed to me I was falling with my bed into a bottomless abyss. I wonder whether it was that that Ansoerge meant to convey in this dream picture? A *Valse Heroique*, in E major, was likewise disappointing to me, for it was devoid of the "heroic" element which was promised in the title. Of course Ansoerge played his own pieces as well as the rest of the program, and after the final Liszt No. 6 *Hungarian Rhapsody* he was recalled again and again, and not dismissed before the usual encores had been granted.

The season now rushing toward its close is so crowded with concerts that even Sunday is no longer exempt from them. We had two of them last Sunday, a matinée at the Royal Opera House for a charitable object, at which Miss Rose Ettinger, the handsome young American soprano, made such a furor with the *Bell Song* from Lakmé and some German songs that, as I learn just now, the intendency engaged her on the spot, the contract to begin from the moment that Miss Ettinger has finished her studies at Paris.

The other Sunday concert was a song recital of Karl Scheidemantel, the great Dresden baritone, with the assistance as pianist and accompanist of Emil Kronke, also from the Saxonian capital. As there will be another one of these concerts next week, I shall content myself this time with quoting the program, on which there are several new songs:

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| Dem Unendlichen..... | F. Schubert |
| Die Liebe hat gelogen.. | |
| Ganymede..... | |
| Wiegenlied..... | |
| Prometheus..... | |
| Piano solo, Ballade, B minor..... | F. Liszt |
| Der Thürmer..... | Martin Jacobi |
| Heile Nacht..... | Conrad Ansoerge |
| Gieb' mir..... | |
| Drei Wanderer..... | Hans Hermann |
| Piano soli— | |
| Præludium..... | F. Chopin |
| Rhapsodie No. 6..... | F. Liszt |
| Auf Goldgrund..... | |
| Unruhige Nacht..... | Hermann Behn |
| Aus den Himmelsaugen droben..... | |
| Liederseelen..... | |

In the afternoon, at the residence here of Mrs. Max Liebling, of New York, the following interesting composers' program was performed before an almost exclusively American audience:

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|--|---------------------|
| Piano quintet (one movement)..... | Frank Briscoe |
| Miss Melville, Messrs. Karger, Müller, Koetscher, J. Liebling. | |
| Four preludes, for the piano..... | Otto Floersheim |
| Prelude and fugue..... | Augusta Cottlow |
| Miss Augusta Cottlow. | |
| Air for the violin..... | Christopher Wilson |
| Mr. William Ackroyd, accompanied by the composer. | |
| Songs— | |
| Die Wasserrose..... | Marguerite Melville |
| Einkehr..... | |
| Miss Helen Goodrich, accompanied by the composer. | |
| Barcarolle, for the piano..... | Leonard Liebling |
| Miss Jessie Shay. | |
| Romanze, for violin..... | Augusta Cottlow |
| Mr. Leon Marx, accompanied by the composer. | |
| Songs— | |
| Hohe Liebe..... | Edw. F. Schneider |
| Das Thautropfenchen..... | |
| Miss Regina Newman, accompanied by the composer. | |
| Impromptu, for the piano..... | Signe Lund-Skabro |
| Menuet..... | |
| Chansons sans paroles..... | |
| Hunoresk..... | |
| Mrs. Lund-Skabro. | |
| String quartet (scherzo)..... | Christopher Wilson |
| Messrs. Karger, Müller, Koetscher, J. Liebling. | |
| Abendlied, for piano..... | Jessie Shay |
| Miss Jessie Shay. | |

Last night the cycle of Hermann Wolff's ten Philharmonic subscription concerts under Nikisch's direction came to a close amid most enthusiastic and almost sensational, demonstrations in favor of the great conductor who has as quickly and promptly conquered Berlin as he did Boston, New York and Leipzig. As he laid down the baton after the close of the Beethoven C minor symphony a perfect furor of applause arose, and the orchestra joined in it with a rousing *Tusch*, and again and again Nikisch was recalled to the platform, while the large audience rent the air of the Phil-

harmonic with the shouts of "Auf Wiedersehen!" Of course there will be a Wiedersehen, for Nikisch has signed again with Wolff for next season.

As regards the performance of the Fifth Symphony I cannot of course tell you anything new. You have mostly all of you heard it in Nikisch's finely detailed and yet powerful interpretation. Equally well known to you are the other two orchestral numbers of the program (which for once contained no novelty), Wagner's *Siegfried Idyll* and the Schumann B flat symphony. The former was charming in the extreme, and in no other works does Nikisch's art of bringing out what is essential and of subduing what is of only secondary importance shine forth more brilliantly and tellingly than in those of Robert Schumann. In fact Nikisch once told me: "Wagner is easy to conduct; Schumann is difficult." And so it is; but there is no "muddy" orchestration noticeable when you hear one of the Schumann symphonies in Nikisch's reading.

The soloist of this concert was the young vocalist who only a few days ago made such a stunning début here in Berlin, Mlle. Camilla Landi. I spoke of her at length in my last week's budget, and could only repeat myself were I to attempt a description of her appearance of last night. She gave us Berlioz's *La Captive* with orchestral accompaniment, and to Nikisch's matchless piano accompaniment she sang Fauré's *Après un rêve*, Cécile Chaminade's *Noël des Oiseaux* (which at the recital had been redemanded) and the pretty canzonetta by Haydn. She was best in the French songs, but did not quite satisfy me from a purely musical (not vocal) viewpoint on the Berlioz number. As an encore Mlle. Landi sang Grieg's *Der Schwan*, not quite so well as she had done at her recital.

About an hour and a half after the conclusion of this tenth Philharmonic concert we had at the residence of Director S. Landecker the "eleventh" Philharmonic concert. It was ushered in by the most exquisite masterpieces of the culinary art. But while these were being discussed in the dining room the parlor was cleared of furniture, a platform erected, a background of the Philharmonic organ set and suddenly *Der Uebermensch*, latest symphonic poem by Richard Strauss, was—to have been performed. It was not performed. In its stead a pseudo Hermann Wolff trotted out a pseudo Adelina Patti and ditto Enrico Nicolini. Under the latter quite amusing disguise Court Opera Singer Fraenkel sang *Sancta Lucia* to a new, unprinted text that brought down the house, but not the curtain. *La diva* looked charming, but it was not her proper self we gazed upon. Herr Lieban, of the Court Opera, had donned her curls and petticoats and her very airs, manners and graces, and, what is more, he sang the *Nobil Signor* aria from *Les Huguenots* with all the frills, trills, laces and fioriture of a real prima donna. It was a wonderful false-to performance, and Lieban looked funny enough to kill.

Red handbills then made known that the *Uebermensch* was not ready for performance, and in its stead a manuscript "symphonic leave-taking poem" entitled *Auf Wiedersehen!* was produced for the first time under the direction of the composer. When he appeared upon the platform, upon which the members of the Philharmonic Orchestra were already seated, the conductor-composer looked just like Arthur Nikisch; but Nikisch sat in the audience, so it could not be he. Well, it turned out to be Siegfried Ochs, and his symphonic poem (theme and variations) is one of the most clever and musically interesting fabrications I ever heard. As a young student Ochs had written the well-known Voeglein variations, but this is a thing of a different kind. He treats the German *Auf Wiedersehen* folk-song first in Richard Wagner's style (*Senta's* leave-taking); then à la Liszt (*Souvenir de Szent-Miklos*); Johannes Brahms is superbly imitated in one variation, but the climax is reached with Richard Strauss, whom he copies in *Zarathustra* (*Einleitung*, *Von der Grossen Gelchrsamkeit*, *Von den Liedenschaften*, *Von den Ageriern*, *Verklaerung*). The last variation is a characteristic Berlioz style imitation. The whole score is one of the most witty, brilliant and delightful musical jokes that was ever perpetrated. Half an hour after the performance, amid the ices and champagne, the criticism of this concert was read, accompanied by roars of laughter. The last *Freibergers* left the Landecker mansion at about 4:30 A. M.

Eugen d'Albert has gained a victory over his old adversary, Edward Lassen, of Weimar, who was fined in court, the damages for libel being laid at 50 marks (about \$12).

Otto Malms, of Buffalo, bothers me once more with his Frank Kohler grudge, although the young fellow is now back in the United States. In response to Mr. Malms' inquiries, I

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can state that Kohler really was a pupil of Halir, and that there is such a place as Duysen Hall, although it is not one of the recognized or often used concert rooms of Berlin.

A very pretty young lady from Berlin, Miss Marie Drischler, made a stunning success as vocalist at a concert given in Wernigerode. The local paper of that city is full of her praise.

Among the callers last week were Mr. and Mrs. Sobrino, Mrs. and the Misses Shay, Mrs. Cottlow, Professor Waldemar Meyer, Mr. Louis Gerwing and his talented young daughter, the violinist, Josephine Gerwing, Max Schamberg, of the Pittsburg (Pa.) *Volksblatt*, and I met Franz Rumel, who has just returned from a highly successful tournée through Scandinavia.

O. F.

Music in Brussels.

BRUSSELS, March 3, 1897.

UNTIL now there has been nothing of especial interest to record in regard to the opera here this winter. Unfortunately it is the least interesting department of the world of music in Brussels. The salaries are not large enough to keep the best artists, and so music lovers prefer, as a rule, the concerts, which are very fine. Many great artists have, however, begun their career here. Madame Calvé made her début at the Théâtre de la Monnaie in Brussels; also Mme. Rose Caron and other well-known singers. Operas are often given here for the first time, notably those of French composers, who are near enough to come and superintend the bringing out of their works.

The great success of this season has been the representations of Mlle. Marie Brema, who has appeared in the rôles of *Ortrude*, *Dalila*, *Orpheus* and *Amneris*. She has been received with an enthusiasm which is in every way deserved, as she is a great artist. Never since I have been in Brussels, nearly eight years now, have I heard anything so fine at the opera as Mlle. Brema's *Orpheus* (unless I make an exception for Mr. Van Dyck as *Lohengrin* and *Tannhäuser* last winter); it is in every way complete—voice and acting, interpretation and attitudes. It is a revelation as Mlle. Brema sings and interprets it; her voice is perfect for this part, as she has a remarkably fine medium, all the notes being rich, full and well poised. She invests this rôle with an intense grief that makes itself felt, and at the same time preserves the most perfect harmony and repose. Her singing of *J'ai Perdu mon Eurydice* was remarkable and thrilling in its beauty; it satisfies the highest ideal of art; all the critics are agreed on this point.

Mlle. Brema began her series of representations as *Ortrude*, in which part she achieved her usual success, especially in the acting. Her qualities as a singer are undoubted, but her voice is not a contralto, as was very evident in the duo between *Elsa* and *Ortrude*, where the timbre of the two voices was the same; had Mlle. Brema been a contralto the difference would have been as great as between a cello and a violin, whereas on the contrary it was like two instruments having the same sound. So much for the question of the classification of the voice, but I must in justice add that the duo was beautifully sung. Mlle. Kutscherra, who comes to us from Germany, took the part of *Elsa* and sustained the rôle very well; she has a fine voice and is improving. Mr. Imbart de la Tour as *Lohengrin* acquitted himself creditably and Mr. Seguin as *Frederic* showed himself the same good artist as ever.

The rôle of *Dalila* was awaited with a keen interest, to see if it would be as successful as that of *Ortrude*, which we all knew had been carefully studied at Bayreuth. The result admitted of no doubt and all agree in a verdict of "grande artiste." Mlle. Brema is an ideal interpreter of the modern lyric drama.

M. Imbart de la Tour and M. Seguin were acceptable in their respective parts, and the work of Saint-Saëns thus interpreted was resplendent with a radiant beauty. The part of *Amneris* is less interesting than the other three just described; still Mlle. Brema, with her extraordinary talent, gave it a new and special charm. She had her usual success, and has drawn crowded houses. To-night she appears as *Dalila* for the last time and to-morrow as *Orpheus*, which will be her farewell performance.

The next novelty is to be the bringing out of Fervaal, by

Vincent d'Indy, now in preparation. The operas advertised for this week are *Manon*, *Faust*, *Carmen*, *La Fille du Regiment*, *Myosotis* and *Maitre de Chapelle*.

The second concert at the Conservatoire took place on Sunday afternoon, February 7. A delightful program, beginning with the symphony in B flat by Haydn, including the Pastoral symphony of Beethoven, dances by Rameau, exquisite in their delicacy and color, and ending with the overture of *The Flying Dutchman*. The orchestra at the Conservatoire, with Mr. Ysaye as first violin and Mr. Jacobs as first violoncello, with many other excellent artists, is a remarkably fine one, but Mr. Gevaerts, at his advanced age, seems almost too feeble for the task of leading. The movements are very often unequal, the prestos are never quick enough and the andante in the Pastoral symphony was far too slow, so that it became monotonous.

I say this with regret, as I revere Monsieur Gevaerts' profound knowledge and learning, and realize how much he has done for music in Brussels.

The second séance of chamber music took place on Sunday afternoon, February 14, at the Conservatoire. It was not remarkable in any way. The most interesting selections were four *Contes de Fées*, Schumann, for clarinet, alto and piano, beautifully played by MM. Poncelet, Van Hout and De Gruf. The quintet in E flat, Beethoven, was also very well played. Mr. Dequesne, monitor at the Conservatoire, sang *Air de La Flûte Enchantée*, Mozart. He appeared very nervous and his voice trembled. He also sang some melodies by Mr. Vincent d'Indy and Mr. De Gruf, but they were neither very original nor interesting.

The Ysaye concert, or, to quote a Belgian critic, the Mottl concert, took place on Sunday, February 21. As Ysaye is in Italy Mr. Mottl took his place.

Before giving an account of this fine concert I must say a few words about the delightful evening at the Artistic and Literary Club, February 18, when Madame Mottl made her first appearance before a Brussels public. She at once captivated it by her grace and simplicity. She has not only a sympathetic and sweet voice, but is herself most sympathetic and charming. She sang a variety of *Leider* by Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Richard Wagner and Felix Mottl with a very clear diction and artistic feeling. Piquancy, humor, emotion and dramatic accent were called into play as the songs followed each other. Her voice is lovely; in the half tints really exquisite. The word charm best describes her singing.

Mr. Mottl's accompaniment to his wife's singing was remarkably fine and extremely rare. I have never heard such an accompanist, preserving the most perfect rhythm, sustaining the voice and then taking up the theme, accenting the harmony and in every way completing the work. M. Arthur de Gref shared the honors of the evening. He played especially well the berceuse, valse and impromptu of Chopin with charm, grace and color; also the *Etudes Symphoniques* of Schumann, which showed his wonderful technic. The interesting variations of Saint-Saëns on a theme of Alcécis and a rhapsodie of Liszt completed the program. Her Royal Highness the Countess of Flanders was present as was nearly all the fashionable and musical circle, and all gave M. and Madame Mottl a hearty and enthusiastic reception.

At the concert the following Sunday there was no limit to the enthusiasm, and with good reason. Mr. Mottl came to us after having led the Colonne orchestra in Paris, and as his merits as musician and leader are very truly and cleverly analyzed in the Paris letter of *THE MUSICAL COURIER* it is not necessary for me to enter into the subject. All who hear him conduct must acknowledge him the great musician that he is. His leading of the prelude of *Lohengrin* was exquisite; he took it much more slowly than in general here and gave it the religious and mystic character which is its true interpretation.

The concert began with the overture to *Egmont* (Beethoven). His interpretation gives to this symphony extraordinary relief and characteristic expression. The symphony in G minor of Mozart was also delightful; the allegro was, however, a little heavy—it lacked the extreme lightness peculiar to Mozart. The andante was taken quicker than we are accustomed to hear it, which was a great improvement. Mr. Mottl gave it the movement of a slow *Sicilienne*, so that it gained in conciseness and clearness without losing

its grace. The minuet, on the contrary, he took more slowly, which is more natural for that stately dance. The final allegro was taken very fast indeed, constantly alternating the "piano" and the "forte," making it interesting and vivacious in the extreme. Madame Mottl sang *L'Absence*, of Berlioz, with fine expression and sentiment and a clear and correct French accent. Then followed a *Wiegenlied* by Mozart, orchestrated by Felix Mottl. This simple cradle song Madame Mottl sang exquisitely, with all the tenderness imaginable. To give so much interest to anything so simple shows much talent; it suited Madame Mottl's voice, and she was so vigorously applauded that she was obliged to repeat a verse. She also sang *Air de Suzanne* from *Noces de Figaro*. This I thought was sung far too slow, and the effect was not pleasing, as it gave a heaviness not in keeping with the subject; however, she gave it a certain charm and was enthusiastically recalled several times. The concert ended with the overture to *Die Meistersingers*.

Other musical events of lesser importance, together with an account of the preparation of musical fêtes in celebration of the approaching exhibition, will be given in my next letter.

HELEN S. NORTH.

Esther Hirsch Will Sing.—Miss Esther Hirsch, the promising young contralto, has been engaged to sing on April 10 in Mendelssohn Glee Club Hall for the Ethical Culture Society, and will sing on April 30 at the concert in Cooper Union of the People's Singing Society, under the direction of Frank Damrosch.

Richard Burmeister in Boston.—One of Mr. Burmeister's greatest triumphs on the concert stage was achieved on Friday and Saturday, the 19th and 20th inst., at the nineteenth Boston Symphony concert in Boston, under the direction of Mr. Emil Paur. No complaint could be made this time about the well-known coldness of the spoiled Boston public, the pianist being recalled after his performances four times each, and with the greatest enthusiasm.

Mr. Burmeister played the F minor concerto by Chopin, and was charmed with the perfect accompaniment of Mr. Paur and his orchestra. Mr. Burmeister's own orchestration of the concerto being used. His cadenza to the first movement, which forms a very brilliant and effective coda, was also played.

Mr. Burmeister has become a favorite in Boston and receives, whenever he is there, marked attentions from the musical and social world of America's Athens.

Mr. Burmeister's recent success in Philadelphia in this same Chopin work, supplemented by his tremendous success with the superlative Boston band, speaks volumes for his ability both as musician and pianist.

Averill-Bradley Repetitions.—The series of four informal musicales given by Mr. Perry Averill and Mr. Orton Bradley at their studio, 220 West Fifty-ninth street, on March 18 and 25, April 1 and 8, put forward an admirable combination of programs. The program of the first, printed below, is a typical one:

Nocturne in B major.....Chopin
Mr. Orton Bradley.
Duet for soprano and tenor, from *Nadasha*.....Goring Thomas
Miss Frances Miller and Mr. Ellison Van Hoose.
The Wanderer.....Schubert
Mrs. Viola Pratt Gillette.
Concerto in D minor (first movement).....Wieniawski
Mr. Michael Banner.
Erste Gesänge, Nos. 3 and 4.....Brahms
Mr. Perry Averill.
Ballatella, from *Pagliacci*.....Leoncavallo
Miss Miller.
Duet for soprano and contralto, from *Giaconda*.....Ponchielli
Miss Miller and Mrs. Gillette.

The idea of Messrs. Averill and Bradley in giving these répétitions musicales is to invite their friends to hear the best of the pupils and artists who are studying with each. As both instructors have a large artistic and fashionable clientèle, these afternoons form as encouraging an opportunity for the students as they are found a pleasant and refined artistic one for the guests. On April 8 the Brahms *Liebeslieder* will be given. In the society column of this paper the social aspect of these musicales has been dealt with. From the musical standpoint they are replete with interest, and reflect much artistic honor on the two artists who have effected them.

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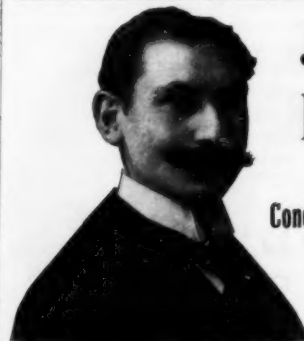
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BOSTON, Mass., March 28, 1897.

I HEARD no gross, commercial music in Boston last week, but I read these lines by Emile Verhaeren, and I heard strange music, such as might have sounded in the ears of Roderick Usher:

Les chiens du noir espoir ont aboyé, ce soir,
Vers les lunes de mes deux yeux,
Si longuement, vers les lunes en noir
De mes deux yeux silencieux,
Si longuement et si lointainement, ce soir,
Vers les lunes de mes deux yeux en noir.

And when you have nothing worse to do, read *La Dame en Noir*, from which I take these lines. She is a charming woman, this Flemish Diana of the crossways.

La dame en noir des carrefours
Qu'attendre après de si longs jours
Qu'attendre?
— J'attends cet homme au couteau rouge.

I was sorry to hear of the death of Waldemar Bargiel. I knew him well, for I studied counterpoint with him in Berlin a dozen years or so ago. His reputation for surliness was not deserved. He could be sharp, sarcastic, sour in speech; but he could as easily be generous in praise and kind in action. The truth of the matter is that Bargiel was a disappointed man. He was frank in the expression of his disappointment. He once told me this in substance: "I was nine years director of the Society for the Encouragement of Musical Art at Rotterdam. They liked me there; they liked my music. Then I was called to the Hochschule in 1874. They held out great inducements, but they have not kept their promises. Sometimes I think I am only a figurehead. They play music by Rudorff—think of it, they play his overture, *Otto der Schütz*—in their concerts, and they seldom or never play mine. It is true that I gave Rudorff piano lessons long ago, but I do not exalt my head on that account. No, they have not kept their promises." And when Heinrich von Herzogenberg was preferred to him at the Hochschule the cup of bitterness was full.

I confess I sympathized with Bargiel in his view of Rudorff—a "durchschnitts-musiker, wie sie unsere Conservatorien dutzendweise entlassen," to quote from Reissmann's furious and famous pamphlet against the Hochschule (1876). His music is almost as dull as that manufactured by Herzogenberg.

One night they actually played something by Bargiel at one of the concerts conducted by Joachim, who was then at least only a time beater, and not steady or sure at that. Hermine Spiess sang; there was an overture by Weber, a symphony by Gade, Bargiel's Overture to a Tragedy (op. 18) and the first *Arlésienne* suite. This was in November, 1883. Joachim evidently did not have the slightest idea of Bizet's intentions or the characters of the drama itself, and he told a friend of mine the next day that he could not see why the suite was praised so highly by good musicians, or why the audience applauded so boisterously. (For, in spite of Joachim's absurd leading, the music made its way.) After the concert the talk was all about the suite. Poor Bargiel! At his lessons that week vials of wrath were poured upon Joachim, Bizet, Berlin and, by way of digres-

sion, his brother-in-law, Berthold Tours. "Yes, yes; that French thing was light enough and superficially pretty—no depth, no thought. Why did they play it right after my serious work of art?"

Don't misunderstand me. Bargiel had sworn no vendetta against the French, and he was not a jingoist. He corresponded with Théodore Dubois and praised some of his music. He admired the great Frenchmen and was loud in eulogy of Berlioz. And yet his pedagogic sense was shocked by harmonic liberties of the modern French school. I remember I showed him the horn call in *Délibes' Sylvia*. You remember on its second appearance in the prelude the horn is heard above green and cool consecutive fifths, delightful fifths, fifths that are worth going miles to hear, abandoning clothes, tobacco, companionship, and even virtue. Just imagine yourself in a wood—it need not necessarily be a virgin forest—alone with these fifths and the trees and the sky. Or there is a murmur of suspicion, and trees swell in girth and the grass crackles as Diana enters, drawn by these fifths. I showed the passage to Bargiel, and what do you suppose he said? His answer was one word, one little word: "Scheusslich!"

Von Bülow once described—it was in 1863—Bargiel as the bass; Kirchner, the baritone, and Jensen as the tenor of the Schumann school. I admired Bargiel the man, for in spite of his prejudices and bitterness he was at heart honest and generous; his aims were pure and noble. I do not think his abilities were equal to these aims. Do you think that any music by him ever left an abiding impression? I remember vaguely a fantastic march in 3-4 for the piano, but his *Medea*, *Prometheus*, *Tragic overtures* are as though they never had been written. I admit that the last time I heard the *Tragic* it was under depressing circumstances, for Joachim's conducting would have cast a gloom over a funeral.

Hanslick complained of the dismal character of the *Medea* overture thirty years ago. His complaint was not so much against this overture in particular as against the passion of young composers of that period for horrible subjects. "Where does anyone write an overture through which joy and delight in life stream with the sun's rays?" And then he bethought him of the overtures to Gluck's *Orpheus* and *Cimarosa's* *Horatii* and *Curatii*, either one of which might serve as prelude to an opera buffa. He added that after Bargiel's musical version of the tale of *Medea*, slayer in Colchis of her children, the audience of the Philharmonic Society turned grateful ears toward Weber's *Invitation to the Dance*. This was in Vienna, however; Vienna of '67—where the motto of life was "Nur tanzen und singen und alleweil fidel." "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we may have to work!" as Beatty-Kingston puts it. I wonder if his description of Viennese life (that biting opening chapter of the second volume of *Music and Manners*) is true of Vienna to-day?

"The old régime systematically taught the people that their mission in life was to drink good and cheap beer, listen to admirable dance music surpassingly well executed, pay the taxes (neither heavy nor harshly levied) when they could, venerate the Imperial family, crowd the theatres and churches, and leave the management of their affairs, political, financial and educational, to the gifted and privileged race, which, somehow or other in its supreme wisdom and benevolence, Providence had created for that special purpose, and set over them in authority."

It is a long time since any important work of Bargiel has been played in Boston. I don't believe that his name has appeared on a Symphony program since February 25, 1888, when his *Prometheus* overture was performed.

Paul Tidden, the pianist, could tell many stories of Bargiel, for he studied counterpoint with him.

I was interested deeply in the reviews of the performance of *L'Arlésienne*, for I saw it in Paris when it was re-

vived at the Odéon, 1886-7, with Mrs. Favart as *Rose Mamai*, Lambert fils as *Frédéri*, and Paul Mounet as the shepherd *Balthazar*.

I notice that the critics agreed pretty well in finding the scene between *Balthazar* and *Mère Renaude* a bore. This amazes me, for in Paris the scene was one of the chief features of the admirable performance. Was the fault in New York with the actors, the adaptation or the audience? I wish Mr. Huneker would explain.

For this is the situation. *Balthazar* and *Mère Renaude* had loved each other in their youth; but she was the wife of another and the shepherd had fled from her. Although they had dwelt not far from each other, they met for the first time after many years at the betrothal of *Frédéri* and *Vivette*. They recognize each other; the others on the stage step aside respectfully, and during the following dialogue the strings play the inexpressible, tender and pathetic *adagietto*, which is included in the concert suite. (I translate from the original version.)

BALTHAZAR—God keep you, *Renaude*!

MÈRE RENAUDE—Oh! Oh, my poor *Balthazar*!

BALTHAZAR (in a low voice)—It's my fault. I knew you were coming. I should not have stayed here.

MÈRE RENAUDE—Why not? to keep your oath? Bah! that is not worth the trouble. God does not wish that we should die without seeing each other again, and for this reason He put love into the hearts of these two children. He owed us a reward for our courage.

BALTHAZAR—Yes, there was need of courage; leading my beasts, I often saw the smoke of your house, and it said to me, 'Come! She is here.'

MÈRE RENAUDE—And when I heard your dogs bark and I recognized afar off your great cloak, it took all my might to keep me from running to you. Now our sorrow is over, and we can look at each other without blushing. *Balthazar*!

BALTHAZAR—*Renaude*!

MÈRE RENAUDE—Would you be ashamed to kiss me, now that I am old and wrinkled?

BALTHAZAR—Oh!

MÈRE RENAUDE—Well! Press me close to your heart, my brave, good man. I have owed you this kiss of friendship for fifty years.

Pray, does this scene seem silly to you? Or do you think it is necessarily dull? Does an American audience laugh at such youthful and middle aged and elderly folly? Would it prefer the play in which figure "the shape of sly settee and the adulterous, unwholesome couple?"

Was it a mistake for Daudet to refrain from introducing "the beautiful but accursed" woman who ruined *Frédéri*? My colleague, Mr. Alan Dale, writes most ingeniously and amusingly on this subject, and God forbid that I should doubt his authority in the matter of the proper treatment of "beautiful but accursed" women—on the stage, of course.

The idea was not original with Daudet. The charming widow in *Dunducketty's Picnic* is left to the imagination of the spectator.

I admit there is curiosity even in the best regulated family to see the young woman who broke up poor *Uncle George*.

In the theatre this curiosity is contagious. To gratify it, the girl of Arles—or "the Maiden of Arles," as one press agent, possibly the same one who told us that Mrs. Booth would play the title part—was introduced in the *Farandole* when an adaptation was produced in London.

And yet it seems to me—and I advance the statement timidly and as a spectator, not as a critic—that the play gains by the absence of the wanton baggage. You say to yourself, "That girl must be a sumptuous creature to put *Frédéri* in such a state." You wonder whether she is lean or stout. (Baudelaire, by the way, declared that leanness was more nude, more indecent than obesity.) If the woman should appear, woo hotly, mock, rage, scream, you might not approve of the infatuation of the young man.

Favart played the part of the mother with marvelous animal force. De Goncourt mentions in his *Journal*

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DAVID BISPHAM.



GREGOROWITSCH.

March 27, 1885, that he happened to speak to her of Tonkin and a battery of artillery that was reported as missing. "She burst into tears. For she had a son with General Négrier and has not heard from him."

The orchestra at the revival of *L'Arlésienne* at the Odéon was Colonne's full orchestra, and Colonne led. The orchestration for the first performance—at the Vaudeville, October 1, 1872—was made for the peculiar orchestra of that theatre, which, according to Adolphe Jullien, was thus constituted: Seven first violins, no second violins, two violas, five cellos, two double-basses, one flute, one oboe, one cornet à piston, two horns, two bassoons, kettledrums, harmonium, piano. The harmonium was behind the scenes, and it was played by Bizet, and at times by Guiraud. Constantin led the orchestra. There were different opinions concerning the merits of the music. Some thought the musician had effaced himself for Daudet's glory. Reyner and Weber praised the work of Bizet.

The suite (No. 1) taken from the incidental music was re-written by Bizet for concert use, and he changed the instrumentation, arranging it for a full orchestra. It was first played in its new form at a Concert Pasdeloup, November 10, 1872. When the drama was first revived in May, 1885, at the Odéon—and with success, for at the Vaudeville it ran only fifteen nights—the second orchestration of Bizet was used by Colonne, who directed. The suite No. 2 for concert was arranged by Ernest Guiraud, not by Bizet.

De Goncourt made this note about the first performance at the Odéon: "Public cold, icy cold. Mrs. Daudet beats her fan about with the angry rustling of the wings of birds who fight. Audience still cold, ready to titter and sneer at the piece; it applauds the music enthusiastically. All at once Mrs. Daudet, who is leaning in a state of pitiful depression against the side of the box, cries out 'I'm going home to bed; it makes me sick to stay here.' Thank God, at the third act the piece makes its way, and its quality and the acting of Tessandier (*Rose Mamai*) provoke loud applause in the last scenes."

PHILIP HALE.

Boston Music Notes.

MARCH 27, 1897.

Miss Caroline Gardner Clarke sang at Mrs. Henry M. Rogers' musical on Tuesday evening. Many prominent musicians were present, besides a large number of society people. Miss Benedict accompanied. On Thursday evening Miss Clarke sang at the concert of "The Singers," given by the swell Newton Centre club of that name. The club is under the direction of Mr. George A. Burdett, organist of the First Central Church of Boston, and the concerts are always notable musical events, and the large Bray Hall at Newton Centre is always filled with a fashionable audience. At this concert J. K. Paine's *Realm of Fancy* and part of Gounod's *Gallia* were given.

The choir of the First Church have all been re-engaged for the coming year. Mrs. Frances Dunton Wood, soprano; Miss Anna Miller Wood, contralto; Mr. W. L. Crocker, tenor, and Mr. Clarence Hay, bass.

Miss Anna Miller Wood will make a visit to her old home in San Francisco the coming summer, returning in time for the next season's work. Besides her choir position, Miss Wood has had a very busy season in concerts, both in and out of Boston. On Monday, March 29, Miss Wood and Mr. Max Heinrich are to sing at the last of the Brookline musicals. Miss Wood has been engaged for the Symphony concert in New Bedford, at the spring music festival, where she will sing an aria seldom heard in America, by Victor Massé. As Miss Wood will spend the summer and autumn on the Pacific Coast she will be heard in concerts there and will also give lessons. She has so many warm friends there it is probably only necessary to mention this for her time to be entirely engaged.

Mrs. A. Sophia Markee sang at Natick on Thursday

evening at the entertainment given by the choir of the Congregational Church. Mr. Everett E. Truette conducted the chorus and the Germania Orchestra assisted. On March 30 Mrs. Markee is to sing for the Clover Club—a charity club for girls—which is under the patronage of wealthy society people. Thursday, April 1, she goes to Northampton to sing in a concert which is given to pay off the organ debt, and is under the patronage of Mr. Blodgett, of Smith College, Edwin Bunce Story and other well-known people of that city.

Mrs. W. L. Crocker will return to her former position as organist and director of Dr. Plumb's church. An excellent quartet has been engaged: Mrs. A. W. Lyon, soprano; Mrs. Atherton Loring, contralto; Mr. Charles W. Swaine, tenor, and Mr. A. R. Frank, bass. Mr. Frank has just returned from Italy, where he has studied for the past year with Vannuccini. He is said to possess a beautiful voice.

Mr. A. E. Prescott played an interesting program in the music room at the Chickering factory on Thursday afternoon, March 29, at 4 o'clock.

Miss Lilley Smith, a pupil of Mrs. W. L. Crocker, gave a piano recital in Lexington March 25, when she played the Beethoven sonata in E flat, Moszkowski's waltz in E and pieces by Rubinstein, MacDowell, and Schütt.

Miss Minnie Little's pupils will give a recital in Arcade Hall, No. 7 Park square, on March 31. This hall is a recent discovery and a good addition to the list of small halls in this city. The seating capacity is between 400 and 500 and the location a central one. Being up one flight of stairs, it is easy of access.

Mrs. and Mr. Kronberg will give a concert on Tuesday evening, March 30. They will be assisted by Mr. E. Fiedler, Mr. Carl Barth, Mr. John C. Manning, Mr. B. Fiedler, Miss E. Stewart, accompanist.

Miss Gertrude Capen's fifth pupils' recital took place in Hollander Hall on Thursday evening, March 18, before an audience that crowded the hall to the utmost. Though a pupils' recital it bore little signs of the amateur, being in all regards an artists' performance. The next and last of the series will take place on April 1.

Among the new songs just issued by the White-Smith Music Publishing Company is *My Heatherland Home*, a new Scotch song by J. L. Gilbert, the composer of *Bonnie Sweet Bessie*. The publishers feel sure that the new song will attain the same immense popularity as its predecessor. Contraltos who are looking for a good sacred song will be pleased to know that J. L. Gilbert, composer of the sacred song *Not a Sparrow Faleth*, has written a companion song *The Realm of Endless Day*. This is also published for high voice, but the original key is for contralto.

The new opera for the Harvard Pi Etas, entitled *Fool's Gold*, is to be produced at the new Pi Eta Theatre, Cambridge, on April 2, 5 and 6; at the Bijou Theatre, Boston, on the 7th; Lynn on the 8th, and Fall River on the 9th. The music is by John A. Loud, and the libretto by Vivian Burnett, son of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett. The Pi Etas began to give these operatic performances three years ago, and have given a new opera each year.

Miss Anna Miller Wood will give a song recital on Thursday afternoon, April 1, at 4 o'clock, at the house of Mrs. Nathan Matthews, Jr.

The choir of the Warren Avenue Baptist Church, as just arranged, will consist of Miss Isabel Patten Marks, organist; Mrs. Alice Bates Rice, soprano; Miss Etta Augusta Burgess, contralto; Mr. Louis Edgar Black, tenor, and Mr. Nathaniel Frank Tood, bass. Special musical services will be held the second Sunday evening of each month.

At the meeting of the Brookline Educational Society on Thursday evening Music as an Educational Force in the Community, was discussed by Messrs. W. F. Athorp, of Boston, who spoke upon *The Relative Value of Hearing and Learning to Perform Good Music* and the Advantages of a General Musical Culture; S. W. Dutton, superintendent of the Brookline schools; S. W. Cole, musical director of the Brookline schools, and Miss Elizabeth Stearns, who

spoke of the musical instruction in the Springfield High School.

Mr. Fred. Field Bullard has prepared a system of instruction in harmony which combines the advantages of class and of private teaching. The course includes twenty-five weekly lectures in classes of ten, and twenty-five weekly lessons in classes of four. The lectures are devoted to the explanation of the subject, and the lessons to the correction of exercises and to the individual needs of the students.

Mr. Carl Faelten, who is soon to be succeeded as director of the New England Conservatory of Music by Mr. George W. Chadwick, announces that when his term as director expires he will found a similar institution in this city. Mr. Faelten's term as director expires in June.

The new institution will open next fall, and its prospectus is now nearly ready for the printer. The school will bear the director's name.

According to this prospectus adults and children will be educated in general music and the piano. Separate courses will be provided for professional and lay students, and there will be a normal course for teachers. Mr. Reinhold Faelten, who organized and is now in charge of the piano sight playing course at the New England Conservatory, and his wife, née Marie Dewing, who is now in charge of the normal classes of children at the same institution, will resign to accept similar positions in the new school.

Mr. Arthur B. Hitchcock, bass, will sing in *The Prodigal Son* at Newton, April 4; *Creation*, at Melrose, March 31; *Elijah*, at Cambridge, March 28, and in concerts at Nashua, N. H., March 24, and in Boston April 5 and 7.

William R. Witherle, treasurer of the Beacon Trust Company, of Boston, died Saturday noon of diphtheria at the residence of Miss Mary Harding, No. 149 Sycamore street, Somerville.

Mr. Witherle was well known in musical circles. He was the organist and musical director at the First Unitarian Church on Highland avenue, Somerville. He had occupied a portion of his leisure time the past year in the composition of several operas, with a view to publication.

Mr. Witherle was born in Castine, Me., twenty-seven years ago. He was graduated from Harvard, and had made his home in Somerville for the past four years. He leaves a father, mother and sister residing in Castine, Me. The burial will be at the latter place.

Fifth Dunkley Recital in Albany.—Here are some press notices of the foregoing:

The fifth of Mr. Ferdinand Dunkley's historical lecture recitals of piano music took place yesterday afternoon at Graduates' Hall. Mr. Dunkley was assisted by Miss Olive Pulis, contralto.

Liszt, Brahms and Grieg were the composers considered by Mr. Dunkley in his lecture, and the musical program consisted of characteristic compositions of each of the trio. Liszt was illustrated by the florid Hungarian Rhapsody No. 6, Two Consolations and the song *Thou Art Like Unto a Flower*, which Miss Pulis sang very delightfully.

Mr. Dunkley characterized Brahms as "the philosopher of music," the man thoroughly in earnest, rugged and brusque in his methods of thought as Carlyle; a man "who never wrote a note that meant mere display," and in whose compositions there was "an entire absence of virtuosity."

Brahms Rhapsodie No. 1 and Ballad No. 4 Mr. Dunkley played with excellent technique, and the song *Faithful Love* was sung by Miss Pulis with admirable expression.

Grieg Mr. Dunkley illustrated with a sonata of rare beauty, and four compositions of the typical Norwegian spirit, *To Springtime*, *Solveig's Song*, two Hallings, or national dances, and *On the Mountains*. Of these the rapturous and riotous *Springtime* was given with especial charm, and the interpretation of the Hallings was spirited and poetic.

The three gem-like songs of Grieg, *The Princess*, *With a Violet*, and *Cradle Song*, were sung with simplicity and artistic feeling by Miss Pulis.—*Albany Argus*, March 18, 1897.

Mr. Dunkley characterized Brahms as the "philosopher of music." The Rhapsody No. 1 and Ballad No. 4 were played by Mr. Dunkley with grace and felicity of expression, and Miss Olive Pulis, the contralto who assisted him, sang *Faithful Love* with artistic feeling.

Grieg was illustrated by a sonata of wonderful beauty and power, *To Springtime* being rendered by Mr. Dunkley with the true touch of genius.—*Albany Evening Journal*, March 18.

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LE monde où l'on s'ennuie, perhaps one might say literally the world where everyone is tired of everything, itself included, seems at present to be in a state of disruption. To use a stupid malaproprian phrase, it seems to be quartered into three halves. Some will tell you that everybody is in town. The ones who say that, of course, are the ones who are here. Again a breezy letter of gossip tells you that "every living human you know" is at the Hot Springs. Then this little circle betakes itself to Fortress Monroe and again finds "every one" there. Word comes from Jekyll Island that all "nos intimes" are there. That of course settles it till you hear of another colony at St. Augustine, or Aiken, or Lakewood, and in bewilderment you turn to New York again, and one look around you at the opera, or one glance at a list of "among those present" at some smart musical function will convince you that everyone who is anyone is in town, mortifying flesh and spirit by certain Lenten penances.

So, after all, what is society? Oh, well, it's anyone or everyone who has money enough, stamp enough, brains, wit and beauty enough to be associated with and make a prominent feature in the gay little world that makes a serious business of being idly amused and bored in turn by everything that comes its way.

Of course, as has been pointed out in these columns, there are some among the gay butterflies of fashion who turn aside from the rapidly whirling throng, led by talent and instinct, and give serious attention to music and its charms. These are the really thoughtful and appreciatively critical of drawing room audiences; and if it were not for just this element one would be tempted to ask almost, Does society know just where it is at musically? New favorites crop up every season, some "charming" (oh, that abused word!) young singer, some "perfectly ravishing" young tenor, some "fascinating" pianist, "cellist, violinist or what-notist, will obtain a vogue and keep it till a fresh attraction supplants them; and each monsieur, or madame, or mademoiselle of the hour has in turn to stand aside, if not back, for the last new favorite.

Musical fads and faddists are thick as leaves in Valambrosa, and there seems at present to be no standard of popularity. It is quite as apt to be some personal charm rather than talent; and, after all, isn't that genuine, the sacre feu, that no amount of waxing can engender if the real spark is wanting.

Perhaps New Yorkers after all are fickle, for is there a case in point where a singer of fifty years ago, a once adored and petted drawing room darling, is welcomed warmly and listened to rapturously in concerts of to-day? Of course that may exceed any reasonable age limit, but it is barely possible that if a singer of Sims Reeves' age and present vocal attainments were to make an appearance here he would, if he were listened to at all, be greeted with smiles openly sarcastic or a bored, intolerant silence. But let Sims Reeves once appear in a London drawing room or in St. James' Hall, crowded to the ceiling at a benefit for this now dumb, voiceless singer, nothing but warm, friendly, enthusiastic greetings await him. As he stands, a well groomed old dandy with curling white hair and jet black mustache, a figure that must delight Phil May's heart, and goes through the motions of singing—yes, really—Come into the Garden, Maud, an American can but wonder where would be the place for such a song and singer in this big city, this Greater New York.

But we must take life as we find it and be thankful to the hosts and hostesses that give us the attractive surroundings of white and gold music rooms for musical days at home, or subscription concerts, or benefits for day nurseries or night lodgings, or any attraction that is uppermost.

On the same afternoon Mrs. George Kemp, of 720 Fifth avenue, invited a few friends to meet Miss Allen, of Boston.

J. Henry Morgan.
TENOR.
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As might be expected at this hospitable home, a most charming entertainment was offered to the few guests who had been bidden. Mrs. Frederic Edey, formerly Miss Birdie Otis, and Miss Marion Kemp, two of the most talented amateurs of this city, sang compositions of Saint-Saëns, Chaminade and Massenet. Miss Devereux Clapp gave some most artistic French recitations and Mr. Leland Langley contributed songs.

The members of the company giving trio concerts at the house of Mrs. Gilbert Jones, No. 222 Madison avenue, Miss Geraldine Morgan, Mr. Paul Morgan and Mr. Ernest Schelling, are extremely fortunate in having such delightful surroundings. Mrs. Jones' music room, finished in white, with yellow brocade panels, and the cozy drawing room, with its warm and sympathetic tones, offers a most attractive setting for the delightfully arranged and executed programs.

The trio on Thursday last had the assistance of Mr. Purdon Robinson, and the following numbers were listened to:

Sonata, op. 34, for piano and violoncello.....Saint-Saëns
Mr. Morgan and Mr. Schelling.

Who Is Sylvia.....Schubert
Time's Garden, with violoncello obligato.....Goring Thomas
Lullaby.....Nevin
Maiden, How Sweet.....Schumann
Gartenmelodie.....Schumann
Am Springbrunnen.....Miss Morgan.

Trio, No. 4, op. 11.....Beethoven
Tema con variazioni.
Miss Morgan, Mr. Morgan, Mr. Schelling.

Among the guests were Mrs. H. F. Dimock, Mrs. C. Newbold Black, Miss Edith Black, Mrs. F. H. Bosworth, Colonel Corbin, U. S. A.; Miss Rockefeller, Miss Helen Benedict, Mrs. Frederic Edey, Mrs. Lanman Bull, Mrs. H. C. Tinker, Mrs. Walter Oakman, Mrs. C. B. Alexander, Mrs. Howard Van Sinderen, Mrs. Almeric Hugh Paget, Miss Greer and Miss Pomeroy.

Thursday evenings the Countess di Brazza, formerly Miss Cora Slocombe, of New Orleans, and Miss Mary Thorn Carpenter are at home informally in quite the Continental fashion. The foreign element predominates as a general rule, and all who enter the reception rooms of their house, at 254 Madison avenue, may well leave the English language behind. Both the Countess di Brazza and Miss Carpenter, from long residence abroad, are expert linguists, and one hears French, German and Italian spoken on every hand. Last Thursday evening there was music by Madame Cozena and her talented daughter and by M. and Mme. Ricci Salvatelli. A number of distinguished foreigners were among the guests.

The third meeting of the Midwinter Club was held on Thursday evening at Sherry's, and in striking variety to the music this club has offered thus far in its previous entertainments was some which partook strongly of the Spanish or Mexican character. The guests were bidden to a Mexican tombola, which as far as possible suggested an out of door fête and introduced Mexican jugglers, Mexican songs and dances by performers in Mexican costumes, and a tombola in the shape of games of "lotto," played for handsome silver prizes. This club, which seems to be searching for the unique in the way of amusement with various musical accompaniments includes among its members Mrs. Frederic Sheldon, Mrs. J. C. Westervelt, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Shepherd, Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Short, Mr. and Mrs. Horace B. Fry, Mrs. J. H. Beekman, Mr. Theodore Cooper, Mr. and Mrs. James B. Townsend and Miss Ruth Lawrence.

On Thursday afternoon a Lenten studio entertainment was given by Mr. Edwin Star Belknap in Mr. J. Charles Arter's studio, at No. 10 East Twenty-third street. Mr. Belknap had the able assistance of Miss Grace Gregory and Mr. Harvey Worthington Loomis. The entertainment consisted of recitations and vocal and instrumental music. The distinguishing character of the program was its whimsicality, and it gave its hearers ample opportunity to relax their minds from the strain of too close application to severely classical works, which obtain as a rule through the

winter and Lenten seasons. It was frankly an entertainment, as the following titles will suggest: Mr. Loomis, after giving a waltz of Moszkowski, gave an original character composition of his own, called Another Scandal, which made the piano fairly talk. Mr. Belknap read a simple selection of fine diction, and in contrast gave one made up of absurdly long and high sounding words. Miss Gregory sang a song the music of which, composed by Mr. Loomis for Aldrich's words, he denotes as a Musical Perversity. Mr. Loomis and Mr. Belknap gave A Musical Critic's Dream, in which the simple strains of Annie Rooney were done over in the various styles of Mendelssohn, Chopin, Wagner, Beethoven, Haydn and other masters. Mr. Loomis also gave Edward Grieg's Three Studies in Bell Effects. Some of Mr. Belknap's recitations bore the titles of The Wail of the Mummy Cat, Unnatural History and The Music of the Future. Miss Gregory gave five Mother Goose melodies to music composed by Mr. Loomis, which took the form of chants.

Miss Gregory, a former pupil of Mr. Francis Fischer Powers, has but recently returned from Paris, where she continued her studies with M. Jacques Bouhy. Among those who derived enjoyment from this airy frivolity were Mrs. J. Egmont Schermerhorn, Mrs. Frank Tallman, Mrs. Wilbur A. Bloodgood, Mrs. Silas Wright Gregory, Miss Dorothy Quigley, Mr. Jameson Cotting, Mr. Robert Pate-man, Mrs. Thomas Sturgis and Mrs. K. A. Wheeler.

On Friday evening the girls of the Mount Holyoke Glee Club, after a successful evening at New Haven, stormed the walls of New York by appearing in Carnegie Hall in a program which captivated the audience. From the twanging of the Banjo Club to the last sounds of their musical college yell their entertainment compared most favorably with any similar one given here by male college clubs. There were about thirty young women in all, and their first number In Quaint South Hadley Town set the proper pace for the successes which followed, and among them may be mentioned There's One That I Love Dearly and Dudley Buck's Annie Laurie. The Banjo Club gave Boston Rock-away and Ideal March among its selections. The club includes Miss Walker, '97; Miss Lassell, '98; Miss Booth, '99; Miss Mallory, '99; Miss Wood, '99, and Miss Edwards, '99. The leader is Miss Lassell, '98. Miss Matson, '99, is the accompanist, and Miss Geddes, '98, the business manager. Mandolins, guitars and banjos make up the Banjo Club, the members of which include Miss Stodder, '97, leader; Miss Strong, '98; Miss Welles, '00, Miss Tiffany, '97; Miss Waite, '00, and Miss Carter, '98.

The meeting of the Saturday Evening Musical Club last week was at the house of Mrs. Henry Burden, No. 50 West Fifty-first street. The program was made up of vocal and instrumental numbers by Miss Edith Speyers, Miss Ethel Barclay, Miss Lawton and Messrs. Harold Barclay, Carpenter and Griffith.

Mr. Victor Beigel gives to-morrow, April 1, a recital at the studio of Mr. James Breese, No. 5 West Sixteenth street, at half-past 4 o'clock. Among the greatest successes of Mr. Beigel have been the rendering of Hungarian national music for the piano. This is his first visit to America, and among his New York patronesses are already Mrs. Henry J. Barclay, Mrs. Henry C. Tinker, Mrs. Nicholas Fish, Mrs. Theodore Havemeyer, Miss Louisa Pierpont Morgan, Mrs. Richard Mortimer, Mrs. Frederic Pierson, Mrs. Oliver Harriman, Jr., Mrs. Henry Parish, Jr., Mrs. Trenor Park, Mrs. Fred Tams, Mrs. Charles Post, Mrs. Charles D. Stickney, Mrs. Henry W. Poor, Mrs. Alfred Ludlow White and Countess di Brazza. Mr. Beigel will have the assistance of Miss Marguerite Hall, who will sing songs of his own composition. The names of the other composers on the program will be Händel, Bach, Chopin, Schütt, Godard and, by request, some Hungarian folksongs.

NOTES.

On Sunday last Mr. Wade Chance entertained a few friends at his studio in Carnegie Hall with music by Mrs. Vanderveer Green and Mr. David Mannes.

On the same afternoon Mr. Albert Morris Bagby entertained a select few from the ultra smart set with varied music. Mr. Philp, of the Bostonians, now singing in The Serenade, was among those who contributed to the program.

Under the patronage of Mrs. George R. Blanchard, Mrs. H. L. Burnett, Mrs. Holbrook Curtis, Mrs. H. H. Flagler, Miss Francis Ogden Jones, Mrs. George Kemp, Miss Calender, Mrs. N. L. McCready, Mrs. Clarence Rice and others Miss Carlotta Desvignes will give a song recital at the Waldorf on Monday afternoon, April 5.



Mr. George Ellsworth Holmes.

Mrs. KATHARINE FISK,
Contralto.

Leading Contralto Worcester (Eng.) Festival, 1895; Norwich and Norfolk Festivals, 1896; London Philharmonic, Richter Concerts, Albert Hall and Crystal Palace.
In America after April 15, '97.

Mr. GEORGE ELLSWORTH HOLMES,

Baritone.

Now in America.

Mr. LEO STERN,

Violoncellist.

In America until May 1.

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Mr. ARTHUR CYRIL GORDON WELD.

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THE MUSICAL COURIER TRADE EXTRA.

Published Every Saturday during the Year.

GREATEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM FOR ALL
MANUFACTURERS and IMPORTERS OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS OR PARTS THEREOF.

For particulars apply to "Trade Department," MUSICAL COURIER.

ESTABLISHED JANUARY, 1880.

No. 891.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 31, 1897.

The London MUSICAL COURIER is published every Thursday from 21 Princes street, Cavendish Square, Oxford Circus, W., London, England. This paper, while containing the salient points of THE MUSICAL COURIER, of New York, devotes special attention to music throughout Great Britain and the British Colonies.

Specimen copies, subscriptions and advertising rates can be obtained by addressing the London office, or

THE MUSICAL COURIER COMPANY,
Union Square, West,
New York City.

THE high salary grab of the foreign itinerant singers is a thing of the past. J. Reszké was the last specimen of the genus.

MEMBERS of musical unions all over the country are advised to read carefully an editorial in this issue, printed on page 38, on the recent "Trust Decision" of the Supreme Court of the United States.

A NEW HAVEN dispatch widely published the statement that a movement was on foot there to place Mr. Walter Damrosch at the head of Tales' Department of Music. That gentleman states that he knows nothing whatever of this except what he has seen in the papers.

IT is now ninety-one days since Jean Reszké wrote that he had already sent to Warsaw for a copy of the certificate of his birth to prove that he was born January 14, 1850. Nobody cared very much when or where he was born, or how old he is or was; but when he made the issue one between truth and falsehood the people wanted to know on which side he stood. Jean Reszké was not born on January 14, 1850, and if that statement had been true it would have had its legal proof to indorse it long before ninety-one days had passed. There is no surprise in this depressing method of falsification and intrigue, for it goes hand in hand with the corruption of grand opera in America, but nevertheless it is depressing.

IN an elaborate editorial on the high salary crime of visiting and non-sympathetic foreign singers, the *Illinois Staats Zeitung*, of Chicago, explains to Mr. Grau that no country merchant could succeed in business if he were to fill his store with high priced Brussels lace and heavy Lyons silks, and that Grau's high priced stars, getting salaries based upon an unreasonable demand, were simply unsalable operatic merchandise, which the public could not afford to purchase. They do make some rather astonishing similes out West, but there is so much good sense to most of them that they become impressive. Mr. Grau can make money if he improves his purchasing sense and liberates himself from the burdensome Reszké family.

TWO features of grand opera in this town will be thoroughly probed before the scheme can be launched again; and these are:

First—The system of commission, by means of which certain brokers in Europe and certain attachés of the Metropolitan Opera House Company divide or arrange a division of percentages of the salaries paid to the singers. These large sums if deducted from the salaries and paid to the treasurer of the company would enable the company to reduce the price of admission. American singers might also get opportunities to sing at the opera if this commission system could be abolished, for under it the European broker and the Metropolitan Opera House broker refuse to negotiate with American singers residing here, as no negotiation can be carried on by the European broker with any but singers residing in Europe; and without his European associate the Metropolitan Opera House broker cannot manipulate the system. It takes both ends of the line to complete the circuit.

Second—The system of ticket speculation by means of which large lots of unsold tickets are delivered to certain speculators early in the day to hold until late in the day or evening, when the public is forced to pay a large premium over the regular rates, which premium is divided between the speculators on the inside of the opera house and those on the outside. During a successful run of a season over \$50,000, actually swindled out of the pockets of the supporters of opera, are divided between these speculators, and this must and will be stopped. This is sure. There is no possibility of this paper's existence and its abatement of this agitation until the swindle has been discontinued.

After all, Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau, Limited, is a New York corporation. Parties acting contrary to corporation laws in this State have a prospect of dangerous litigation ahead of them once the public becomes aroused to wrongs and injustice on the part of the corporation or its representatives.

MUSICAL COURIER
TRADE EXTRA.

This paper publishes every Saturday The MUSICAL COURIER TRADE EXTRA, which is devoted to musical instruments and to general information on topics of interest to the music trade and its allied trades.

The MUSICAL COURIER TRADE EXTRA is especially adapted for the advertising of musical instruments of all kinds, as it reaches all the firms in the music trades of America.

MELBA, who is in the south of France, is reported to be temporarily disabled by a severe rupture of one of the vocal cords, the result of the strain of the *Brünnhilde* attempt made here last winter. A statement made by one very near to her in this country confirms this report, if it needed confirmation, but it appears that she will not sing at Covent Garden this spring when Jean Reszké is to sing there, and this may be news to allay the fears of those who would feel grieved at any injury such a beautiful voice as Melba's might suffer. She left here because she realized that she had fallen a victim to Metropolitan Opera House intrigues, as this paper had predicted she would, and she refuses to sing with those who manipulated those intrigues. This seems to be the truth, and we hope it is, for it would signify that her voice is not impaired.

FURTHER LIGHT.

IT is impossible to give space to the many inquiries sent to this paper on subjects connected with the operatic question, and, as a matter of course, no heed is paid to the anonymous communication. Anonymity is cowardice and deserves no attention on the part of severe and dignified society. The following inquiry, however, deserves space, first because the questions are normally proper, and second because this writer has attached his name, as a matter of good faith, to the letter.

NEW YORK, March 26, 1897.

Editors *The Musical Courier*:

It is stated that Nordica receives \$1,500 for each performance she gives with the Damrosch Opera Company, and yet I am unable to find in your paper any editorial censure upon that estimable lady for her participation in "the high salary crime." I am reminded also that your "comparative scale" of prices has never (to my knowledge) included the name of Emma Eames. Can it be that because of their American birth you condone in the case of these singers a fault for which you can find no excuse in the case of the de Reszkés, Melba, et al. I shall esteem it a favor if you will throw further light upon the situation, and would also like to know at the same time why the opera-goer in New York will have to pay \$5 during the supplementary season for what Chicago has been getting for \$2 and \$3.50. Is not New York money as good as is given by the Windy City.

Very truly yours, INQUIRER.

Yes, Nordica receives \$1,500 for each performance. THE MUSICAL COURIER has always claimed that the foreigners were perfectly justified in taking all they could get. Why an American artist should sing for less than she can get we fail to understand, particularly when she does not get any large number of fixed engagements. Melba had a \$120,000 season guaranteed for her, and so had Calvé. The four performances bring Nordica \$6,000—a mere pittance compared to the sum guaranteed to the foreigners.

Nordica had \$750 a night when the foreigners were getting much higher figures; Eames had less. Why should these Americans not have been placed in the "comparative scale," and to make up the deficiency suppose we now enlist their names in it.

COMPARATIVE SCALE.

PER NIGHT.

(LATEST REVISION.)

| | New York and Chicago. | Paris. |
|---|-----------------------|-----------|
| Jean Reszké..... | \$3,000 | \$300 |
| Ed. Reszké..... | 2,000 | 80 |
| Melba..... | 1,600 | 200 |
| Calvé..... | 1,500 | 200 |
| Plançon..... | 750 | 100 |
| Lilli Lehmann..... | 1,000 | 100 |
| Nordica (American), last season..... | 750 | No chance |
| Eames (American), season before last..... | 500 | " " |

(She demanded \$1,600 a night with the Metropolitan Company in Chicago.)

That creates the better contrast. Neither Eames nor Nordica can get more than a few appearances in Paris in any one year.

We are unable to say why New York people should pay \$5 to hear the same troupe that charges \$3.50

and \$2 in the West. We herewith reproduce the Louisville advertisements for the performances of Friday and Saturday:

THE AUDITORIUM.

Commencing Friday, Evening, March 26, Two
Nights Only and One Matinee of

GRAND OPERA.

Metropolitan Opera House Company.

Friday Evening, March 26, at 8:15 **CARMEN**
o'clock—Bizet's Opera.....

Saturday Afternoon, March 27, at 2:15 **FAUST**
o'clock—Gounod's Opera.....

Only Matinee at Popular Prices.

Saturday Evening, March 27, 8:15 **LOHENGRIN**
o'clock—Wagner's Opera.....

(In German.)

The sale of seats for either of the evening performances or for the matinee will commence on Monday morning, March 22, at Auditorium City Ticket Office and continue daily. PRICES FOR THE EVENING PERFORMANCES—Lower floor seats, No. 1 to 1054, \$4; 1055 to 1788, \$3; 1789 to 2031, \$2; 2032 to 2580, \$1.50; 2581 to 3000, \$1.00; private box seats, \$5. POPULAR PRICES FOR THE FAUST MAT. SATURDAY, March 27—Lower floor, No. 1 to 1054, \$2; 1055 to 1788, \$1.50; 1789 to 2031, \$1; 2032 to 2580, 75c; 2581 to 3000, 50c.

Here, then, we find grand opera at 50 cents and at 75 cents—one thousand seats—and thousands of seats at from \$3 down to \$1. Why, then, should New York pay such a high price in comparison with these figures? Because it is all speculative.

Reszké and the foreigners get such small salaries in Europe compared with what the Americans foolishly pay them that when they get into financial troubles because of small patronage they scale the prices down to increase the attendance, as even the smallest possible receipts enable them to get more as their share than their maximum European salary would amount to. That is the reason they are singing in the United States.

Take the "comparative scale" and let us arrange a New York performance at double the Parisian rates. Make it a Carmen performance. J. Reszké, \$400; E. Reszké, \$160; Melba (*Michaela*), \$400; Calvé, \$400, and then let us even put Plançon in as *Il Dancairo* at \$200, double his Paris salary. Here is what is called a star cast. It would cost \$1,560 for the stars at double the rate Paris would pay.

At the regular New York rate Calvé charges \$1,500 alone. The star cast would cost New York nearly \$9,000—nearly 45,000 frs.—whereas in Paris the same star cast would cost about 4,000—say 4,500 frs.—one-tenth. This is a mathematical illustration of the high salary crime in the United States practiced by unscrupulous foreigners upon our people through the instrumentality of our managers. But the game—for that is what it was—is over.

MANAGER GRAU IS ANGRY.

(Special to the World.)

ST. LOUIS, March 26.—Maurice Grau left St. Louis this morning a very angry man. The grand opera performances here proved a failure and the losses amount to \$12,000. Mr. Balmer, of Balmer & Weber, Grau's financial agent, said that for the five performances the gross receipts were a little less than \$12,000. It cost \$20,000 to put on the five operas, and other expenses swelled the total to \$24,000.

Mr. Balmer said Mr. Grau was compelled to telegraph to New York for money to take the company to Louisville.

Mr. Grau said: "I was led to expect support when we came here, but St. Louis people do not want grand opera. If an attempt is made to include St. Louis in our circuit next year I shall oppose it."

WHY should anyone again attempt to give grand opera at St. Louis with a risk of \$12,000 in view? The thing to do is to give opera at such salaries to the principals that a profit and not a loss will be made.

Mr. Grau should not be angry; he should be pleased. He is getting an object lesson that might be worth a fortune to the manager who can assimilate its significance. There is no necessity to fail in opera, if opera be conducted on a commercial basis; but Mr. Grau, like the late Mr. Abbey, is in the enterprise as a speculation, and he takes great stars at bankrupting prices, has them advertised most unctuously in all the daily papers, gets their cuts and illustrations and interviews broadcast into the press and then demands great prices from the people.

The musical people who read this paper thoroughly, learning of the illegitimacy of the whole

scheme and never attracted by the ordinary Reszké booming in the daily press, looking upon it as they do upon the Corbett-Fitzsimmons booming—that is, with disgust—would not attend the opera, and the rest of mankind in America does not know what grand opera is and has no interest in it.

The United States is an intensely musical country so far as its musical elements go, and if it did not have hundreds of thousands of musical and musically inclined people it could not have the greatest musical journal in the world, for no one disputes that THE MUSICAL COURIER is by far the greatest paper on the globe published in the interests of music.

As there is a legitimate demand for this paper, and a demand which is constantly and steadily growing, there must be a great demand for all the higher forms of music—and there is such a demand; but the system of paying enormous and exorbitant salaries to itinerant foreigners as a speculation driven out of its rational orb by the late Henry E. Abbey and maintained with obstinate insistence by Grau and Reszké, that system is not a representative musical phenomenon. It is a fad of fashion, subject to the whims of fashion, and therefore inevitably doomed to inglorious failure. Its constant, periodical failure is the evidence of its illegitimacy.

Why should Chicago or St. Louis be exceptions? And why should these cities be singled out as unmusical because they refuse to support a foreign speculation based upon supercilious and false advertising? Mr. Grau and Mr. Reszké are virtually partners in this scheme, the one conducting the business in the front of the house, the other in the rear. The people of the West who are interested in music learned all about this money grabbing scheme through THE MUSICAL COURIER and refused to countenance it, and that ends it West and East, too.

If Mr. Grau attempts it next season that will be the end of Mr. Grau with or without the Reszké family.

When it costs but a nickel to look
At Jupiter, Saturn or Mars,
It ought not to cost \$5 to see
A couple of opera stars.—Chicago Tribune.

AS TO CONCERT PATRONAGE.

WE have reached that point in the season when symphonic concerts, opera and the other larger musical entertainments are on the wane, and simultaneously there enters a series of brisk weeks for a certain recital giving fraternity, who wish to catch fashion before it vacates the city, and whose object is primarily, mainly and heartily that of making money. New York, taken averagely for the bulk of the season, is not a city where givers of small concerts or recitals appear in public with the primary view of making money. They do not expect to make it; what they do expect is to make a reputation, and in seeking to do this they kill successfully in many cases two birds with one stone—they do something to advance music as an art in some one groove or other and they succeed in maintaining whatever amount of prestige they may justly have earned. They know quite well, these artists who give small concerts while opera, orchestral and oratorio concerts are in full blast, that all the money set apart by the public for music is fully absorbed by the larger enterprises, and they are satisfied, the serious ones, by giving theirs solely with the essential view of keeping themselves within the public eye and retaining its confidence.

But we talk of the serious ones. There are others. They bide their time until the rush of the season has passed and then come forward and give their recitals "under patronage." The leading bait set for the public in their case will be the appearance on the back of their program of a long list of women usually unknown to the world of music, but prominently identified with that of clothes, balls and dinners. The clientèle sought by the publication of any such list in the matter of a musical performance would naturally be one of the craven and faddish kind, which, quite oblivious of any merit or demerit in the music, would feel happy and repaid for its outlay by finding itself sitting in the midst of a supposedly rarefied social gathering. This whole scheme of patronage is an offense to music, should be ignored by artists who wish to retain their musical standing, and should be sternly rebuked in its silly and vulgar

appeal by every member of the public who wishes to be considered as respecting music for its own sake. Such members of the public should serve to honor music with their own personal dignity by persistently staying away.

We can understand how a list of reputable names, better known because fashionable, can prove of judicious help to a charity. The lending of their names is accepted as testimony that the charity is a genuine and worthy one, and here a list of prominent names will be of necessary service. But a song recital, a matinée or afternoon musicale given in the ballroom of a fashionable hotel as an artist's private speculation is no charity. They would be very much shocked and outraged, these artists, if you suggested to them that it looked like one. Yet what answer can they make to the question as to on what score they choose patronesses at all? There are but two scores apparent. The first would be an admission that they distrusted the honesty of their own position as artists, and like the newly launched charity needed a list of names to bolster them and apparently vouch for the truth of their claims to the public. The second would be the vulgar insolence of assuming that people interested in music can be made doubly so by the assured presence of a certain well-clothed, well-fed, full-pursed section of the community. There is a third idea which should throw the artist outside the limits of his community should he really have chosen to develop it seriously, namely, that of making music a mere peg on which to hang a fashionable, chattering mob, while at the same time seeking to deceive honestly musical people into purchasing tickets for an inherently dishonest musical enterprise.

The first score is probably the one which influences short-sighted artists most. They are stupid enough to assume that a list of well-known names gives cachet and validity to their concerts. A list of well-known musicians' names would fulfill this idea admirably. A list of simply fashionable names in no way identified with music defeats the object from the start, and, further, gives rise to paltry and vulgar ideas. The program of every musician would be increased in the value of its purport if it could receive the indorsement of some strong musical names. No good musician will lend the support of his name recklessly to any weak or inefficient artist, and a list of patrons culled from the world of practical music would equal a reliable advance promise concerning that artist's capabilities. But a list of names of fashionable women, women utterly disconnected from music, who probably know nothing about it, and care as little. Pshaw! The idea is ignoble, offensive, ridiculous, and the artist who seeks to trade on it should be firmly and practically convinced that the best thing he or she can do in future is to leave art for art's sake alone, and take their wares for permanent hawking to that Vanity Fair which they have sought to make a bribe for more intelligent people.

The program with the list of fashionable names forwarded with tickets to purchase to musical people who have no possible interest in fashion outside its narrow sphere should be promptly consigned to the waste basket. When artists have anything good to offer, anything progressive or interesting to show no false social prop will avail them anything in their career or serve them in the estimation of the musical people whose opinions carry the weight to advance or retard their reputation.

Their adoption of the "patroness" scheme is an admission of weakness on its face, just as it is also an admission of snobbishness and vulgarity. If the honorable pursuit of their profession has thrown them into association with the fashionable world, and that among it they number their friends, there is nothing to prevent their requesting these people to attend their concerts, and have it afterward acknowledged that the audience numbered many fashionables. Such procedure would be solely a personal affair between their friends and themselves. But the advance publication of names is not a personal affair; it is a public and an insolent affair, and the treatment due artists who resort to such methods would be to leave them unexceptionally to the tender mercies of their printed list.

Artists getting out programs may find it to their advantage to think carefully over the patronage idea. If they need patronage let them get it where

it bespeaks something of interest and value. If they can't get that let them stand on their merits. Any audience convened on other bases will detract eventually from their progress in art.

WHY NOT WARSAW?

THE Board of Education of New York city is liberating the weighty question of appointing a Supervisor of Music. The name of Mr. Frank Damosch has been mentioned, and so has that of Mr. N. Coe Stewart, of Cleveland. Why N. Coe Stewart? Why Cleveland? Why Ohio? For is this not the city of New York?

Why not Poland? Why not Warsaw? Why not Reszké? One of them. Why not one of the Willy Schuetz's? Since L'Arlésienne has proved a well-behaved fiasco, Mr. Schuetz's pet scheme for seizing a theatre here, as has his relative an opera house, has also fallen through, he will need all the patronage he can get.

Therefore, we say, why not nominate a Polish Supervisor of Music for the city of New York? It would be so patriotic, so fit!

THE extent of the extortion to which America has been subjected by foreign singers is illustrated once again in the instance of the prices demanded by Melba and Kraus for singing at the Saengerfest this coming June in Philadelphia. Melba wanted \$5,000 for one concert, and Kraus \$2,200. Kraus gets \$50 American money for singing at a concert in Berlin—probably \$40. Here he asks \$2,200.

The Saengerfest Committee has of course not considered the extravagant price of Melba, and may take Evan Williams—a better singer—in Kraus' place. We learn that Lillian Blauvelt has been engaged instead of Melba, and that would certainly be the most practical move, for Blauvelt is an artist who will give unqualified satisfaction at the Saengerfest for much less than \$5,000.

ALL the farewell performances at the opera here will be Reszké family performances, in order to retrieve the Western losses, and not as part of an operative program such as is embraced in the usual supplementary seasons. Outside of Calvé, the performances will constitute just so many bids from the Reszké coterie for money from the people of New York. It is the fag end of a speculation, and it signifies the end of the Reszké régime, which appears to collapse in a most undignified scramble. The one and only object is the money, and outside of money the foreigners have no respect for us, for they know we have no respect for ourselves.

This man Reszké, who has been coming here for years, making millions, has not once, even on a trivial occasion, sung an American song, aided an American composer or encouraged an American débutant; and yet we are supposed to be a musical people, when all our efforts are crushed by our own supineness and stupid hero worship of a set of adventurers and nondescripts, who are not even recognized in the centres of musical art in Europe.

A Successful Singer.—Enthusiastic applause followed the singing of Mr. Victor Baillard at Mr. Francis Fischer Powers' students' musicale last Friday evening. His rich, mellow baritone voice was under excellent control, and showed the result of earnest study with Mr. Powers. His numbers were the Air de l'Ermite, from Bemberg's Elaine, and Gounod's Repentir.

Salmagundi Club Musicales.—A musicale was given by the Salmagundi Club, New York, on Wednesday evening last, the 24th inst. The array of soloists was artistically tempting, including Eugene Bernstein, piano; Arthur Seaton, bass; Hans Kronold, cello; Mr. Schneider, bass; Master Harry Smith, boy soprano and the skillful accompanist Mme. Anna Lankow, who in her sympathetic support and following of Mr. Schneider, basso, showed herself as clever an accompanist as she is a teacher.

Von Klenner Pupils Sailed.—Mesdemoiselles Aimée and Augusta Michel, pupils of Mme. Katharine Evans von Klenner, the eminent exponent of the Garcia method in America, sailed on the Champagne for Europe on Saturday of last week. The young students will be absent several months and will then return to the famous studio and inspiration of their responsible teacher, Katharine Evans von Klenner. They have already developed exceptional results under her training and will anxiously seek to complete study under a teacher so well equipped, conscientious, artistic and energetic,



THE ERRAND.

Arise, arise, my trusty page;
Saddle your horse, then spring
Upon his back and speed away
To the palace of the king.
There seek some stable-boy or groom,
And ask of him, "I pray,
Tell me which daughter of the king
Becomes a bride to-day?"

And if he says, "The dark-haired one,"
Bring me the news with speed;
But if he says, "The fair-haired one,"
You need not urge your steed,
But leisurely retrace your way
In silence, till you see
The ropewalk. Buy a good, stout cord,
And bring it home to me.

—From the German of Heinrich Heine.

"DEFINITE feelings and emotions are unsusceptible of being embodied in music," says Eduard Hanslick in his Beautiful in Music. Now, you composers who make symphonic poems, why don't you realize that on its merits as a musical composition, its theme, its form, its treatment, that your work will endure, and not on account of its fidelity to your explanatory program?

For example, if I were a very talented young composer—which I am not—and had mastered the tools of my trade—knew everything from a song to a symphony, and my instrumentation covered the whole gamut of the orchestral pigment—well, one night as I tossed wearily on my bed—it was a fine night in spring, the moon rounded and lustrous and silvering the lake below my window—suddenly my musical imagination began to work.

I had just been reading, and for the thousandth time, Browning's Childe Roland, with its sinister coloring and spiritual suggestions. Yet it had never before struck me as a subject suitable for musical treatment. But the exquisite cool of the night, its haunting mellow flavor, had set my brain in a ferment. A huge fantastic shadow threw a jagged black figure on the lake. Presto, it was done, and with a mental snap that almost blinded me.

I had my theme. It will be the first theme in my new symphonic poem, Childe Roland. It will be in the key of B minor which is to me emblematic of the dauntless knight who to "the dark tower came," unfettered by obstacles, physical or spiritual.

O, how my brain seethed and boiled, for I am one of those unhappy men who the moment they get an idea must work it out to its bitter end. Childe Roland kept me awake all night. I even heard his "dauntless horn" call and saw the "squat tower." I had his theme. I felt it to be good; to me it was Browning's Knight personified. I could hear its underlying harmonies and the instrumentation, sombre, gloomy, without one note of gladness.

The theme I treated in such a rhythmical fashion as to impart to it exceeding vitality, and I announced it with the English horn, with a curious rhythmical background by the tympani; the strings in division played tremolando and the bass staccato and muted. This may not be clear to you; it is not very clear to me, but at the time it all seemed very wonderful. I finished the work after nine months of agony, of revision, of pruning, clipping, cutting, hawking it about for my friends' inspection and getting laughed at, admired and mildly criticized.

The thrice fatal day arrived, the rehearsals had been torture, and one night the audience at a great concert had the pleasure of reading on the program Browning's Childe Roland in full and wondering what it was all about.

My symphonic poem would tell them all, as I firmly believed in the power of music to definitely portray certain soul-states, to mirror moods, to depict, rather

indefinitely to be sure, certain phenomena of daily life.

My poem was well played. It was only ninety minutes long, and I sat in a nervous swoon as I listened to the Childe Roland theme, the squat tower theme, the sudden little river motif, the queer gaunt horse theme, the horrid engine of War motif, the sinister, grinning, false guide subject—in short, to all the many motives of the poem, with its apotheosis, the dauntless blast from the brave knight as he at last faced the dark tower.

This latter I gave out with twelve trombones, twenty-one bassett horns and one calliope; it almost literally brought down the house, and I was the happiest man alive. As I moved out I was met by the critic of *The Disciples of Tone*, who said to me:

"Lieber Kerl, I must congratulate you; it beats Richard Strauss all hollow. Who and what was Childe Roland? Was he any relation to Byron's Childe Harold? I suppose the first theme represented the "galumphing" of his horse, and that funny triangular fugue meant that the horse was lame in one leg and was going it on three. Adieu; I'm in a hurry."

Triangular fugue! Why, that was the cross roads before which Childe Roland hesitated! How I hated the man.

I was indeed disheartened. Then a lady spoke to me, a musical lady, and said:

"It was grand, perfectly grand, but why did you introduce a funeral march in the middle—I fancied that Childe Roland was not killed until the end?"

The funeral march she alluded to was not a march at all, but the "quagmire theme," from which queer faces mock threateningly at the knight.

"Hopeless," thought I; "these people have no imagination."

The next day the critics treated me roughly. I was accused of cribbing my first theme from The Flying Dutchman, and fixing it up rhythmically for my own use, as if I hadn't made it on the spur of an inspired moment! They also told me that I couldn't write a fugue; that my orchestration was overloaded and my work deficient in symmetry, repose, development and, above all, in coherence.

This last was too much. Why, Browning's poem was contained in my tone-poem; blame Browning for the incoherence, for I but followed his verse. One day many months afterward I happened to pick up Hanslick, and chanced on the following:

"Let them play the theme of a symphony by Mozart or Haydn, an adagio by Beethoven, a scherzo by Mendelssohn, one of Schumann's or Chopin's compositions for the piano, or again, the most popular themes from the overtures of Auber, Donizetti or Flotow, who would be bold enough to point out a definite feeling on the subject of any of these themes? One will say 'love.' Perhaps so. Another thinks it is longing. He may be right. A third feels it to be religion. Who may contradict him? Now, how can we talk of a definite feeling represented when nobody really knows what is represented? Probably all will agree about the beauty or beauties of the composition, whereas all will differ regarding its subject. To represent something is to clearly exhibit it, to distinctly set it before us. But how can we call that the subject represented by an art which is really its vaguest and most indefinite element, and which must, therefore, forever remain highly debatable ground?"

I saw instantly that I had been on a false track. Charles Lamb and Eduard Hanslick had both reached the same conclusion by diverse roads. I was disgusted with myself. So then the whispering of love and the clamor of ardent combatants were only whispering, storming, roaring, but not the whispering of love and the clamor; musical clamor, certainly, but not that of "ardent combatants."

I saw then that my symphonic poem Childe Roland told nothing to anyone of Browning's poem, that my own subjective and overstocked imaginings were not worth a rush, that the music had an objective existence as music and not as a poetical picture, and by the former and not the latter it must be judged. Then I discovered what poor stuff I had produced—how my fancy had tricked me into be-

lieving that those three or four bold and heavily orchestrated themes, with their restless migration into different tonalities, were "soul and tales marvelously mirrored."

In reality my ignorance and lack of contrapuntal knowledge, and above all the want of clear ideas of form, made me label the work a symphonic poem—an elastic, high-sounding, pompous and empty title. In a spirit of revenge I took the score, rearranged it for small orchestra, and it is being played at the big circus under the euphonious title of *The Patrol of the Night Stick*, and the musical press praises particularly the graphic power of the night stick motive and the verisimilitude of the escape of the burglar in the coda.

Alas, Childe Roland!

Seriously, if our rising young composers—isn't it funny they are always spoken of as rising? I suppose it's because they retire so late—read Hanslick carefully much good would accrue. It is all well enough to call your work something or other, but do not expect me nor my neighbor to catch your idea. We may be both thinking about something else, according to our temperaments. I may be probably enjoying the form, the instrumentation, the development of your themes; my neighbor for all we know will in imagination have buried his rich, irritable old aunt, and so your paean of gladness, with its brazen clamor of trumpets, means for him the triumphant ride home from the cemetery and the anticipated joys of the post mortuary jag!

Once upon a time a small boy with an abnormal cerebral development was taken by his mamma to a large restaurant in a large city. They were duly shown to their seats and then maternal solicitude exerted itself in the direction of the small boy's appetite. He was asked what he would have, and the bill of fare was interpreted for him by a sage attendant, but the small boy impatiently waved him away. Widely spreading his arms he said, as he sniffed in the atmosphere:

"I want *that*." Now *that* meant everything, for the large room was heavy with the odor of the menu of the day. That small boy but symbolized the boundless and aspiring greed of the human intellect, and when we first enter the vast harmonic kitchen we eagerly inhale the multi-colored odors of tone and long for them all.

Alas! I have eaten of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, and dead sea fruit it has often been; because I neglected the warnings of my elders and coveted the richest and ripest apples of wisdom before my little colicky imagination was strong enough to digest them. Those whom the gods hate they first make mad, and madness it is for the lover of music to be allowed to wander at ease in the gardens of melody and harmony, taking what he listeth, with no thought of the morrow.

The small boy wanted *that*, we all want *that*; hence the cry of Solomon—probably caught by him from Sheba's queen: "Vanity, vanity; all is vanity."

In the mood minor is my pen to-day, and I long to speak of many things forbidden the anatomist of music in his everyday garb. That delightful, the eternal womanly, how has she not altered the music of the spheres! What immortal tones has she not prompted to be plucked from life's! lyre and yet masculinity, in the glory of its starched shirt front, declares there are no female composers.

Silly Petrarch, you would never have penned that symphony if Laura had not gazed sonnets of love out of the windows of her soul at you! The harmony of Bach's life is mirrored to fidelity in those marvelous contrapuntal creations of his. And there is Chopin. Every bar he ever wrote is ineffaceably stamped with Eros' signet, and his music is ever a forbidden pasture to ox-like pianists, whose hoofs are too heavy for the violet-haunted enclosure.

Beautiful things need no explanation, hence it is folly to write of woman or music. Woman has composed no great symphony, no great sonata. Why need she? If woman's love and devotion can call into existence such an epical sob as *Tristan* and

Isolde, why should she dim her fair eyes and spoil music paper in trying to project her soul in musical notation?

If she is music, as many of us do believe, why should she weary us by trying to interpret nature, that extraordinary diastole and systole of emotion, when man was placed on this planet for the express purpose of interpreting her and giving the result of his study to his fellow beings in art?

The mediæval conception of femininity, and which blazoned glorious canvases with Madonnas, which reverently kissed the hem of the Chatelaine's robe—in that epoch woman received her due.

Away crabbed Schopenhauers and Ibsens, who would preach to us of the cenobite and of the blue-stocking. Neither extreme gives an adumbration of the possibilities of sweet womanhood, nor hints of the glories with which she shall be crowned when the day comes. I speak of this day as if the dawn were already here. Alas! it is afar—afar even in music—the youngest, the most potent of the arts.

In the Renaissance, before art had become too, too self-conscious, woman played an important part, though in the manner of a symbol, for art often spoke in the tone ecclesiastical.

But it was seemingly. Woman was deified, as was Siva worshipped in the brakes of India, and gallant men lost their lives in the service of Our Lady.

Since music has thrown off the clanking chains of scholasticism, it rioted, sensually rioted, and chastity of form, austerity of thought, even true passion; are often replaced by bacchantic lust. I know some composers whose coarse laugh shudders across the orchestral apparatus when they attempt to speak; composers whose music is a disgraceful debauch of color.

Why, then, should not serious men and women, recognizing the power of music for good or evil, look for morality in art? We are not so happily, or, if you will, so unhappily, constituted like Chopin, whose sensitivity was so great that he almost fainted at certain harmonic progressions, and whose delicacy of temperament and of touch were so fine that Balzac declared when he merely drummed with his fingers on a table there arose incomparably sweet sounds.

But we are more affected than we know by music, which may be the basis of life; hence I beg of you, to be warned, and on entering the wonderful country of dreams try to distinguish what is good, what is harmful for you, else will you surely suffer from indigestion of the soul.

Rightfully apprehended music is a haven for sick and soul bruised humanity.

The great "suggestress," as Walt Whitman says, woman, has the key of the musical situation, if she so wills it, for on her rests the burden of spiritualizing that half-beast, half-god, man, who has sung rude praises to her on the pan pipe from the dawn of creation even until now, when he blends all arts in mighty homogeneity and develops the cosmical cry in the music drama.

I wonder who and what will come after Wagner? I wonder in what art form will sound shape itself in the future?

I caught a foregleam in a paragraph that was written by one whose name I never knew:

"The world will find a wholesome reaction in the study of music from its spiritual side, its inner life. In the laws of tonality the most musical and the least musical will have common ground of interest. By study of tone, character or mental effects we are led to realize that the marvelous intuition of Pythagoras, Plato and Aristotle was correct—that music is the basis of all human development."

There is in this prophecy a hint of the track music must take if it is to ascend. Intellectual music, music that does not appeal merely to feverish nerves, is what we need; and by intellectual music I do not mean complex nor necessarily abstract music—abstract in the sense of lacking human interest. Is there no mean between the brawls and lusts of Mascagni's brutal peasant folk and the often abstruse delvings of Brahms?

Surely, to think high means to live plainly, else are

Wordsworth's words a delusion. We fret, we fume, we analyze far too much in our latter day art. Why cannot we have the Athenian blitheness and gladness and simplicity of Mozart, with the added richness of riper culture? Or must knowledge bring with it pain and weariness of life?

Is there no fruit in this garden of Armida that is not ashes to the lips? Why do we not accept music without trying to extort from it metaphysical meanings? Why—and here I am like the small boy in the restaurant, I want to know too much—so I will stop my tiresome questionings and go read Mozart's G minor symphony. In its sunny measures there is sanity, and there lies our road.

To the devil with preachers and pedagogues! Hoist the casements of your soul; flood it with music, lovely music, and cry with Shelley:

Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory!

'Did you ever start out with high resolves, beating heart and tense pulse in some endeavor, then stop by the wayside to cull some lovely flower, painted by the cunning hand of nature? How many among us have not been diverted from the one idea of our life by an untoward accident that switches our life rhythms into a new channel? A glance of a woman's eye, the curious note of an exquisite, a chance meeting with a friend, a clarion phrase in the pages of a master we love, and suddenly the old is abandoned and the new current sweeps us away to new adventures, new eddies where we may struggle, may perish; new rocks on which our hopes are shattered to thin slivers of woe, or perhaps we are borne out upon the broad stream of prosperity, whose waves ripple with crisp sunshine and the laughter of children is heard in the criss-crangle of life's symphony!

If I keep on at this rate I'll talk all day, so good-bye, and don't forget that cherries will soon be ripe, and the good time is coming for the composer in America.

Recital at Miss Mason's School.—A piano recital was given by pupils of the department of music at Miss Mason's school, Tarrytown-on-Hudson, N. Y., last week. Mr. Albert Mildenberg was director, and deserves much credit for the result of his labors. The program was well designed and well executed.

Pierre Douillet Has Married.—Pierre Douillet, the musician and pianist, is reported to have married one of his sympathetic pupils on Saturday evening, March 20. The artistic union is said to have caused something of a sensation.

J. Eldon Hole's Pupil Engaged.—Mr. Sydney de Grey, a pupil of the successful teacher and tenor, Mr. J. Eldon Hole, has been engaged for the part of the *King* in 1909, the new comic opera now in rehearsal at the New York Fifth Avenue Theatre.

J. J. Racer, Baritone.—The feature of the last Chickering matinee was Mr. Racer's artistic singing of the appended numbers:

Chanson du Blé.....Victor Massé
Hymne d'Amour.....J. Massenet
Time Enough.....E. Nevin
Dormi Pure (Sleep On).....S. Scudere

Mr. Racer was heartily recalled, but declined an encore. His voice is a pure baritone of great range and lyric capacity.

The Carl Organ Concerts in New York.—Mr. William C. Carl will give his annual series of Springtide Organ Concerts in the First Presbyterian Church, Fifth avenue and Twelfth street, on Saturday afternoons, April 10, 17 and 24, at 4 o'clock. The program for the first recital will appear in the next issue of THE MUSICAL COURIER, and the recitals, as heretofore, will be free to the public. Eminent soloists have been engaged to appear at each recital.

Sixth and Last Symphony Concert.—The sixth and last symphony concert of the present season will take place on Friday afternoon, April 2, and Saturday evening, April 3, in Carnegie Hall, and will close what has been the most successful season of the Symphony Society in many years. The soloist that concert will be Mme. Teresa Carreño, and the program in full is as follows: Symphony in B flat, Schumann; Emperor Concerto, Beethoven; Madame Carreño; Good Friday's Bells, from Parsifal, Wagner; Hungarian Rhapsody, Liszt, Madame Carreño.

A Powers Pupil.—Mrs. James Lawrence Blair, of St. Louis, has made quite a stir in society here the past two weeks by her delightful singing. She sang at the last Powers-Brockway-Mannes Lenten musicale, when her voice was heard to the best advantage, and created much enthusiasm. She repeated her success at Mr. Powers' pupils' musicale on Friday last. She studied with Mr. Powers for the past three years, and is without doubt one of his best pupils.



NEW YORK, March 29, 1897.

At last here is a German singer who can sing—and look mighty pretty and sweet at the same time! Helene Bartenwerfer is her name, a Jenny Meyer (Berlin) pupil, and in her concert in Steinway Hall last week displayed a beautiful mezzo soprano voice of unlimited powers of expression. She sang:

| | |
|---|-------------------|
| Ave Maria..... | Bach-Gounod |
| Violin obligato, Charles Gregorowitsch. | |
| Im Herbst..... | Franz |
| Wünsche..... | J. Werschinger |
| Lied der Mignon..... | Thomas |
| Du bist mein All..... | Th. Bradsy |
| Schwanenlied..... | Hartmann |
| Wiegenlied..... | Knetsch |
| Die verdrehte Welt..... | Heinrich Zoellner |

Text by the composer.

The lullaby by Knetsch was especially taking, Bradsy's love song impassioned and her other numbers interesting.

Mr. Ludwig Hoffmann played cello solos and Mr. Emil Rohde the accompaniments in most sympathetic and musicianly style. Gregorowitsch again bewitched all with his honey-toned fiddle, and I was certainly fortunate in hearing such a nice little concert.

But the beautiful Bartenwerfer!

The last Chickering matinée was attended by the usual crowd of femininity come to hear these artists: J. J. Racer, baritone; the Richard Arnold String Sextet—Richard Arnold, violin; E. C. Bauck, violin; Emil Gramm, viola and violin; C. J. Holden, violin and viola; Leo Taussig, cello; Aug. Kalkof, double-bass—J. Pizzarello, accompanist, and Joseph Poznanski, piano.

I would recommend the sextet to reverse the two Wuerst movements, playing the Träumerei first and the Bach-like Vorspiel second, which would be vastly more effective. Mr. Poznanski played with much grace and brilliancy, especially the waltz in D flat by Joseph Wieniawski, his teacher twenty-five years ago in Paris. He is organist of Father Ducey's church, Saint Leo's, and hails from South Carolina originally. Mr. Racer pleased the audience; mention of his songs is made elsewhere. The sextet has several important engagements in the near future, among them the Brooklyn Apollo Club, at Montclair, N. J.; the Ethical Culture Society, at a concert in Mendelssohn Glee Club Hall, and so on.

Baroness Minnie de Pack's concert in Chickering Hall was poorly attended. She has been absent from New York some years in South Africa, whence she hails, I believe, that is a good place to remain. She sang a Prophète aria, Liszt Lorely, some German, French and Scotch songs.

The feature of the concert was the violinist, Henri Ern, a Rappoldi-Joachim-Ysaye pupil some years ago. He played Wieniawski's Legende with much character and fine tone throughout; also a mazurka of his own and a Brahms Hungarian Dance. The former is a great "fiddle-effect piece," of eminently musical origin, and the composer was enthusiastically applauded at the close, as much for the composition itself as for his brilliant playing. Herr Ern should certainly be often heard in solo performance. He is earnest (no pun intended), impressive, a most satisfactory violinist in every respect, and will make his mark, given time and opportunity. Mrs. Martha Mechtold, elocutionist, and Mr. Maurice Gould, accompanist, assisted.

The annual examination and students' concert of the International College of Music, Edward Mollenhauer director, occurred Saturday evening in Chickering Hall, the following young people playing: Misses Maud Fowler, May Tietjen, Edyth Champlain, Lillian Champlain, Estelle Johnston, Edna B. Greenleaf and Alice Brubacher; Messrs. George Durrie, Carl Dreher, Hans Dreher, H. Greenleaf, F. Raymond Wood, Harold Cohen, Wm. Eifert, Louis Farrell, Francisco Farrell and Master Harold Ellsworth.

Four grand pianos accompanied the opening and closing numbers (Papini's Marche Nuptiale and Mozart's Marche Turca), the whole directed by Mr. Wm. F. T. Mollenhauer, whom his best friends would not know since he shaved off both mustache and goatee! Miss Maud Fowler doubly distinguished herself, as did Miss May Tietjen, as vocalist and violinist; young Hans Dreher, also, as violinist and pianist. This lad is uncommonly talented, as his performance of the Alard Brindisi valse (violin) and Von Weber Rondo Brillant (piano) testified. The Mollenhausers bear a highly respected name both here, in Jersey City and Boston, where reside various members of this family of musicians, and the

New York branch is certainly doing excellent work in their college, 26 East Forty-second street.

Cornelie Meysenheim, royal court singer of Bavaria (Munich), late with Mapleson Imperial Opera, assisted by Miss Wanda Koppel, soprano, pupil of Cornelie Meysenheim; Mr. Hans Kronold, violoncello; Mr. Edward Schulz, tenor, and Mr. Eugene Bernstein, pianist, gave a concert in Steinway Hall under the patronage of Mr. J. R. Planten, Consul-General of the Netherlands; Mr. W. M. Bennebroek Gravenhorst, Consul of the Netherlands, and Mr. Charles F. Tretbar last Thursday evening, which called together a large number of people. The singer has a powerful voice of extended range. Little thirteen year old Wanda Koppel made a sensation with her pretty singing of a Cradle Song, by Somervell, and Hawley's Because, &c. She sings coloratura music, staccati, high C, &c., amazingly well, and does credit to Madame Meysenheim's instruction.

I noticed "Hope Tempel" on the program, which led to the belief that the writer must attend some Tempel, to so spell Miss Temple's name, or that the compositor had in mind the Tempel known as the Gates of Hope, on Eighty-sixth street.

A series of three Lenten recitals began in the studio of Mr. J. Charles Arter, No. 10 East Twenty-third street, by Mr. Edwin Star Belknap, assisted by Mme. Olga Burgdorf, Miss Grace Gregory and Mr. Harvey Worthington Loomis, on Thursday afternoon, March 25, the remaining recitals to occur April 1 and 8.

They have been arranged as follows:

MARCH 25, CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE AND MUSIC.
Readings.....Mr. Belknap
Songs.....Miss Gregory
Piano.....Mr. Loomis

APRIL 1, NATIONALITY IN LITERATURE AND MUSIC.
Readings.....Mr. Belknap
Songs.....Madame Burgdorf
Piano.....Mr. Loomis

APRIL 8, DRAMATIC IN LITERATURE AND MUSIC.
Readings.....Mr. Belknap
Songs.....Miss Gregory
Piano.....Madame Burgdorf
Piano.....Mr. Loomis

Negro Folksong and Plantation Stories is the subject of a matinée (3 o'clock) at the Waldorf next Monday, April 5, by Mrs. Jeannette Robinson Murphy, assisted by Helen M. Kirby, first violin; C. Belle Smith, second violin; Mary C. Rogers, viola; Agnes Mathilde Dressler, violoncello, and with the following distinguished list of patronesses: Mrs. Roger A. Pryor, Mrs. William M. Isaacs, Mrs. William E. Dodge, Jr., Mrs. P. C. Lounsbury, Mrs. G. G. Haven, Jr., Mrs. William G. Choate, Mrs. Charles Healy Ditson, Mrs. P. M. Bryson, Mrs. R. S. MacArthur, Miss Grace H. Dodge.

At the same hour and place Mrs. Beatrice Herford gave last Thursday in the small ballroom an hour of original monologue recitals, cards for which were received too late to attend.

Mr. Tom Karl, tenor, so well known because of his long connection with the Bostonians, and Miss Lucille Saunders, contralto (who sang in Santa Maria, Hammerstein's comic opera, early in the season), gave a musicale yesterday (Tuesday) afternoon at the Waldorf, assisted by Miss Marie Victoria Torillhon, pianist, and a pupil of Joseffy, who made her professional debut this past winter with much success, and Miss Bertha Bucklin, the young violinist who has been well received also for the past two seasons. Mr. Albert McGuckin was the accompanist. The musicale occurred too late for extended mention in this issue, so the bare facts are here alone stated.

Mr. Charles Bigelow Ford, organist, announces a concert given by the chorus of the Baptist Church of the Epiphany, Madison avenue and Sixty-fourth street, next Tuesday evening, April 6, at 8 o'clock. The chorus consists of the regular choir, augmented, and will give Anderton's cantata, The Wreck of the Hesperus, and a miscellaneous program interspersed with organ solos by Organist Ford. Mrs. Wadsworth-Vivian, the soprano, of whose excellent work THE MUSICAL COURIER spoke at length in this department a fortnight ago, will sing a solo, and also accompany at the organ. She seems a versatile musician and is assistant organist of the church.

Mr. Macfarlane's thirtieth organ recital was again attended by a large congregation—somehow it always seems a "congregation" in a church where there is no applause, and by the same token, an "audience" where people do applaud! This is no indication of non-enjoyment, as is well understood; indeed, each time I hear this fine organ player he leads me to believe that he excels the previous time. The program, as published in our Home News last week, was produced with the welcome vocal assistance of Mrs. Schelle-Gram, who took the place of Miss Katherine Pelton, singing the numbers assigned the latter. For steady equilibrium, for clearness in the execution of the

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most difficult passages, for the dignity of his playing, its variety and taste in the use of the different stops, for certainty and versatility in different styles, Mr. Macfarlane is to be highly commended.

Mr. William R. Chapman has just received from Anton Seidl a fine large photograph, with this dedication:

As a remembrance of the Ninth Symphony by Beethoven, New York Philharmonic concert, to my friend Chapman, wishing him every success in the Maine Festival.
ANTON SEIDL.

NEW YORK, March, 1897.

It is well known that Mr. Chapman's chorus is to sing the vocal parts of the Faust Symphony, by Liszt, at the closing Philharmonic concert this season.

Mr. A. Hobart Smock, the tenor, sang at the Press Club dinner Saturday evening, accompanied by Prof. F. Fanciulli, the leader of the Marine Band, Washington, D. C., who was one of the guests of the club.

Mr. Harry Gordon, of The Gerard, violinist, and Mr. Courtlandt Palmer, the pianist, left last Thursday evening for Rochester and other cities, where a number of concerts have been arranged for them.

Mlle. Ilona Rado, the portrait artist, and her brother, Arpad Rado, violinist, received several scores of guests at the former's studio last Monday evening, when a varied program was contributed by Mrs. J. Williams Macy, contralto; Miss Vashti Baxter, Miss Lindner, Miss Lichtschain, Mr. Rado and Mr. Albert Gérard-Thiers. Mrs. Macy grows handsomer (and younger, of course) every year; indeed, I am reminded of the man who said: "So your three boys are nine, six and three years of age. My! it does not seem possible that you have been married (9 + 6 + 3) eighteen years!"

Messrs. Max Freeman and William Parry's High School of Opera starts auspiciously. Among the young singers with operatic aspirations who are studying there are Miss Wanamaker, of New Rochelle; Miss Alexia Fransioli, contralto; Miss Zetta Kennedy, soprano; Miss Marte, Miss Lita Costello and Miss Katherine Gay (who has been Della Fox's understudy), all of whom are studying operatic repertory. The reception room at the school is hung with autograph photographs, framed, of such artists as Melba, Calvé, Eames, Nordica, Plançon, Patti and Bauermeister, all dedicated to Mr. Parry, for so many years stage manager at the Metropolitan Opera House.

Miss Zetta Kennedy, a Bendheim pupil, recently sang three numbers for me. She has a clear and high soprano organ, and in the aria from Lucia sang the difficult coloratura cadenza, note for note, the same as Melba. The Magic Flute aria was full of expression, and Hear, ye Israel (Mendelssohn), dignified and in broad oratorio style. She is also blest with "absolute pitch," a gift from on high!

Miss Alexia Fransioli (a cousin of the L roads' manager) is another Bendheim pupil, an alto, singing from F to B flat, two and one-half octaves. She is a handsome girl, of brunette type, as might be imagined from the Italian name, and a voice quite as stunning as its owner. She sings in St. John's R. C. Church, Brooklyn.

Miss Minnie Lounsbury also studies with Mr. Bendheim, a mezzo-soprano, singing in St. Stephen's. She sang Schubert's Die Allnacht well.

CHOIR NOTES.

Dr. F. S. Palmer, a newcomer here, from Farthest West (Seattle, Wash.), is the new organist and musical director of the Fourth Presbyterian Church, West End avenue and Ninety-first street.

Miss Martha Stark, of Nutley, N. J., recently returned from a course of study with Trabaddello (Paris) and Randegger (London), is to sing alto in the same choir.

Mr. George Miller is the newly engaged organist of All Angels' Protestant Episcopal Church, West End avenue. Mr. Helfenstein, now of Grace Church, was there a couple of years ago, then Frank Fruttshey (now of Detroit, Mich.), who was last fall succeeded by Mr. Edward George Clemence.

Mr. A. Hobart Smock, tenor, leaves his place as precentor of the Church of the Redeemer, Paterson, N. J., on

TRIUMPHAL RETURN
OF
SOUSA
Broadway Theatre
AP'L SUNDAY
EVENING 4
With His Unrivalled
BAND

ELIZABETH NORTHROP Soprano
MARTINA JOHNSTONE Violiniste

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a three years' contract with All Angels', just mentioned. Mr. Smock is a cousin of Vice-President Garret A. Hobart. Finally, this same All Angels' is thinking of engaging a harpist as an auxiliary to organ and choir—much to Mr. Smedley's (the choirmaster's) disgust.

Mr. Ion A. Jackson (now plain "Mister," like the rest of us, but "Doctor" by-and-bye, as he is a stud. med.) is the new tenor of the Church of the Incarnation, succeeding Mr. George Leon Moore, who goes to Brooklyn for big money.

Mr. Morris B. Squire, once of Zion and Saint Timothy (one of Mr. Hedden's choirs), now goes to the Incarnation, as bass of Mr. Hedden's choir. Very natural that Squire should sing in a choir!

Miss Ada Latimer will carol good old Methodist chunes after May 2 as soprano of the Union Methodist Church, on Forty-eighth street. Miss Latimer has the unusual and musical privilege of being able to write her given name in music notes. There are also E-D-A and E-F-F-A, and likewise A-B-E and E-D.

Miss Blank Ostermeyer is the new soprano of Clinton Avenue Congregational Church, Brooklyn, N. Y. Here again we have a simile: "Oster" is German for "Easter"; eminently apropos therefore that she should begin her service in this church at Easter.

Miss Alice H. Merritt leaves Dr. Storrs' to assume the soprano position at the Clason Avenue Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn. No, don't look for an allusion to this young woman as a Merrit-orious singer, or any hinting that she is sure to get Merritt, and so lose her Merritt, or any such Merrit-tricious punning.

Madison Avenue Baptist Church will have a new tenor (in place of W. Theodore Van York, who goes to St. James') in the person of Mr. Walter E. Houghton, of Stamford, Conn., selected from among fifty or so, "all of whom sang tenor eleven," so one of the committee said.

What with Brother Addison F. Andrews, of whom I obtained my news, being up to his ears in dealing out \$1,000 choir positions last week, my own hurry (did you ever see me when I wasn't?) and the printers' devil, there were several muddles in this department in the last issue. First, Miss Maud Beach, formerly of Toronto, Canada, the present solo soprano of Trinity Church, Newark, leaves to assume the same position at the Central Presbyterian Church, Dr. Merle Smith's, Fifty-seventh street. And also Robert, surnamed Shaw, is a tenor, and he goes to the Mount Morris Baptist Church (Dr. Bittling's), of which Mr. Adolph Glose is organist and musical director.

Here you have the benefit of this announcement twice, Miss Beach and O Shaw! Mr. Griffith E. Griffith has a chorus of 125 mixed voices, the "Brooklyn Choral Society," which meets weekly, and will at once take up the study of some cantata. They expect to give a public performance ere the season ends.

Miss Fannie Hirsch, soprano, sang at the monthly musical service at Saint Philip's last Sunday evening. Mr. E. B. Kenney, Jr., organist and choirmaster. Gounod's sacred cantata, *Gallia*, was performed by the vested choir of forty voices, and Miss Hirsch received many compliments on her singing of the beautiful and difficult soprano obligato solo part.

Miss Myrta French will on the first Sunday in May assume her old position, relinquished when she went on tour with Sousa, as soprano of Calvary Presbyterian Church on Fifty-seventh street (Dr. MacArthur's.) This has been known for some months past, but I believe has not yet appeared in print.

Miss Gertrude Clark, soprano of St. James' R. C. Church, Pittsburg, who studied with Madame Murio-Celli for some time, has been in the city. She is said to possess a fine voice, has stage inclinations, and will accept a position here providing the financial inducement is strong enough to warrant her severing home connections.

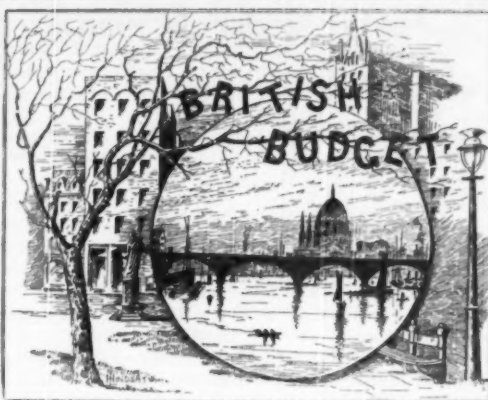
Yours, F. W. RIESBERG.

Blanche Duffield, Soprano.—Miss Blanche Duffield filled two engagements on Wednesday evening last, one at Calvary Baptist Church Mission, the other at the American Authors' Guild, winning very favorable comment on both occasions.

Of her singing at the Authors' Guild the *New York Press* says: "Miss Blanche Duffield, soprano, a promising pupil of Mme. Doria Devine, sang in a way which reflected great credit both on her own musical talent and her instructor's skill."

Invitation Organ Recital.—An organ recital under the direction of Prof. A. Nembach, grand organist of the Northern Supreme Council, was given at the Scottish Rite Cathedral, Broadway, between Fourth and Fifth streets, on last Saturday afternoon, the 27th. The program was a good one, including Wagner, Gounod, Händel, Verdi, Rossini and Bizet.

The Orchestra Explained.—W. J. Henderson's lecture on the orchestra, illustrated by the American Symphony Orchestra, Sam Franko, conductor, will be given to-morrow (Thursday) evening, April 1, in Chickering Hall. It is well worth the attention of all serious amateur music lovers—professional for that matter.



BRITISH OFFICES OF THE MUSICAL COURIER,
21 PRINCES STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE,
LONDON, W., March 20, 1897.

THERE is little doubt that the observance of

Lent as a penitential season, marked by gloom and privation, is falling into desuetude. Each year brings a notable falling off of those who have hitherto kept this long established custom. This year there seems to be very little attempt made to keep up even appearances, and entertainments of all kinds meet with the same support that was accorded them before the Lenten season. This is particularly true of concerts, and by comparison we see that the number per week keep up the average until Holy Week, when sacred concerts continue the good work so effectively carried on up to then.

In clerical circles much indignation has been aroused by one of their number getting married in Lent. This rash step has brought upon the poor offender's head admonition of several High Church clergymen, who are trying to secure the revival of fasting and mortification. Their efforts seem to be against the prevailing public opinion, as their services are but indifferently attended.

The third series of M. Lamoureux and his orchestra opens on March 22, the other dates being March 23, 24, 25, 26 and 27. At the fifth concert Saint-Saëns' new piano concerto will be played for the first time in England by M. Louis Diemer, in place of the *Danse Macabre* and Dvorák's *Serenade* for strings.

The programs of the Richter concerts include Tchaikowsky's *Symphonie Pathétique*, Strauss' tone poem, *Don Juan* (after Lenau), for the first time; Dvorák's three overtures, *Nature*, *Carneval* and *Othello*; Mr. F. H. Cowen's new symphony in E (for the first time). The last concert, on June 14, will be devoted mainly to Wagner, and the concert originally announced for June 21 will be abandoned, as it clashes with the Jubilee festivities. At the second concert Ossip Gabrilowitsch, the Russian pianist, will make his first appearance in London.

César Franck's Quartet in D major will be performed for the first time in London at Mr. René Ortmann's chamber music concert on March 27. The instrumentalists will be Messrs. Ortmann, Szczepanowski, Hobday and Albert and Madame Frickenhaus, pianist.

The first production of *The Money Spider*, the new comic opera composed by Clarence Lucas to Arthur Eliot's book, will take place on April 19, in London at the theatre, about to be inaugurated within the walls of St. George's Hall, Langham place.

Mr. Tree will open Her Majesty's Theatre on Thursday, April 22, with Mr. Gilbert Parker's *Seats of the Mighty* which he has lately been playing in America. During the first fortnight of his season Mr. Tree will produce the musical play without words, *Chand d'Habits*, which has been such a success in Paris. *Julius Caesar* is in preparation.

The Virgil Practice Clavier method, which has secured the indorsement of many of our leading musicians, including Mr. W. H. Cummings, Dr. F. J. Campbell, Dr. Charles Vincent, Dr. Pearce and others, has lately received the following indorsement from the members of the class who took the normal or teachers' course last summer and during the Christmas holidays:

We, the undersigned piano teachers—professional musicians—having attended the *Normal or Teachers' Course of the Virgil Piano School*, have much pleasure in testifying to the great advantage and utility of the "clavier" and "clavier method" in the teaching and study of the piano. Having thoroughly tested the system we are convinced of its excellence, and feel confident that in making the result of our investigations known we are rendering a service to piano teachers and the members of the musical profession generally who are interested in the true development of the art of piano playing.

This testimonial is signed by eighty-one names, representing teachers of the piano in London and many provincial centres. No stronger proof of the efficacy of this system could be given than this unqualified indorsement. A considerably larger list of applications has already been received by the secretary for the term at Easter.

Mr. George W. Fergusson has just called at this office. He has made an arrangement for Mr. W. Adlington to look after his business here. Among other things which he has in view is a recital in the Salle Erard, Paris, early in May.

The season promises to be an exceedingly bright one in

many ways, but so far there has been no activity assured by prospective engagements in the musical world. This may come all right, but everything seems to point to the fact that the London season is no longer the time for artists to make money here. The field is practically spoiled, for hundreds of vocalists come every year armed with introductions, by which they secure more or less influence. This coming in opposition to the "pulls" of the artists already more or less established has the effect of obliterating fees almost altogether. Nor does the danger stop within the precincts of the metropolis, for fees in the provinces are being cut down to a point where only a very few artists can make any considerable sum of money. Time was when success with a choral society in any of the towns in the United Kingdom meant a re-engagement at a higher fee, but to-day concert givers depend upon one well-known artist to "draw," and the others may be strangers to whom they pay but small fees. I should counsel American artists who think of coming to London not to expect to make any money here—at least for some years after coming, and then, except in very exceptional cases, anything more than a fair living.

The stories that one often hears of the big successes made here are usually exaggerated; and I know that there are a large number of good artists here, of both English and other nationalities, who are barely making a living. There are a few exceptions, but the percentage is very small indeed. Those who come here and get press notices to use elsewhere are the ones who make the most out of London.

CONCERTS.

The first Mottl concert on Tuesday evening in Queen's Hall opened a series which is looked forward to and appreciated by so many. The house was not quite so full as one is accustomed to see it at these concerts. The program was headed by a Mozart symphony, beautifully rendered under Herr Mottl's baton. Richard Wagner's opinion of this symphony describes so well the impression gained on this occasion that I quote it here: "He lifted the singing power of instrumental music to such a height that it was able to express not only the mirth and complacency achieved by Haydn, but the whole depth of the heart's endless desire." The duet from *Beatrice and Benedict* (Berlioz) was sung with much sweet and dreamy repose by the two Wagner singers *par excellence*, Frau Mottl and Frä. Tomschik. Liszt's *Rhapsody in F minor*, with its refined artistic conception and languishing *tempo rubato*, was fully realized by a superb interpretation.

Part II. consisted of selections from *Die Götterdämmerung*. *Thiefahrt*, a characteristic piece for orchestra, describes *Siegfried's* departure from *Brünnhilde*. *Hagen's* Wacht was the following number, sang by Mr. Lempriere Pringle. *Hagen* is not a sympathetic personality, and is *Siegfried's* greatest enemy, enjoying the success of his designs against *Siegfried*. This was too smoothly sung by Mr. Lempriere Pringle, who lost the rugged harshness of the German language, which here would have been much more characteristic and impressive. These scenes are part of the *Nibelungenlied*, a heroic poem of the thirteenth century; harsh and heroic were their language and their character; all is elementary force, far removed from civilization, and only the singer whose imagination can picture the primeval ruggedness and grandeur of those times, when men lived in such close communion with nature, will be able to satisfactorily sing those parts. Frau Mottl and Frä. Tomschik gave in the Waltrauten scene a beautiful specimen of such a representation. The orchestra completes the description of the scene, which closes when *Siegfried's* horn is heard from afar, while the flames leap high round *Brünnhilde's* rock. The *Trauermarsch*, when *Siegfried's* dead body is borne in on his shield by *Gunther's* liegemen, closed the concert. Un-speakably mournful and impressive was its rendering by the orchestra.

The novelty of the last Henschel concert of the 11th inst. was by no means the most remarkable feature of the program. Though the principal themes of Juan Selby's orchestral *Idyll* are pleasing they cannot lay claim to much originality. They are, nevertheless, cleverly developed by the hand of an experienced musician. The character of the *Idyll* is kept in view by the composer, but he has failed to express that subtle, pensive and poetic charm which lurks in every measure of Wagner's exquisite *Siegfried Idyll*. The most enjoyable number of the evening was the Saul's Dream excerpt from Hubert Parry's *King Saul*. This dramatic and impressive scene was magnificently declaimed by Mr. Henschel, who entrusted his baton for the occasion to the composer. Orchestra and singer were in perfect accord. M. Slivinsky's rendering of the Schumann concerto hardly showed him at his best. A lack of artistic repose mars his playing, and the want of unanimity between the soloist and the orchestra was irritating at times. The C minor symphony was not given in all its beauty. The performance was frequently ragged and without finish, notably in the *andante con moto*. The little cohesion and the rough phrasing of the wind instruments in particular were doubtless the outcome of scanty rehearsals, for which, perhaps, Mr. Henschel cannot be blamed.

First in interest on last Saturday's program at the Crystal

Palace was Beethoven's violin concerto, a double attraction being found in that delightful work, and in the no less delightful rendition of it by Dr. Joachim. There was no room for criticism of the faultless performance of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony at the end of the program. Hamish MacCunn's Highland Memories, a little suite for orchestra in three movements, labeled By the Burnside, On the Loch, A Harvest Dance, were brought to a first hearing. They are short, pleasing and unpretentious, and the composer, who conducted his op. 30 himself, was heartily welcomed. Mrs. Hutchinson contributed two songs by Cornelius and Dvorák's prayer from The Spectre's Bride.

The Bohemian Quartet seems to grow fond of London; or perhaps it would be more correct to say London seems to grow fond of the Bohemian Quartet. Instead of two recitals as at first intended, there is now a fifth recital announced for the 23d. The program on Monday included a composition by Josef Such, the second violin of the quartet. This work, op. 11, was performed for the first time in London, and is well worth hearing. Full of melody and intensity of expression, the intermezzo is perhaps the most strikingly original. The other movements do not by any means lack the peculiar charm of the Slavonic music, and all show a thorough knowledge of effective part writing. The Brahms A minor quartet is a fine work, and Beethoven's magnificent op. 95, in F minor, brought the program to a close. The remarkably voluminous tone and vigor of interpretation peculiar to the Bohemian Quartet has an almost orchestral effect, and is certainly very beautiful.

M. Louis Hillier, the well-known composer and first violin of the Hillier Belgian Quartet, gave his third annual concert in St. James' Hall on March 12. The quartet played three novelties of Borodin, Ewald (not very interesting) and Glazounov, and Miss Sethe played selections from M. Hillier's compositions in an exceedingly pleasing manner. A young singer of some promise (French school), Miss Marie Cabrera, sang also among other selections Aubade (Hillier) with much *entrain*. Particularly well interpreted was the same composer by the little pianist, Berthe Balzathar (twelve years old), whose conceptions are already those of an artist. Her technic is as developed as her small hands and general childish strength will allow. She played Fantaisie Chromatique et Fugue (J. S. Bach) and selections from Saint-Saëns, Moszkowski and Liszt, and seems hampered only by those little hands, which cannot do all that this extraordinary brain demands. Miss Constance Bolton was at her best in the rendering of Biblical Songs (Dvorák); her French is so nasal that it spoiled all her possibilities with Hillier's Song.

Miss Margaret Wild and Herr Robert Hausmann gave a concert in St. James' Hall on the 11th inst., assisted by Mrs. Speyer-Kufferath. The program opened with Brahms' sonata in F major, op. 99, for piano and violoncello, which gave the two artists full scope to display their refined understanding of this composition. Beethoven's sonata in C major, op. 102, No. 1, and his variations from Mozart's Magic Flute, adagio and allegro, op. 70, for piano and cello, and Abendlied, Schumann, were the other selections. Herr R. Hausmann is not unknown here, but the talented artist has of late devoted himself entirely to his duties as professor at the Hochschule in Berlin, so that his visits to us have been few and far between. Miss Margaret Wild chose Novelette, No. 2, in D, and Studies in Canon Form, op. 56, A flat major and B minor, Schumann, for her solos. Her playing is refined, and she displays great technical ease. Mrs. Speyer-Kufferath ought to be heard often; her artistically beautiful interpretation of Schumann and Brahms Lieder was greatly appreciated. She gave another Schumann song, Es Wei und Räthesdoch Keines, for an encore.

F. V. ATWATER.

A Complaint About Singing.

MR. A. J. GOODRICH is to be thanked for denouncing the upper "chest production" of the modern tenor. Of course he is perfectly right. These upper tones, G, A, B and C, are produced by training the so-called "falsetto" (not by any means a *false* but a *right* vocal production) down into the chest as low as possible. The result is a powerful, lasting and perfectly easy and musical tone quality. This "falsetto" very soon loses its effeminate quality, and cannot be distinguished from the chest note, which it so perfectly imitates.

In support of Mr. Sims Reeves, Signor Mongini, whose "chest notes" were chronicled by the newspaper critics and were the envy of aspiring youths, ridiculed the idea that it was possible to produce these notes from the chest. Unfortunately, however, tenors will seldom listen to reason, and 95 per cent. of them die a natural (or unnatural) death! Mr. Goodrich should read Another Voxometric Revelation (from THE LONDON MUSICAL COURIER) on page 35 of the issue of March 24.

Mr. E. Davidson Palmer's views are perfectly correct.
R. NORTH, Philadelphia.

Sousa's Band.—Sousa and his band will give a concert at the Broadway Theatre next Sunday evening.

American Symphony Orchestra.

THE American Symphony Orchestra, Sam Franko director, gave its third concert of this season on Wednesday afternoon last, the 24th inst., in Chickering Hall. This was the program:

Overture, Prometheus.....Beethoven
Symphony, A major, No. 29.....Mozart
(For strings, two oboes and two horns.)

Concerto for piano, A minor.....Grieg
Ballet suite (MS.).....Henry K. Hadley

A sweet, fragrant work in rococo costume was presented in the Mozart symphony, a symphony which has not been played in this country within present recollection, if ever. Mr. Franko, with discreet taste, cut down his strings to the slender limit ordained by Mozart, and the buoyant, translucent, melodious work was heard in its delicately conceived clarity and simplicity, without the favorite doubling up of instruments which has helped in operatic instance particularly to obscure the pure native royalty of Mozart.

It is not too much to say that this orchestral concert was one of the best given in New York by any society within a decade. The orchestra, under Mr. Sam Franko's earnest, vigorous direction, did nobly, and showed an advancement in delicacy and finesse of rapid and certain growth. Nuance, fineness of contrast, sympathetic appreciation of detail are now visible in this orchestra, which set out with large promise, but which has now surpassed in a brief space the best expectations formed at its initiation. The string band is of a rich, compact quality, the wood and brass mellow, sonorous and yielding in their blend with the full orchestra. Unanimity has been acquired in positive degree, and a complete artistic bond seems to actuate the forces. Mr. Sam Franko has done well and deserves an honorable vote of recognition.

Not often do we hear, or shall we hear again, a better performance of the Grieg piano concerto than that by Mr. Paolo Gallico. The pianist is musical. He feels poetically and with some intensity, and has infinite tact and skill in expression. A clear and brilliant technic is under his command, and he has a rhythmic definiteness which it is a keen pleasure to enjoy. His tone sings tellingly in length and sweetness, there is rich and tender feeling in his every phrase, abundant fire where needed, and through his entire work a quiet artistic authority—which is as justifiable as it is restful and convincing.

Mr. Gallico as a solo pianist should be heard more. He has immense but well-controlled temperament, a sure technic, crystalline in rapid passage-work and bold and accurate in chord and octave playing. The Grieg work was given after the manner of a true musician and virtuoso. The pianist was recalled and recalled, and finally had to satisfy the enthusiastic house by playing a Mendelssohn lied.

The Hadley ballet suite is a clever, melodious and seductively pleasant bit of composition. Some dainty, catching melodies are framed in rhythms of a fascinating character, and the orchestra, which is deftly and effectively handled throughout, lends brilliant color and accent in places by the use of tambourines, triangles, bells and the small drum. The first movement, with its largeness in treating light topics, recalls Massenet. The second, the intermezzo is the best of the work. The mazurka forming the last movement, with all its crispness and color, would arouse the lame and halt to dance. Purists might find fault with this ballet suite on the score of comparatively slight framework over-richly dressed. As a concert number it will so appear. As a delightful, clever bit of ballet music placed upon the emphasized stage it deserves to make the central, effective hit of some opera. Its composer is a young man and, we understand, a modest one. He has the temperament and talent, swing and grace, and in his piquant treatment of dance forms deserves to be pushed into the first rank. He sets out with melodic ideas, and knows exceedingly well how to garb them to becomingness and effect. His ballet suite should find a place on many programs, and will beyond doubt find a lasting place in light musical literature.

The audience at this concert was a fair one, but not in any way proportionate to the merits of the performance. It deserves to be understood that the American Symphony Orchestra now stands on a high plane of merit, and that its concerts are among the best to be heard in the metropolis.

Plunket Greene's Recitals.—Mr. Plunket Greene will give two song recitals in Chamber Music Hall at 3 P. M. on March 30 and 31. Villiers Stanford's setting of the Clown's Songs from Twelfth Night will be a feature of the first recital.

D'Arona Teachers and Vocalists.

THEIR SACRIFICES AND ACHIEVEMENTS.

WHEN success crowns our labors, how much more intense is our joy than though our gain had come from easy sailing! Miss S. Christine MacCall is one of the most successful and appreciated teachers in Newark, N. J., where she resides. Her time is always filled, and her pupils are prominent in many States of the Union. Miss MacCall has occupied for several years the solo contralto position in Trinity Episcopal Church, Newark, having succeeded and sung with Miss Sylvie Riotti and Anita Rio (also d'Arona pupils). She has been a faithful pupil of Madame d'Arona for seven years, ever since Madame d'Arona's second marriage, when that artist retired from the grand operatic stage. During this time Miss MacCall has been called upon to endure many hardships and sorrows from sickness, death, &c.; but for the past four years her perseverance through it all has been crowned with gratifying results, and THE MUSICAL COURIER has had occasion to praise her work and that of her pupils a great number of times, so that Miss MacCall's name must be familiar to all its readers.

The following is a late clipping from a Bayonne, N. J., paper, referring to her engagement at the Institutional Church:

We have been so fortunate as to secure the services of Miss S. Christine MacCall, whom we consider the finest teacher of voice culture in the State, to give vocal lessons in our church. The lesson will be by individual instruction, and while primarily for our own people, a few other pupils could be taken if anyone in town appreciates the privilege of first-class instruction we have thus placed within their reach.

Miss MacCall's voice is magnificent, of a phenomenally rich, mellow quality, with an upper register full, clear and round, and the lower notes ringing and clear. She is a fine reader and her voice is under perfect control.—*New York Herald*.

Miss Harriet V. Wetmore is another vocal teacher who justly merits the success she has met with. Her studies also commenced seven years ago with one of Madame d'Arona's pupils, Mrs. Henry Merrill Orne, a lady who's admiration of Madame d'Arona's voice made her seek the prima donna's instruction whenever she came to New York. Miss Wetmore, after one year with Mrs. Orne, came to Madame d'Arona, and has studied almost continually ever since. She deserves every praise for her perseverance through every kind of discouragement and drawback, including sickness and death and finances. But she never wavered, even going so far as to make cake for Park & Tilford, to help pay for her lessons. But she says she would go through it all again to know what she does to-day, and with the certainty she was to so soon live upon the interest of the money spent for her tuition; and she adds: "It is so many hundreds per cent., too." Miss Wetmore's advertisement has been in THE MUSICAL COURIER for several years, and she has a vocal class in New York that she may well speak proudly of. She is also the solo soprano of Mount Morris Heights Presbyterian Church, and a concert singer of reputation. The following is from the Brooklyn Eagle:

... The oratorio of The Messiah was given to an overflowing house. ... Of the artists who appeared, Miss Harriet V. Wetmore, who sang the soprano numbers, made an excellent impression. Her voice is rich and voluminous and remarkably sweet and telling. She was enthusiastically received and encored.

Madame Jasmin comes all the way from Mt. Holyoke, Mass., to receive Madame d'Arona's lessons, and after a night on the boat is at the studio at 9 A. M. This lady is also a most successful vocal teacher and earns big sums of money at her profession. Madame Jasmin takes one singing and one teacher's course lesson each trip, and has done so for over two years.

Easton, Pa., boasts also of a prominent and most successful d'Arona vocal teacher. Mme. Marie Magner. Easton is also a terrible distance from New York, yet Madame Magner has come to New York twice a week for her lessons, taking both vocal and teacher's course lessons. Madame Magner gives sixteen or twenty lessons per day and has charge of the entire music of the cathedral in Bethlehem, Pa., of which she is the solo soprano, Miss Elizabeth Wall (also a d'Arona pupil) being another soloist. THE MUSICAL COURIER has from time to time copied noteworthy press notices of Madame Magner, which were most flattering.

Miss Burnette P. Coit, of Irvington, N. J., is another teacher who has won the confidence and respect of all who study with her. She is gaining ground rapidly, as the good work done by Madame d'Arona is being practically put to

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the test. Miss Maude d'Arona (daughter) prepares pupils for Madame d'Arona, and turns out some excellent work. She will one day no doubt step into her mother's place. Extracts from a recent letter from Miss Nannie Clark, the successful vocal teacher of Cedar Falls, Ia., speak for themselves of her work with her pupils. She says:

Miss — voice is coming out just as I first predicted. She now understands the "breath forms" and her tones are dug out one by one into spheres of beauty. She now knows how to produce every tone up to G above the staff, and down to C below middle C: (I never permit her to practice below middle C or higher than F fifth line), but she can sing and sustain high C (three octaves), and could drown out any average orchestra. The quality is perfect now, and I have the voice all placed, and it fairly brings tears to my eyes. It is so smooth and even, and oh! she does sing so easily. But not a song yet. I keep her close to the technical work, and you my beloved, my God given teacher, will see your glorious work done through me, when Miss — comes to you. I am beginning to have her work on words now. Farther on in the same letter Miss Clark says: "I have another pupil who is also coming to you later. I have her voice placed from middle C to A above. How wonderful the quality is when every tone is sung correctly! It has only commenced to be known that she is a singer, and you should hear the people talk. They think I make the voice. Miss — could not sing at all apparently when she began last June. I had to persuade her to study. I have succeeded in getting her to sit perfectly relaxed, and sing as though the body had no interest in her vocal work. Her voice is beautiful. It is like a suspended thought with a soul in it; and she is a great credit to me, but how much more is the credit due you, my dearest and most noble of women."

It is no longer surprising that this great American vocal teacher, Mme. Florenza d'Arona, should be so venerated by her pupils when we learn of the magnitude of her work. As was stated in *Werner's Magazine* of March, Madame d'Arona has produced no less than seven operatic artists, nineteen successful vocal teachers, filled with soloists the choirs of twenty-one New York and Brooklyn churches, and supplied managers all over the country with capable and brilliant concert and oratorio artists, all within the space of seven years' teaching.

This is a wonderful record, and there are still other pupils who are to be heard from within the next year whom Madame d'Arona intends herself to take to Paris, and to superintend their other studies while vocally preparing them for their operatic debut.

Madame d'Arona has had many offers of inducement to make her home in Paris, where she is so well known, and many of her friends say she will soon leave the American field to her rising pupils, and together with her husband, who is a foreigner, take up her residence abroad.

Mrs. A. D. Bulen Sang.—On Sunday, March 24, at the Young Men's Christian Association, New York, Mrs. A. D. Bulen, of Meadville, Pa., sang, and won, as she deserved, enthusiastic appreciation and praise.

Ogden Crane Pupils.—The following notice is from the *Asbury Park Evening News* of March 20:

The third serial concert given under the auspices of the Young People's Society of Church Aid, and under the direction and supervision of Madame Ogden Crane, of New York, in the First Baptist Church, Thursday evening, was pronounced by the large audience present to have been one of the best musical entertainments ever heard in Asbury Park.

Seated in the audience were many musical critics who listened with trained ears and gave close attention to every number on the program, and the unanimity of expressed opinions of appreciation and delight, after the concert, showed that the efforts of those who took part had been successful, and that the people were pleased and satisfied.

Harry Blake Martin was the only local soloist, and won additional laurels for himself. His solo, *Thou Art Mine All*, was given with good taste and perfect control of voice. For an encore he sang *My Dreams*, which was more effective, possibly, than the first selection.

The Miserere scene, from *Trovatore*, with Madame Crane and Mr. Martin in the soprano and tenor solo parts was the best selection on the program. Madame Crane's perfect execution of the difficult strains that fell to her part were taken up by Mr. Martin with precise and perfect tones that were simply charming to lovers of fine music.

Miss Bertha E. Martin sustained the contralto part in a duet with Madame Crane in an efficient manner. Their voices blended nicely. It is rather difficult for any singer to attempt a musical effort with Madame Crane, owing to the clear, round, perfect and strong tones of the latter's voice, but Miss Martin accomplished the task very creditably.

The quartet, composed of Madame Crane, Miss Bertha Tilton, Mr. Martin and Walter Hubbard, was particularly pleasing. The quartet should have been on the program for another number.

Excellent talent from a distance included Miss Elizabeth Lambert, elocutionist; Miss Henrietta Lambert, contralto soloist; Miss Edith Hutchins and Miss Eva L. Browne, soprano soloists, and F. Edward Hopke, bass soloist, all of New York or Brooklyn.

Miss Elizabeth Lambert was far above the ordinary elocutionists. She was down for two numbers; she gave five, and the audience would have listened to that many more if they could have had the privilege.

Miss Henrietta Lambert was a remarkable contralto for such a young person and she won well merited applause.

Miss Edith Hutchins, who is also familiar to Asbury Park people, having had charge for some time of the choir in the Westminster Presbyterian Church, sang in clear tones *The Maids of Cadiz*, a difficult solo with rapid changes from the lower to the higher register, and with enough trills to scare an ordinary singer from even attempting to sing the selection.

Miss Eva L. Browne gave variation to the program by singing the *Patti Waltz Song*. It was difficult, but was sang splendidly and entirely from memory; a feat not at all easy, except to first-class singers.

The concert will remain a pleasant memory to those who heard it, and might possibly be repeated with profit. CRITIC.

Model Music Course for Schools.

John Church Company.

THE two names associated with this series of publications—John A. Broekhoven and A. J. Gantvoort—are in themselves a guarantee of merit, for among musicians Mr. Broekhoven is known as a classical scholar, and Mr. Gantvoort as a specialist, and their co-operation in producing this comprehensive work has resulted in a course of study for schools which is really "model."

The Model Music Course consists of a Primer and Six Readers, as well as a Manual, as a guide for the teacher and the special music teacher.

The general appearance at once suggests a novelty, in that, besides being attractive, the books have a neat binding, each book being in a different color to prevent confusion. So, for instance, the Primer is red, the First Reader green, the Second Reader blue, the Third Reader maroon, the Fourth Reader drab, the Fifth Reader gray, the Sixth Reader buff and the Manual brown. In a short time all those interested get thoroughly acquainted with these color distinctions.

Typographically the edition is without fault, even in the general constructive scheme, much less in the detail, the typography being clear and distinct, changing from the large type devoted to the more juvenile using the Primer, through the medium and intermediate readers, to the type generally adopted for the classes using Fifth and Sixth Readers.

The chronological division gives one year to each book. How systematic the grading is can be judged from one instance alone, and that is the chapter division, each chapter representing one week, and thirty-two weeks' work constituting the year. There is no other series arranged on such a systematic basis.

The manual contains the first year's work and also a lesson of instruction and guidance to the teacher for each lesson in each book. It constitutes a lesson in itself to go through each lesson, and one of the finest features is each eighth lesson. Lesson 8 is a review of all preceding; lesson 16, again a similar review; lesson 24, again; lesson 32, again, and so forth. There is no cessation to the effort to implant in the minds of the children the preceding lessons on the basis of approved mnemonics. One tone is built upon the other in the child's mind, so that the structure gets to be unconsciously a part of its thinking method, and finally at the twenty-seventh lesson the figures temporarily disappear and notes with text come to the front.

In accordance with results of exhaustive research in the subject of child study and the most profound pedagogy the reading work of the first two years and a half is in the key of C, so that the pupil is thoroughly familiarized with one key instead of aimlessly wandering in a maze of keys without really knowing one. Every investigation points to the fact that this is the proper and most practicable method to follow to avoid perplexing conclusions in the child mind.

The introductory study of notation, even in advanced years, is still a problem, and many systems are notoriously defective in the phase of the musical study.

The good points in the method of teaching reading of the Interval System, Chev  System, Tonic Sol Fa and Movable Do System are embodied in this series and all the objectionable ones omitted. The greater part of the exercises have a text so that pupils may learn to sing, at sight, words and not only the syllables Do, Re, Mi, &c. The amount of note singing decreases as the power to read increases. In the first four books all the songs are the outcome and the illustration of the work learned in the lessons of which they are a part. The text of the songs in the lessons is in accordance with the time of the school year in which the lesson is to be taught—no spring songs in autumn, no Christmas songs in spring. The text of the songs is also in accordance with the age of the child for whom it is intended, and is in sympathy with the development of its intellectual and emotional life; the large number of new

and attractive children's songs in one, two, three and four parts, written according to the accepted models, being perfect and complete without accompaniment.

A feature which is entirely absent from all other series is the simple but thoroughly comprehensive work in modulation in the last two books of the series, in which the use of syllables, Do, Re, Mi, &c., is abandoned and which prepares for modern music. Abundance of progressively graded reading, exercises and songs give the teacher opportunity to choose and prevents memorizing, thus making intellect and memory move hand in hand. The fundamental pedagogic motto "The thing before the sign of the thing," is absolutely observed throughout the series. The verbiage of the definitions and explanations in each book are so direct and simple that the child at a single reading can understand them. The principles of vocalization, the clear and perfect enunciation of vowels is continually cared for throughout the course, the Manual containing explicit information to the teacher for their formation.

In conclusion we desire to add a letter from Wm. E. Sheldon, editor of *The American Teacher*, of Boston. He says:

For nearly thirty years I have been interested in instruction of vocal music in American public schools. In 1893, while master of the Hancock School of Girls in the city of Boston, I began to make a special study of the subject, and tested the best known methods of teaching it. Since that period I have watched with care the methods that have been adopted, and feel therefore prepared to judge with some degree of intelligence of the merits of your music readers. I am pleased to say that The Model Music Course for schools deserve the hearty commendation I give these three readers. In my judgment they present the study of elementary music in accordance with best recognized principles of introduction. They are happily adapted to the grades for which they were intended. The authors show a knowledge of child life and developments, and adapt their exercises to the securing of ability to read good music readily at sight, and at the same time cultivate a taste and appreciation of musical expression, that will convey the best interpretation of thought in song. The songs are of a popular and patriotic character.

WILLIAM E. SHELDON.

It is not out of place to state here that our musicians do not take as deep an interest in the early public school music instruction as the gravity of the subject calls for. It is in these schools that our whole nation, as it were, is getting its first dawn of intelligence co-ordinated, and here the primary formation of character is created from which all the rest finally springs. Music is one of these subdivisions of early education with children that can be made more agreeable and more attractive than any other study, and if the work of the pedagogue were followed up at home by the parent we would have a much more musical nation than ours is to-day. We mean not only musical by musical instinct and its culture, but musical through the knowledge of music.

This Model Music Course of the John Church Company could be used at home, too, by parents and others having charge of children, and the work at the school supplemented at the home.

D'Albert Plays.—Eugen d'Albert recently played a successful concert at Mannheim, and also before the Royal Court at Munich, and on both occasions played the Steinway piano.

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ROCHESTER.

ROCHESTER, March 5, 1897.

THE Wilkinson Brothers (flute and piano) gave a good concert the other night. Among the novelties produced was a suite by Edward German. The attendance was well up to the average.

Mr. Clarence Eddy, the well known organ virtuoso, gave a successful recital at the First Baptist Church. Nearly all the local organists were present, many of them being seated in the organ gallery. The audience was large and appreciative. Before the recital a reception was tendered the talented organist; it was most gratifying and an evidence of the good feeling and good fellowship existing to note the many professional musicians present.

Miss C. Kramer gave a song recital lately which has been well spoken of. Miss Hacker, too, has contributed her share to the list of vocal recitals.

The most enjoyable concert of the last month was given by Mr. Ludwig Schenck. Being a Schubert year, the program contained several examples by this composer. As usual the performance was of a high character, and reflected great credit upon the quartet.

Mrs. Handford goes to Brooklyn from the Central Church; her place is to be taken by Mrs. Hooper.

Mr. Schenck has resigned his position at the South Church.

The organist and quartet of the First Universalist Church have been engaged to supply the music at Asbury Church, replacing the present choir and Mr. Harrington, deceased.

Among changes of less note is the transference of your correspondent to Trinity Church, Buffalo. A. G. M.

NEWPORT.

NEWPORT, R. I., March 6, 1897.

WITHIN the last five years there has been a rapid growth in the art of music in Newport.

Choral societies, a choir guild, temporary opera companies, male quartets and a ladies' quartet have been formed, "pupils' nights" are arranged and given by the various teachers, and the church choirs aspire to much better work than heretofore.

Undoubtedly the best attempt and the most appreciated effort that has ever been undertaken is the organization of the Philharmonic Society, under the direction of Mr. Alfred G. Langley. This society was formed December 10, 1896. There is now a membership of fifty, with a rapidly growing list of associate or supporting members.

A prominent feature of each rehearsal night is the intermission of fifteen or twenty minutes, when special entertainment is provided by a committee. The entertainment consists of vocal or instrumental selections by members or visiting artists, or literary contributions. The society is now planning to give Mendelssohn's *Elijah* in one of the largest churches in the city, probably in the week of May 17, 1897. A quartet of celebrated artists will sing the solos.

February 25-27 a company of the leading amateurs of this city produced the musical comedy entitled *Fun on the Bristol*. The parts were all in capable hands. Three large and most appreciative audiences greeted the company. Mr. J. J. Butler and Miss Hattie J. Hayes, under whose auspices the play was given, gained fresh laurels by these performances.

Mr. W. F. Rochester, of New York, assumed the management of the stage and also portrayed the character of *Widow O'Brien*. His work was exceedingly clever. The management are realizing large profits from the production. AUGUSTUS H. SWAN.

NEWARK.

NEWARK, N. J., March 20, 1897.

THE concert given in St. Luke's Church March 17 was an artistic success. The St. Luke's people enjoyed the distinction of bringing William C. Carl to Newark for the first time this season.

The program was an excellent one and performed in conjunction with Mr. Carl by the Countess Gilda Ruta, pianist, Mme. Sarah Martin Gribbin, coloratura soprano. Mr. Thomas Bott, basso, was announced to appear, but unfortunately was too ill to do so; his place was filled by his pupil, Mr. Pedrake, who did his teacher credit. Miss Etta Hudgins recited. She gives dramatic recitals in very good style. Mr. Joseph Goldstein, violinist, also assisted. The program was as uniformly good as this coterie of bright lights could make it.

Mr. Carl played superbly. His first number was a Suite Gothique, quite new, and forms one of the long list of organ dedications to Mr. Carl. It is by Leon Boellmann and has four movements. The other numbers were an intermezzo, by Salomé, and variations on a Welsh air, by Mr. Carl, and Breitenbach's fantasia, *The Storm*, the same as played each evening at the famous organ concerts at Lucerne, Switzerland.

Mr. Carl received an ovation, having to return repeatedly to bow to his enthusiastic audience.

Gilda Ruta and Madame Gribbin shared the honors as soloists; Gilda Ruta also accompanied Madame Gribbin's songs, and Mr. Frank E. Drake accompanied Mr. Pedrake. MABEL LINDLEY THOMPSON.

MARCH 28, 1897.

Mr. Francklyn Wallace, tenor, gave a successful song recital in Wissner Hall, March 24. He was assisted by Master Arthur Hochmann, pianist; Miss Eleanor Dammann, violinist, and Mrs. D. E. Hervey, accompanist.

The program, which was a familiar one, was excellently performed. Mr. Wallace sang songs by Bohm, Beach, Ronald and Tosti, also by Schubert and Schumann, Adams, Watson and Cowen, in all of which Mr. Wallace made a very agreeable impression. His voice is a light, pure tenor of sweet quality. At present he is a pupil of Otto Lohse, with whom he is studying repertory, his object being to prepare himself for opera.

Young Hochmann's appearance in Wissner Hall at this concert marked his second appearance in Newark this season. He repeated his performance of the *Liist* Midsummer Night's Dream the same as played on the Wissner grand piano at the Krueger Auditorium at the recent Press Club concert. His playing provoked the greatest enthusiasm, and he was obliged to give an encore. Later he played two

Chopin numbers, a nocturn and valse in E minor. In these two numbers the pianist made a splendid impression. When one takes into consideration the extreme youth and inexperience of Hochmann, we may well marvel at his interpretation of Chopin.

We did not expect a De Pachmann performance in a mere child, therefore we were not disappointed, but rather amazed at the genius of the pianist, who bids fair to become a great virtuoso. Mrs. D. E. Hervey sustained the rôle of accompanist admirably; she is constantly improving in that capacity, for which she is so eminently qualified. The recital reflects great credit on Mr. Wallace and his assistants.

We are glad to have Mr. Frederic C. Baumann back with us again after his recent serious illness. Mr. Baumann and his pupils will give a soirée musical in S. A. Ward's Recital Hall, Tuesday evening, March 30, at which he will be assisted by Mr. George Simonda, baritone, and Mr. Louis Ehrke, violinist. The program, which will be as classical as those previously given by Mr. Baumann, will be performed by Miss Hide, Miss Harrison, Miss Watson and Miss Baxter.

Added to the many selections by Liszt, Bohm, Saint-Saëns, Chaminade, Wieniawski and Moszkowski, Mr. Baumann will play three piano solos of his own composition, including a serenade, played for the first time, a barcarolle and a mazurka, first performance.

The Gallant Knight, a baritone solo by Mr. Baumann, will also be sung. This song is finding favor among singers, and deservedly so. It is a fine song in text and score. On April 26 Mr. Baumann will give his second musical. MABEL LINDLEY THOMPSON.

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WE know one of the best men in this country for the sheet music business. He is a young man and speaks three or four languages fluently, and has a thorough knowledge of the sheet music business, both classical and popular. He is a musician of intelligence, and understands how to treat people, and can be reached by addressing this paper under the heading "Sheet Music."

Sieveking.—The Dutch pianist, Sieveking, made his initiatory bow to a Philadelphia audience on March 22 and, as the following press notices attest, scored a successful appearance.

An enthusiastic reception was accorded Martinus Sieveking, the distinguished Dutch pianist, who appeared for the first time in Philadelphia at Horticultural Hall, yesterday afternoon, and the impression remaining with the audience after the last note of his initial number was justly immediate and emphatic. The pianist opened with Chopin's *Fantaisie* in F minor, which he played with a clear, certain touch and purity of intonation apparent in the swift notes and delicate fluency of the sparkling runs, as in the firm handling of the more brilliant passages, and a poetic sentiment altogether admirable. Later on he gave Bizet's *M. nuet* from *L'Arlesienne*, and two of his own compositions, the *Angelus*, with a suggestion of the bell and striking finale, and a brilliant *Valse de Concert*, after which he was recalled again and again, and finally compelled to turn to the piano—*The Philadelphia Times*, March 23, 1897.

Sieveking, the Dutch pianist, who enjoys a great reputation elsewhere, and is regarded by some as the equal of Paderewski, was heard for the first time in Philadelphia yesterday afternoon, when he played in Horticultural Hall. He is evidently a fine artist, and he made a deeply favorable impression. The F minor fantasia of Chopin was rendered with a notable combination of delicacy and power, and the three other numbers, two little things by himself and a dance movement, from Bizet's *L'Arlesienne*, were brilliantly done, but in order to form a definite opinion of his artistic stature it would be necessary to hear him in a more varied and extensive program.—*The North American*, Philadelphia, March 23, 1897.

Sieveking, the Dutch pianist, was introduced to Philadelphia yesterday afternoon at a concert at Horticultural Hall. Sieveking naturally was the chief object of interest, and he assuredly deserves to rank with the great pianists. His playing is quite delightful, chiefly owing, we should say, to the exquisite singing quality of the tone he produces. His touch is delicate as well as strong, and he possesses in a marked degree the sympathetic faculty, which is a charming addition to his fine technique. The Chopin fantasia is such a varied composition that it afforded the best opportunity of judging of Mr. Sieveking's talent; but his own compositions show a decided individuality, and were well worth hearing.—*The Press*, Philadelphia, March 23, 1897.

A concert given yesterday afternoon at Horticultural Hall served to introduce, very agreeably, Martinus Sieveking, a Dutch pianist of undoubted attainments. To exactly gauge these attainments after one hearing would be, of course, impracticable, for the reason that what might be called "snapshot" judgments of artists are of no value. In other words, one performance, however excellent, does not furnish sufficient material for close analysis. It may be said in a general way, however, that Sieveking is evidently a pianist of mature powers, that his tone is notable for its clearness and, in many passages, for its sonority, and that what he does shows the influence of thought and artistic sympathy.—*The Philadelphia Ledger*, March 23, 1897.

More Notices of Rosa Linde.—

Madame Linde received quite an ovation when she made her appearance. Her number was the O Don Fatale, from Verdi's *Don Carlos*. The distinguished artist aroused great enthusiasm by her interpretation and the brilliancy with which she executed the technical difficulties. Her voice is of striking dimensions in range and volume, and her style is most commendable for ease and proper reserve power.

Madame Linde has associated with her a company of artists whose reputations are national and in a sense international. They are Madame Nordica, Messrs. W. H. Rieger and John C. Dempsey and Sig. Clementino de Macchi.

Mme. Rosa Linde is the first dramatic contralto of America; she has the most phenomenal and perfect voice since the great Alboni. Its range is three full octaves, every tone pure, clear and beautiful.

Madame Linde has done no little in achieving success as a singer of marked ability. The fact that she has, by marriage, become a daughter of Tennessee is one that will add no little interest to her appearance here to-night.—*Knoxville Tribune*, November 11, 1896.

Marie Leo.—Miss Marie Leo, from Berlin, a refined and thorough musician pianist, who assisted at the Fechter pupils' concert recently, left for Berlin on the Columbia, after having made a number of arrangements to teach besides several public appearances in America next season.

Chat with Rosenthal.

CORONADO BEACH, Cal., March 21, 1897.

IN a brief interview with Moriz Rosenthal, who is now at the Hotel del Coronado for his health, which is steadily but slowly improving, he told me that he did not expect to concertize again before June, possibly July.

"It may be months before I shall be able to even touch the piano, and the Pacific Coast may not hear me on the concert stage in my tour of America," he said. Mr. Rosenthal loves the summer climate of California, and after a month at this place expects to visit all the principal places and resorts, stopping a week or so at each place, finally bringing up at San Francisco, where he expects to look around for two or three weeks. He takes a stroll on the beach every morning and afternoon, and says he is entirely out of danger, though he is without color and gets weak quickly. California music lovers regret at not being able to hear this great pianist.

Last Saturday May Cook-Sharp gave a morning recital at the beautiful new music rooms of George J. Birkel at San Diego. It was largely attended by the music lovers and society people of San Diego and Coronado. This recital and Mme. Bloomfield Zeisler's have been decidedly the society musical events of the season. May Cook-Sharp was showered with well merited praise and requested to favor with another recital. Her first appearance in California was an instantaneous success. As an artist she has few equals. Following is the program:

| | |
|--------------------------------------|----------------|
| Sonata, op. 26..... | Beethoven |
| Novelletto, op. 21, No. 2..... | Schumann |
| Scherzo, op. 31..... | Chopin |
| Etude, op. 25, No. 7..... | Chopin |
| Valse, op. 42..... | Chopin |
| Gavot and Muset..... | d'Albert |
| At the Spring..... | Joseffy |
| Standchen, Hark, Hark, the Lark..... | Schubert-Liszt |
| Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 12..... | Liszt |

Anon.—"Subscriber" in Toronto who wished an answer about Paderewski can get it by signing his name. We have frequently stated that we will not answer anonymous communications.

Kansas Musical Jubilee.—The daily program and ticket arrangement of the Kansas Musical Jubilee, to be held at Hutchinson, Kan., May 18, 19, 20 and 21, is now issued. It comprises a well arranged, progressive test of students, covering every department of instrument and voice. Orchestra, piano, violin, 'cello, cornet, vocal soloists and chorus are all included in a judicious program embracing choice variety.

Heinrich Meyn's Success.—Here are some notices of this admirable baritone's work in *Samson* and *Delilah*:

To Heinrich Meyn, the baritone, who was the High Priest, much praise is due. His part began with an exceedingly difficult sustained recitative, which he rendered accurately and in good taste. In the act scene his voice was heard to especial advantage in duets with Miss Stein.—*Daily Palladium*, New Haven, March 25, 1897.

As *Abimelech*, the High Priest, Heinrich Meyn appeared to excellent advantage, showing in both voice and action no little breadth of style and emotional intensity.—*Morning News*, New Haven, March 25, 1897.

Mr. Meyn had an intelligent conception of his part. His style is good and he sings with refined expression and finished technique. His best work was in the solo, *Come Now, We Beg*, and in the duet with *Delilah*, *God Hear Our Prayer*. His singing was marked by earnestness, dramatic fervor and purity of tone and method.

Miss Stein was entirely successful in the concerted numbers, especially in the duet with Mr. Meyn, *Death to Our Mighty Foe*, sung with tremendous energy and a true dramatic spirit, which aroused the audience to great enthusiasm.—*Evening Register*, New Haven, Conn., March 25, 1897.

Heinrich Meyn, who had the difficult part of the High Priest, really did artistic work, but had a few mannerisms which would prejudice the superficial listener. There was a peculiar lisp in his voice which, added to his German accent, was not altogether pleasing. This was atoned for by the beautiful quality of many of his tones and the intensity and power of his interpretation. He sang with heart, soul and body, perhaps with the latter a shade too much. When one considers that the score in this part takes the baritone voice up to E and F and keeps it there measure after measure, then it is that one pronounces Mr. Meyn's work last night far beyond the average.—*Evening Leader*, New Haven, March 25, 1897.

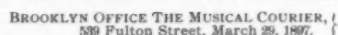
Mr. Meyn and Mr. Witherspoon had ungrateful tasks to perform, but both acquitted themselves well. Mr. Witherspoon sang with lovely quality of tone and showed a complete understanding of the text. He was more than equal to the part, and has undoubtedly started on a very successful career as an oratorio singer. Mr. Meyn sang the part of the High Priest, and while he has a good deal of difficult music to sing, he has no opportunity for effective solo work. Mr. Meyn sang throughout the evening in a very dignified and conscientious manner.—*Journal-Courier*, New Haven March 25, 1897.

National Education in Music.—Washington, March 22.—Senator Roach (Dem., N. Dak.), to-day introduced a bill "to promote the purposes of the National Conservatory of Music of America." After reciting in a preamble the incorporation of the National Conservatory with power to maintain an institution in the District of Columbia for the musical education of such persons as the trustees may deem proper, the bill appropriates \$25,000 for the use of the Conservatory "to be expended under the direction of the Secretary of the Interior, after the adoption by him of a plan having for its object the diffusion of musical knowledge and the education of citizens of the United States and others in the various branches of music."—*The Evening Post*.

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CARLLSMITH.

Xaver Scharwenka.

MATASWINTHA.

ON Thursday evening, April 1, the first performance of Xaver Scharwenka's grand opera *Mataswintha* will take place at the Metropolitan Opera House under the personal direction of the composer, this being the first new operatic work by a German composer produced in America for many years.

Mataswintha will be produced at the personal expense of Scharwenka himself. The outlay is a serious one; the likelihood of being in any sensible degree recouped a doubtful one, so that as the independent artistic venture of one individual the production of *Mataswintha* stands unique in the operatic annals of this country. It is a venture which should appeal to the pride in artistic progress of the American public, and which is entitled to their staunch support, the fact being well borne in mind that its author, Xaver Scharwenka, while a German by birth and history, has for more than six years past identified himself exclusively with the musical interests of America.

In the summer of 1890 Scharwenka, whose name was already a household word in every musical corner of the land, paid a visit to America, prior to the fulfilment of a list of engagements to appear as a piano virtuoso already closed for the fall. Having reconnoitred the prospects and necessities of the new country, he returned to his world famous conservatory in Berlin, conducted in conjunction with his eminent brother, Philipp Scharwenka, and thereupon made arrangements to adopt America as his permanent home of music and relinquish his practical association with Berlin. This was a move involving sacrifice. Xaver Scharwenka left behind him in Berlin one of the most famous, fully equipped and prosperous piano schools in the world. He made his debut in New York as a pianist of the first rank living, was heard all over the provinces, as he had been in New York, with the critical admiration and enthusiasm which were his due, and therewith established the Scharwenka Conservatory, of New York, an institution which has prosperously continued, and which marks a valuable progressive epoch in the piano playing history of our day.

This conservatory, modeled on the exact lines of the famous one at Berlin, is presided over by the eminent musician and composer Xaver Scharwenka himself. It covers all branches of music, but the piano genius of its director is naturally a distinguishing influence, tending to affect, as might well be presupposed, the most highly developed results.

America gave a welcome to Xaver Scharwenka which did not exhaust itself by a feverish ebullition at first. Day by day the man's genius, temperament and energy have solidified his standing among the foremost. The present climax, in giving to the American public the first fruit of his genius at heavy cost and risk to himself, may be accepted as the highest testimony a man can offer of that sterling worth which has brought him success and popularity among a new people whom he has made his own. *Mataswintha* stands in the light of a proud justification for the large section of this same people who recognized in Xaver Scharwenka the musical power and tremendous artistic influence which are his.

Mataswintha had its initial performance at the Weimar Court Theatre under the auspices of the Grand Duke of Saxony on October 4, 1896, and is now in preparation at the grand opera houses of Berlin and Vienna. The book is by Dr. Ernst Koppel, after Felix Dahn's historical novel *A Battle for Rome*. It deals with the final struggles of the Gothic race in the sixth century. *Mataswintha* is the last descendant of King Theodoric and about to be wedded to King *Witichis*, the ruler of another Gothic tribe, when she discovers that *Witichis* has another wife, and only consented to a formal union with her for political reasons. The story of her revenge and final self-destruction form the most thrilling incidents of the opera. It has been asserted by Continental critics that Mr. Scharwenka has succeeded in writing a score that thoroughly appeals to the student of the modern music drama, and at the same time pleases the vocal interpreters on the stage. The cast for Thursday night's performance will be as follows:

| | |
|--------------------|---------------------------|
| King Witichis..... | Herr Ernst Kraus |
| Rauthgundis..... | Miss Riza Eibenschuetz |
| Mataswintha..... | Georgine von Januschowsky |
| Totila..... | Fritz Ernst |
| Grippa..... | Emil Fischer |
| Arahad..... | Mr. Wm. Mertens |
| Aspa..... | Miss Marie Matfeld |

Entirely new scenery and new costumes have been pro-

vided for this performance and the enlarged Metropolitan Opera House orchestra will be under the direction of Mr. Xaver Scharwenka.

An analytic review of the Weimar production of *Mataswintha* from the pen of our Berlin correspondent, Mr. Otto Floersheim, was published in *THE MUSICAL COURIER* of October 28, 1896. We here reprint a comprehensive extract including an illustration of the various motives as classed and explained by Mr. Floersheim.

The book of *Mataswintha*, by Ernest Koppel, of Berlin, is based upon one of the most interesting episodes from Felix Dahn's well-known novel, *The Battle for Rome*. It treats of the death of *Witichis*, the last king of the Goths, and his first wife, *Rauthgundis*, caused by the second and disdained wife, *Mataswintha*, who acts from *dépit d'amour*, and who immediately upon seeing her work of destruction jumps into a burning granary to which she herself has set fire in order to destroy the Goths. Her self-immolation, grand as the effect of it is, has nothing in it of the noble and convincing self-destruction of *Brünhilde*, after which evidently it was modeled by the author. Generally a great many Wagnerian traits abound in the book, and likewise in the music, but while Xaver Scharwenka's share in the opera may be numbered among the best creations of the Wagner epigones, Koppel only succeeded in stringing together some dramatically effective situations, without ever reaching the ethic value of Dahn's strong prose, nor yet in any way the altitude of Wagner's poetry, and least of all the rugged strength of the characters portrayed in the novel.

As I indicate above, I place the music far above the poetry, and thus it was but just that after the strong applause which followed each of the four acts of the opera, but especially the final fall of the curtain, Scharwenka was called for loudly, and had to appear before the footlights in conjunction with the chief artists concerned in the performance, and finally also together with Stavenhagen, who had conducted the work, while nobody paid any particular attention to the author of the libretto.

Where Scharwenka's music distinguishes itself strongly from the works of most other followers of Wagner, and in some measure even from Wagner himself, is in his use of the *Leitmotive*. Of course he employs it, but he does not apply it in such directly personal manner as does Wagner, for instance, in the *Nibelungenring*. Thus, if a certain person is mentioned his or her motif does not immediately make its appearance, but he uses it more in the portrayal of certain moods and in order to gain certain effects. In this respect, it seems to me, Scharwenka has succeeded in broadening somewhat the nowadays frequently misunderstood meaning and falsely applied principle of the *Leitmotive*.

The Vorspiel conveys an idea of the strongly passionate nature of the heroine *Mataswintha* which is developed right from the beginning, and finds expression in the following motif:



which is worked up to a full consciousness of its real essence, her love for *Witichis*.



After this episode has been led to an extreme climax the motif of Fate is heard:



which threateningly points toward the now following motif of the tender, conjugal love of *Witichis* and *Rauthgundis*:



The Vorspiel leads without stop into the first scene in which motif *d* predominates, and in manifold rhythmic and dynamic changes portrays different moods.

In the scene which now follows, in which *Grippa*, Count

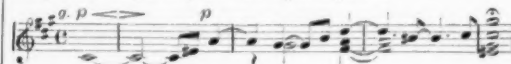
of Ravenna, and his followers enter upon the scene, an entire new motif given out for the four horns appears:



It is evidently intended to portray the iron step of an approaching tragic fate. *Grippa's* relentlessness is implied in the following use of the same motif:



While the first act took place in *Witichis's* country house and love's retreat at Faesulae, the second act leads us to *Mataswintha's* apartments at Ravenna. The sultry atmosphere and gloomy mood are portrayed in



Mataswintha confides her love for *Witichis* to her friend *Aspa*, and it is here where for the first time in the opera motif *b* from the Vorspiel it is effectively worked up to a most passionate climax.

Arahad, a noble young Goth, appears, and with him the following motif:



Passingly a short rhythmic motif full of mental disquiet is heard:



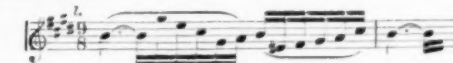
and finds frequent application.

A heroic motif, full of Gothic grandeur, is principally used in the cortège accompanying *Witichis's* betrothal to *Mataswintha*,

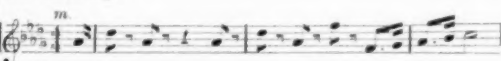


and is used later on in connection with motif *a* to build up the grand choral finale of the second act.

The third act opens with the chorus of the female slaves, in which the following graceful arabesque figure for the violins predominates:



In the great solo scene of *Mataswintha* which follows we find the most variegated mood motifs, beginning with the following:



which, first intoned softly by the harp, is worked up to a grand and brilliant outbreak of joy in C major.

The episode which now follows between *Mataswintha* and *Witichis* alone in the bridal chamber (*Lohengrin*, Act III.), brings thematic material for the portrayal of darkest despair:



Motiv *i* is heard again in the scene which follows, like sorely afraid, agitated heartbeats:



mingled with the outcry of a deeply wounded soul.



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Over Act IV. there hovers a plaintive, sombre sadness, which is described in the following motif:



which, together with motifs *b* and *k*, predominates in the opening scenes.

The Gothic people go to church to pray for help, the following motifs being their accompaniment:



With the appearance of *Witichis* we hear the firm step of his warriors and friends:



Witichis and the people enter the church, whereupon *Mataswintha* makes her appearance with the burning torch. The stealthy gliding in of her movements is expressed in the following motif:



Then follows the meeting of the two woman rivals, *Mataswintha* and *Rauthgundis*, and the difficult portrayal of their alternating feelings of hatred, revenge, despair and fierce love, a chaos in which Scharwenka makes use of a combination of the above thematic material with masterly skill, especially also in orchestration, and the affecting death scene of the three principals brings the opera to a most dramatic close.

As for the performance itself, I have little but praise to bestow. The principal share of it is due to Stavenhagen, who had studied the work of his friend with care, and who conducted it with a zeal and evident enthusiasm.

Of the principals in the cast, Zeller as *King Witichis* deserves first mention. I singled him out as one of the coming heroic tenors when I first heard him as *Guntram* in Richard Strauss' exacting music drama, and since then the yet young man seems to have mentally grown, while his voice retained its power and freshness.

Very sympathetic and musically as well as dramatically satisfying was Frau Stavenhagen, as *Rauthgundis*; she has a sweet, pure but not very powerful soprano voice. Miss Marie Joachim, daughter of the two great artists, Joseph and Amalia Joachim, in the title rôle was vocally disappointing to me; she has a harsh, metallic voice of trumpet timbre, but not of sympathetic quality. On the other hand, she has a commanding stage presence, "every inch a queen," and there are a good many inches of her.

The other characters in the opera are of only secondary interest and importance, but they were all in satisfactory hands. Chorus and orchestra were first class, and the mise-en-scène, though anything but rich, was adequate.

Xaver Scharwenka gained years ago world-wide fame as a performer as well as a composer. E. Schelle, writing in the *Wiener Presse* of one of his concerts, in which Sarasate assisted, wrote: "Sarasate is in the first instance a virtuoso, a virtuoso in the noblest sense of the word. In Scharwenka virtuosity, even eminent virtuosity, is only a means to an end. In him the virtuoso goes hand in hand with the composer." And spoke of his own Staccato Etude and Theme with Variations as evidences of serious artistic creative power. Schelle expressly praises his performance of Beethoven's E flat major concerto, while the *Neue Zeitschrift*, of Leipzig, speaks of his Chopin renderings as proving his natural sympathy with his own countryman, and praises his Liszt performances, that evoked as great applause as had ever been given to Tausig or Bülow. The *Echo*, of Berlin, and the *Pester Lloyd*, of Budapest, both join in encomiums of Scharwenka's Chopin playing. The *Magdeburg Journal* wrote: "As composer Scharwenka has long had an eminent reputation, and it was a double pleasure to hear some of his charming compositions in the style of Chopin and Schumann." Scores of other testi-

monials to his talents as a pianist could be given, but it is enough here to add the verdict of Ed. Hanslick, the well-known critic of the *Neue Freie Presse*: "Scharwenka is a most distinguished pianist, dazzling and free from charlatanerie. The power of his octave runs, his light, sure passage work, the transparent delicacy of his ornaments and the melodiousness of his trills, all held together and enhanced by sound musical delivery, are excellencies which can scarcely be found in greater perfection elsewhere."

We append an exhaustive criticism of *Mataswintha* which expresses the unanimous verdict of the European press:

(From the *Kölnische Zeitung*.)

The historical matter is clearly arranged for opera. After Theodahad, the king of the race of Amal, had betrayed the empire of the Goths to Belisarius, a civil war threatened to break out among the Goths, to avoid which *Witichis* was elected king by the people, who saw in him the savior of the race. Before this *Witichis* had secretly wedded a companion of his youth, a child of the free mountains, the fair *Rauthgundis*, and to her he returns in all the glory of his new dignity, to take leave before entering on the campaign to which he is called. But while they are intoxicated with their love, like *Tristan* and *Isolde*, the fatal news comes that the people of Ravenna, the capital of the Amal race, refuse to acknowledge as rightful sovereign anyone except *Mataswintha*, the grandchild of the Theodoric the Great, and that the whole Gothic people demand the marriage of *Witichis* and *Mataswintha*. In the frightful mental struggle the strength of *Witichis* threatens to give way; he rejects the proposal, and, pressing his wife in his arms in the presence of the ambassadors, he flings his sword away and lays down his crown. Then he remembers the oath he had just taken to sacrifice everything for the cause:

Für der Guten heilige Sache
Alles, alles hinzugeben,
Gut und Gunst, Recht und Rache,
Weib und Wille, Leib und Leben.

This recollection and the urgency of his friends compel the luckless hero again to take his sword in hand, and with heart-breaking laments his wife sees him depart "to end the needs of his people." So far the first act leads us; from a theatrical standpoint it is far the best, not only is the exposition admirable, but it reaches a point of dramatic grandeur not afterward attained, much less surpassed. The second act takes the audience to the hall of the royal palace at Ravenna, where *Mataswintha* is pining with love for the heroic man whom she had once seen at the court and could not forget. In the midst of her sorrow and longing, comes a message from a discarded lover that *Witichis* is at hand, to share with her for the future realm and crown. Attended by a brilliant train, the hero enters to ask for her hand. She accepts the offer with glowing passion and a chorus of joy closes the act. As the curtain rises again, we see, as in the third act of *Lohengrin*, the bridal chamber, the white marble walls hung with dark red silk, and in a dull circle of light a bust of Ares on its pedestal. A bridal chorus, excellently instrumented, concludes, in the Weimar arrangement, the first scene of the third act. Then comes the great monologue of *Mataswintha*, expressive of her love and passion; but *Witichis* lays his sword in the middle of the bridal bed in token of everlasting conjugal separation, and reveals to the downstricken *Mataswintha* his marriage to *Rauthgundis*. The deceived lady sends the unhappy man out into the night and shatters to pieces the old idol of her love, the bust of Ares.

The scene of the next act is an open place at Ravenna; to the right the king's palace, to the left a church with a large porch; in the background a huge storehouse, in which *Witichis*, to provide against the coming siege, had collected enormous quantities of grain; but before the hero, whom *Mataswintha* had betrayed to the enemy, returns, defeated and wounded to death, to meet once more his loving wife, *Rauthgundis*, and to die in her arms, the storehouse is set on fire by *Mataswintha* and destroyed. But the betrayed woman seeks in the glowing flames the end of her love passion; like *Isolde* she dies her Liebste, and, like *Brünnhilde*, in the *Götterdämmerung*, rushes into the consuming fire. As has been said, the libretto is not bad, and the construction of the scenes and the arrangement of the conflict is very clever. A few trivialities perhaps occur in the text; but the language is far above that in most modern operas, even if it only seldom rises to the grandeur of Wagner. Corresponding to the form of the drama, we find, as in Weber, and as in Wagner's operas before *Tristan*, aria-like monologues, great scenes in dialogue form, important ensembles with chorus in pleasing alternation. The centre of gravity of the music is not so much, as in the later Wagner or in Strauss' *Guntram* or Schilling's *Ingelweide*, placed in the orchestra; the composer has rather, like Humperdinck in his fairy opera, given their due rights to the singers on the stage, and the music is almost always thoroughly singable.

The style is essentially modern. There is considerable musical invention, and in spite of all the intricacy of the situations, never fails to be independent. That Scharwenka handles the instrumentation like a master is no news to those who know his works. The prelude, which interrupted by a brief passage in G flat major, moves in the key of F major, is of great beauty and often of entrancing resonance. The love duet of the reunited pair is wonderful, and terrible grandeur that musically carries one away marks *Witichis'* refusal to the demands of his friends, a climax that is attained by nothing in the remaining course of the opera except the Death Song of the dying pair in the finale of the last act. The Bridal Song in the beginning of the third act is original and extremely tender. Although the last act does not rise as high as the others, the opera as a whole leaves a very good impression. The singers and the director, Stavenhagen, as well as the composer were repeatedly called.

To-morrow night's production at the Metropolitan Opera House will mark a red-letter event in the musical history of America. Scharwenka has made himself one of us, has thrown all his artistic interests—enormously potent interests—into the future progress of music in this country. Now, under his own direction and at his own personal risk, he ventures to present to the American public the richest, completest product of his genius. It deserves a royal welcome. His accomplishment should not only be greeted with strong abiding approval, but with pride. Because,

artistically speaking, the composer of *Mataswintha* has constituted himself American, devotes his every energy to the development and training of music in America, and with honest, fair encouragement might become a composer who would find in the particular needs and interests of the musical public of this country the mainspring of his activities.

Art is cosmopolitan, it is true. Good in one corner of the world, good in all. But there is a peculiar, mixed condition of musical taste in America at present—a condition which might be resolved in two ways, either for better or worse. A finger of delicate discrimination on its pulse, the finger of one who had lived in and knew well the uncertain atmosphere and its precise needs, might bring about the needed evolution. Due encouragement of any able composer in this country might convert him into the essential rudder which our opera-going public sorely need to keep their craft from splitting on one rock or the other.

Scharwenka is showing nobly what he can do. All honor and credit to him, and may he receive liberally and spontaneously the support he has earned so well! If the American public accords him this they place simultaneously a first mortgage on one of the finest talents of his age. Due recognition of a man like Xaver Scharwenka spells progress to the land. Neglect would spell decay.

To-morrow evening New York will be put to the test which worked like magic in one of the most musical cities of Europe some months ago. It will no doubt rise loyally and respond to the occasion of Scharwenka's *Mataswintha*.

Mapleson Leaves.—Col. Henry Mapleson expects to leave for Southampton to-day. He will probably have an interest in Drury Lane Theatre, London, and proposes to bring an opera company here next season.

Karl-Dewey Vineyard Haven Purchase.—Mr. Tom Karl and Mr. Delion Dewey, who have been hitherto identified in large degree with the musical interests at Vineyard Haven, Mass., have now purchased Mr. Frederic Bristol's entire interests in that quarter, and henceforth may be looked to as heads of one of the most delightful and artistic summer colonies in America. Progress will be in active order, and artists and musicians in large numbers from New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia and other cities will here pass the summer, where health, rest and study are rationally and pleasantly combined. The inspiring atmosphere of Vineyard Haven, open air, generally artistic and social, is one of the best known and most favored within a day's journey of New York.

Verlet's Success.—Here are more press notices of Mlle. Verlet:

The soloist, Mlle. Verlet, soprano, proved altogether a satisfactory quantity. She has a light coloratura voice, of musical quality, and much flexibility.—*The Enquirer, Cincinnati, February 15, 1897.*

The soloist, Mlle. Alice Verlet, confirmed the impression that she is a coloratura soprano of no mean order of merit. Her voice has musical quality and elasticity. She sang the Bell Song from *Lakmé* with good command of its florid requirements.—*The Commercial Tribune, Cincinnati, February 15, 1897.*

Mlle. Verlet has a clear, bright voice, which she used to good advantage in her rather florid songs. She was received with much favor and was obliged to respond to an encore after each appearance.—*The Commercial Tribune, Cincinnati, February 5, 1897.*

As a concert soprano Mlle. Verlet ranks very high. Her voice is clear as a bell, totally devoid of any tremolo or mannerism of any kind, swelling to a climax when necessary, gradually and absolutely true to the pitch. The slightest aberration seems a physical and artistic impossibility to this perfect vocalist. Mlle. Verlet sang (always in French) *Ragnild*, by Grieg; a song by Brahms and an aria from Donizetti's *Don Pasquale*.—*The Leader, Cleveland, February 12, 1897.*

Mlle. Alice Verlet, who sang in the French text the *Grand Air de Meireille*, by Gounod, and a tarentelle by Rossini, left altogether a good impression. Her voice, a light coloratura soprano, seems well adapted to her selections, with a pure intonation and reliable execution.—*The Enquirer, Cincinnati, February 5, 1897.*

Mlle. Verlet is a young and handsome brunette, and possesses much personal magnetism, is of pleasing address and speaks English with considerably fluency. She possesses a pure soprano voice of much beauty and of a sympathetic quality, flexible and yet powerful, as was demonstrated in the Donizetti operatic cavatina, *Quel Guada il Cavaliere*, which Mlle. Verlet sang with fluency, ease and brilliancy. Her Hindoo song from one of Bemberg's operas was a fine specimen of cantabile singing, and resulted in a recall, to which she responded with Gounod's *Te Souviens tu*.—*The Sentinel, Milwaukee, February 23, 1897.*

Mlle. Verlet although a newcomer, made an undoubted success. She has a sweet soprano voice and sings with exceeding ease. Her program numbers were Grieg's *Solvejg Song*, a French number from Brahms, and Bell Song from *Lakmé*, by Delibes.

In all she gave not only an appreciation of the composer's style, but also of a surprising acquaintance with the English language. Each of her numbers were encored, to which she gracefully responded.—*The Post, Pittsburgh, March 12, 1897.*

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CHICAGO OFFICE THE MUSICAL COURIER,
226 Wabash Avenue, March 27, 1907.

A SIGNED letter treating of opera has been published in the *Chicago Tribune* this week. It is interesting and chiefly noticeable for being a clever resumé of the editorials which have appeared in THE MUSICAL COURIER for several weeks past.

The Amateur Club gave a concert in honor of the Manuscript Society of Chicago Monday, presenting the following program:

| | |
|--|----------------------------|
| Canon, F major..... | Middleschulte |
| Song of the Morn..... | Miss Lillian M. Way. |
| Exhilaration..... | Mrs. J. Franklin Thacker. |
| Idylle..... | |
| Romanza Appassionata..... | Sherwood |
| | Miss Celeste Nellis. |
| O Santissimo Otho, Visconti..... | Gleason |
| | Mrs. Frederick A. Bangs. |
| Address by the president of the Chicago Manuscript Society, | |
| and andante..... | Mr. Frederic Grant Gleason |
| Quintet for piano and strings, op. No. 2, D minor, allegro | |
| Mrs. Lapham, Mr. Spiering, Mr. Esser, Mr. Weidig and Mr. Williams. | Seeböck |
| Christmas Song..... | Eleanor Smith |
| Have You Got a Brook in Your Little Heart?..... | Clarence Dickinson |
| | Mrs. Oscar B. Remmer. |
| Serenade..... | Op. 34, Nos. 1 and 2, MS. |
| Elfantanz..... | Liebling |
| | Miss Maude Jennings. |
| Where Do the Stars Hide?..... | Bertha Jacques |
| Norse Lullaby..... | John A. Carpenter |
| The Riddle..... | Jessie L. Gaynor |
| | Mrs. J. Franklin Thacker. |
| The Roses..... | |
| A Summer Lullaby..... | George F. Root |
| | Amateur Club Choir. |

At the conclusion of the program Arne Oldberg, our very talented young pianist composer, played his new suite. All the numbers are delightful, but it is essentially a composition to be programmed and should not be heard promiscuously, as each number is a little poem in itself, and requires to be distinctly named.

Mr. and Mrs. Bicknell Young's concert on Thursday was a musical event of interest. The following program was given:

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| Songs— | |
| I Attempt from Love's Sickness to Fly..... | Purcell |
| Sento Nel Core..... | A. Scarlatti |
| Violin, Chaconne..... | Bach |
| Songs— | |
| The Linden Tree..... | Schubert |
| The Departure..... | |
| Songs— | |
| Bid Me to Live..... | Hatton |
| Bendemeer Stream (Old Irish)..... | Arranged by Scott-Gatty |
| Mohacs Field (Hungarian)..... | Arranged by Korbay |
| Violin, fantasia (Carmen)..... | Hubay |
| Songs— | |
| Formosa..... | F. David |
| L'Amour..... | Godard |
| Aria, Eri Tu (Ballo in Maschera)..... | Verdi |
| There was an exceedingly good attendance, in fact the largest of the series. Both Mr. and Mrs. Young are exceedingly popular, and their concerts are always worth attention, as all their work is artistic, refined and cultured. Mr. Spiering played splendidly, and Mr. Walter Spry, who accompanied Mr. Spiering, is an artist in every sense of the word. Altogether the concert was noteworthy for the high standard of excellence maintained throughout. | |

The Germania Männerchor gave a concert Thursday, some of our very gifted artists assisting in the following program:

| | |
|--------------------------|------------------------------|
| Fantaisie..... | Servais |
| | Mr. Franz Wagner. |
| Männerchor a capella— | |
| Vineta..... | Abt |
| | Germania Männerchor. |
| Ruhe süß Lieben..... | Brahms |
| Widmung..... | Schumann |
| | Miss Martha von Koenigsmann. |
| Am Stillen Herd..... | Wagner-List |
| Nocturne..... | Chopin |
| Islena..... | Saint-Saëns |
| | Mr. Hans von Schiller. |
| Männerchor a capella— | |
| Abschied..... | Schoenfeld |
| Lützow's Wilde Jagd..... | Weber |
| | Germania Männerchor. |
| Gute Nacht..... | Dvorák |

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| Das Sternelein..... | Schoenfeld |
| Die Blauen Frühlingsaugen..... | Ries |
| | Miss Martha von Koenigsmann. |
| Bourrée e Musette..... | Schoenfeld |
| Chant Polonais..... | Chopin |
| St. Francis auf den Wogen des Meeres Schreitend..... | Liszt |
| | Mr. Hans von Schiller. |
| Träumereri..... | Schumann |
| Arlequin..... | Popper |
| | Mr. Franz Wagner. |
| Ave Maria..... | Bach-Gounod |
| | Miss M. von Koenigsmann, Mr. F. Wagner and Germania Männerchor. |

I hear that the entertainment was exceedingly successful.

From London news comes of Charles W. Clark's success at his first concert. He is a fine representative Chicago musician, and deserves credit for his work.

J. Harry Wheeler is making many friends, and has established a fine class in San Antonio, Tex. In this case our loss has been a big gain for the other city.

Mme. Anna Weiss repeated her success on Sunday in the North Side Turner Hall, playing the D minor concerto of Mendelssohn, which she had given in a previous week at the South Side Turner Hall. She was accorded a magnificent, enthusiastic reception and was obliged to respond to an encore by playing Chaminade's Air de Ballet.

Madame Weiss was heard also at Steinway Hall at the Charity Concert and met with the same gratifying enthusiasm.

Genevra Johnstone Bishop paid a flying visit to Chicago this week, and leaves again to-morrow for California, where she is engaged for three immense festivals. She has had one unvarying triumph at all cities visited artistically, and financially her appearances have eclipsed all previous records.

Among other out of town attractions who belong to this city is Brooke's Chicago Marine Band. Eastern accounts are glowing about the concerts given by this now famous band, which is rivaling all similar organizations. Encouragement to prolong the original Eastern season has been given to Mr. Pew, the astute manager for T. P. Brooke, and it is undecided when the band will return home.

The Boston papers teem with praise for the programs given, the leader and the interpretation of the music, and it is gratifying to Chicagoans to know that its most popular band is appreciated at its true worth.

Miss Mary Wood Chase has been heard in several towns in Indiana recently. The papers all speak in high terms of her performance.

The North Side Musical Club gave a musicale on Wednesday afternoon, March 24, at the apartment of Mrs. Whedon, of The Virginia. The program was given by Misses Whedon, Foote, Richardson, Cossar, Lindskoy, Gribi and Wittmeyer.

Mr. William Armstrong, of the *Chicago Tribune*, will deliver his lecture on Operatic Artists and Musicians before the American Conservatory April 1. Mr. Wm. Nelson and Mr. Bicknell Young will assist.

Emil Liebling gave a charming concert on Wednesday. It was one of the nicest entertainments given in Kimball Hall this season. The following was the program:

| | |
|--|--------------------------------|
| Sonata for piano and 'cello..... | Grieg |
| | Mr. Liebling and Franz Wagner. |
| Scherzo from concerto, op. 100..... | Litolff |
| | Miss Jennie Munn. |
| Polonaise from Mignon..... | Thomas |
| | Madame De Pasquali. |
| Variations on a Theme..... | Händel |
| | Mr. Adolph Brune. |
| 'Cello solo..... | Schumann |
| | Franz Wagner. |
| Gavot and Variations..... | Rameau |
| Serenade and Elfantanz..... | E. Liebling |
| La Campanella..... | Liszt |
| | Miss Maude Jennings. |
| Aria De Michaela..... | Bizet |
| | Madame De Pasquali. |
| Concerto, op. 33 (first movement)..... | Tschaikowsky |
| | Miss Myrtle Fisher. |

Adolph Weidig's new trio for piano, violin and viola was the feature of the afternoon concert given by the American Conservatory this afternoon. It is quite distinctly the most charming new composition I have heard for several months past, and it has this advantage, that it is written within the scope of amateurs, who can safely place it in their repertory with the assurance that it will always be accorded a reception repaying them for studying it. It is in three short movements, each bearing the stamp of fine musical treatment, and each movement will appeal to a miscellaneous audience. There is not one dull measure in

the entire composition, and it is still sound music of much originality.

Madame Linné kindly substituted for a pupil of hers who was to have sung Frain's charming songs and read them from manuscript at sight. Ragna Linné's interpretation and voice were exquisite, as always, and added vastly to the value of the entertainment. Clarence Dickinson, the organist and composer; Cave Thompson, a clever composer and pianist; Victor Everham and H. M. Harris were all well represented.

The following is the program:

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|---------------------------------------|--|
| Theme, Variations and Fugue..... | Cave Thompson |
| | Mr. Cave Thompson. |
| Song, My Dove..... | M. Theo. Frain |
| | Miss Alice Reddy. |
| A Love Sonnet..... | Victor Everham |
| Gavot..... | Mr. Victor Everham. |
| Flowers in the Crannied Wall..... | |
| The Brook..... | Clarence Dickinson |
| I Taste a Liquor..... | Miss Alice Reddy. |
| Sonata for piano and 'cello..... | H. M. Harris |
| | Messrs. Harris and Wagner. |
| A Million Stars..... | M. Theo. Frain |
| Sad Are They..... | Miss Elaine De Dellein. |
| Burree..... | Cave Thompson |
| Menuetto..... | Mr. Cave Thompson. |
| Trio for piano, violin and viola..... | Adolf Weidig |
| | Miss Louise Robyn, Messrs. Villm and Weidig. |

Mr. Oscar Franklin Comstock, of Brooklyn, N. Y., will give a vocal and instrumental recital at Kimball Hall March 31, under the kind auspices of Mr. Emil Liebling. The following is the program which Mr. Comstock will give, being both vocalist and pianist:

| | |
|------------------------------|------------------|
| Ballade in A flat..... | Chopin |
| Etude in C sharp minor..... | |
| Etude in C minor..... | Schubert |
| Am Meer..... | Grieg |
| Das Alte Lied..... | Schumann |
| Die Lotosblume..... | Chopin |
| Scherzo in B flat minor..... | |
| Ideale..... | Tosti |
| Ninon..... | Scarlatti-Tausig |
| Pastorale..... | Liebling |
| Menuetto Scherzoso..... | Raff |
| Gavot..... | Saint-Saëns |
| Mazurka..... | Meyer-Helmund |
| The Proposal..... | Gaynor |
| If I Were a Bee..... | Chadwick |
| The Lament..... | |
| Bedouin Love Song..... | Corelli |

Mr. Theodore Spiering's pupils gave the following program at a recital this morning:

| | |
|-------------------------------------|-------------------|
| Suite in F major..... | Corelli |
| | Miss Alice Cady. |
| Sarabande..... | Bach |
| | Miss Anna Pigott. |
| Concerto XXII., First Movement..... | Viotti |
| | Miss Amy Jones. |
| Romance..... | Jacoby |
| | Miss Ina Hall. |
| Adagio from Seventh Concerto..... | Spohr |
| Capriccio..... | Gade |
| | Mr. Wm. Diestel. |

The matinee given in Handel Hall this afternoon by advanced pupils of the Chicago Music College was a fair sample of what is being done at Chicago's greatest music school. Every number was given with an artistic finish hardly to be expected of amateurs. The pianists were pupils of the distinguished teacher, Dr. F. Ziegfeld, president of the college. The Rhapsodie Hongroise, Liszt, was played by the Misses Ida Stemmer and Kathleen Air; valse, op. 34, Moszkowski, by Miss Viola E. MacLean. Miss Elizabeth Mosby gave the Dream of Love, Liszt, and Rigoletto, Liszt, and the Misses Eleanor L. Bosley, Fleetie Gillum, Helen M. Marshall and Bertha Harris the march from Queen of Sheba, Ricordi-Gounod. All the young ladies played brilliantly, and showed that careful attention had been given to the development of their technic. Mr. Frank Rushworth sang Memories, by Hope Temple. His voice is developing wonderfully, and he has acquired a finish and repose that make his performance doubly pleasant. Miss Edna M. Crawford sang Salve Regina, Dana. Her soprano voice is rich and full, and she uses it skillfully. In the duet, Night in Venice, Lucantoni. Miss Crawford and Mr. Rushworth scored decided success, their voices blending well. A praiseworthy interpretation of the Qui Dei Contrabandier, Carmen, Bizet, was given by Miss Byrd Perry. Miss Perry has a good voice and promises much for the future. Mr. Lewis Blackman played the chaconne, by Bach, overcoming the great technical difficulties. The hall was crowded with a representative and enthusiastic audience, as is ever the case at the concerts given by this famous institution.

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CINCINNATI, March 22, 1907.

THE past week has offered very little, if anything, of musical interest in this city. An air of busy preparation for the annual examinations at the College of Music is beginning to assert itself among the faculty and the students as well. It is understood that the standard will be placed higher than it was last year, and that it will be more difficult and a greater honor to be awarded certificates, diplomas or the Springer gold medals. This is as it should be.

There was considerable looseness and leniency in this direction under the old régime, but since Mr. Frank Van der Stucken, as dean of the faculty, has been in practical charge of affairs at the college things have assumed a different aspect. Discipline has been rigidly enforced and system has been cultivated in all the different departments of academical instruction.

The dean in enforcing his rules has made and is making some enemies. He is not a popular man by any means with many members of the faculty. Some of them have expressed a positive dislike for his manner and methods. They say he lacks the "suaviter in modo," but howsoever this may be, it is certain that he can be very "fortiter in re." The new contracts for the members of the faculty will be made out in April, and it is expected that some few changes will be made and a new position, that of assistant musical director, will be created. By the latter arrangement Mr. Van der Stucken will have his duties considerably lightened at the college, and at the same time he will be able to devote more time to the general supervision of his work. I believe Mr. Van der Stucken is a man of wonderful energy, force of character and much individuality. He aims directly for an object and gets there the shortest road possible, clearing the way for himself without fear or favor.

I do not think he is given to favoritism, although he has been accused of it. He is of too ambitious a nature himself. On the other hand, he appreciates the value and necessity of loyalty, and I do not believe he will tolerate in the faculty anyone whom he honestly believes to be disloyal to himself or to the interests of the college. He takes it that as the head of the college one would be as detrimental and intolerable as the other.

Speaking of prospective changes, these will largely depend upon the salary list made out for the next year. I have it on good authority that it is proposed to reduce a few of the highest salaries at \$4,000 per annum on the ground of the necessity for economy. The ground is not well taken. The best professors at the college receiving this amount, such as Mr. Albino Gorno, Mr. Armin W. Doerner, Mr. Lino Mattioli, &c., ought not to be disturbed by means

of such a reduction, even though a few do not earn their salaries from the standpoint of actual income. The college can ill afford to lower its reputation by engaging cheaper professors. It does not seem quite certain that Mr. José Marien, the present head of the violin department, and concertmaster of the Symphony Orchestra, will remain. It will altogether depend upon the renewal and terms of his contract. On the other hand, it seems assured that the Chevalier Pier A. Tirindelli, violinist, lately of Boston and for the past year connected with the Auditorium School of Music, will be connected with the college next season. It is not definitely known in what capacity. Mr. Van der Stucken is known to have declared that he will be in the vocal department, but as he is conspicuously a violin teacher, this does not look probable.

As I have already intimated, there has developed of late a good deal of animus in many members of the faculty against the dean, and if, one of these days, resignations are handed in by the wholesale, it will not create much surprise. Among those who may be counted as an uncertain quantity is Prof. A. J. Gantvoort, who has charge of the popular music class. Mr. Gantvoort is a man of very positive ideas and is willing to remain, provided the new contract suits him. He has had some very flattering offers from elsewhere. As for Mr. Albino Gorno, it would be a pity if his services were not retained. He is a pianist, a musician and an instructor of which this community, where he has resided so long, may well feel proud. Mr. Theodore Thomas said of him that he is the best reader of piano music in this country. All that Mr. Gorno lacks is personal ambition. But for that he might have been in the lead, or at least in the front ranks, of the piano virtuosi of the present day. Last year he refused to sign the supplementary contract submitted by Mr. Van der Stucken, by the terms of which any member of the faculty might be discharged for "drunkenness, incompetency or insubordination" at the discretion of the dean of the faculty or the president of the college. Mr. Gorno said he did not need the clause, as he was willing to sever his connection with the college as soon as he had official notification that his services were no longer needed. In spite of his refusal his valuable services were retained. Will he be required to sign such a contract for next year? If so, his resignation may be expected beyond a doubt. But no matter what resignations may happen, no calamity on that account will threaten the college. Even the dean has expressed himself that there is not a single member of the present faculty, "who could not be substituted in five minutes." Of course there was no intimation that the dean himself might not be substituted.

As the musical season is drawing to a close, it seems the proper thing to devote some attention to the Ladies' Musical Club, to whose efforts is largely owing the resuscitation of musical standing in this city at the present time. But for the Ladies' Musical Club there would not have been a Symphony Orchestra on a permanent basis to-day. By their efforts many of the best soloists are attracted to this city, who otherwise would have been tempted to pass it by. It is the honest endeavor of the club to cultivate ever an upward tendency. The active membership of the club is as follows:

Miss Martha Allen, Miss Lucia Allen, Miss Therese Abraham, Miss Mina Betscher, Mrs. Jessie B. Broekhoven, Miss Georgine G. Brown, Mrs. Jacob Bloom, Mrs. W. D. Breed, Mrs. Albert H. Chatfield, Miss Ethel A. Chamberlin, Miss Flora D. Coan, Miss Anna Coan, Mrs. Louise Hosea Desjardins, Mrs. Chas. W. Dodd, Miss Anna Dickman, Miss Elise Dorst, Miss Jennie Elsner, Miss Ida Ewing, Mrs. Geo. B. Ehrmann, Miss Leonie Frank, Mrs. Frank B. Finney, Miss Aline Predin, Miss Jeannette Freiberg, Miss Annie E. Griffiths, Miss

Katherine Gould, Mrs. L. N. Hosea, Miss Helen Hinkle, Miss Agnes Hochstetter, Miss Josephine Holbrook, Miss Alfaretta G. Hill, Mrs. Anna N. Hartdegen, Mrs. Charles Harrison, Mrs. Lytle Hunter, Miss Jeanne L'Hommedieu, Miss Amy Koffer, Miss Josephine Klib, Mrs. Corinne Moore Lawson, Miss Lena Laubach, Miss Stella Lipman, Miss Helen Nathan, Miss Caroline D. Parke, Miss Blanche Randall, Miss Emma L. Roedter, Miss Mary R. Rice, Mrs. Ida Smith Lemmon, Miss Marie Schwill, Miss Elsie Schwill, Miss Rosa C. Shay, Miss Fanny M. Stone, Miss Alice Sterne, Miss Irma Sterne, Miss Lillian S. Tyler, Mrs. Wm. H. Taft, Miss Helene Sparmann, Mrs. Emma Von Seggern, Mrs. Fanny Resor Waite, Mrs. J. Wilby, Mrs. C. B. Wright.

The plan of concerts during the present season is submitted:

Nov. 14—Miscellaneous program. Mrs. Jessie B. Broekhoven, chairman.
Nov. 28—Program of romantic composers. Miss Lillian S. Tyler, chairman.
Dec. 12—An afternoon with Mozart.
Jan. 9—FIRST FOREIGN ARTIST RECITAL. Mr. D. Ffrangcon-Davies, baritone.
Jan. 23—Program of Hungarian music, with paper by Miss Leonie Frank, chairman.
Feb. 6—SECOND FOREIGN ARTIST RECITAL. Mr. Martinus Sieveking, pianist.
Feb. 20—(Postponed to the 27th on account of Damrosch Opera.) Miscellaneous program. Miss Helen Hinkle, chairman.
Mar. 6—THIRD FOREIGN ARTIST RECITAL. Mr. Richard J. Ferrer, violinist. Mr. Hans Seitz, baritone.
Mar. 20—Bach, Beethoven, Brahms. Mrs. Charles W. Dodd, chairman.
Apr. 3—Grieg, Tchaikowsky, Saint-Saëns. Miss Amy Koffer, chairman.
Apr. 17—American composers. Miss Fanny M. Stone, chairman.
May 8—FOURTH FOREIGN ARTIST RECITAL. Spiering String Quartet. Assembly Hall, Odd Fellows' Temple, Saturday evening, May 8.

Under the auspices of the club on Wednesday evening, March 24, Mme. Teresa Carreño will give a piano recital in the Odeon.

On Thursday evening, March 18, the postponed song recital of Mrs. Spanuth's pupils was given at Levassor Hall. In spite of the rain there was a large audience. There was much in the recital above the ordinary—much that was not amateurish. In fact the impression was made that Mrs. Spanuth has an excellent method and the faculty of imparting it to her pupils.

J. A. HOMAN.

Breitkopf & Härtel.—Under the title *Konzerthandbuch* the house of Breitkopf & Härtel has issued a comprehensive catalogue of orchestral music, and of vocal music with orchestral accompaniment, which is well adapted by its clear arrangement to render readily accessible the enormous mass of material possessed by this great publishing house.

Lavin.—The following is one of many laudatory press notices won by the tenor William Lavin:

All were waiting, perhaps a little impatiently, for the *Cujus Animam*, and from the opening note, the interest, the attention, the enthusiasm increased, until with the closing bars it seemed as though the audience would go wild. Mr. Lavin surely has never been heard here in any selection so well suited to his peculiar and masterly powers, and there was not, as in the case of so many, an arbitrary treatment of the vocal score—there was no need, and his D in alt was clear and electrifying in the extreme.

Owing to the length of the program no encores had received recognition up to this time, although there was substantial and appreciative demand for repetitions during the rendering of *The Hymn of Praise*. But no conductor, be he never so determined, could resist the enthusiastic and sustained insistence at this point. It would seem that one rendition was sufficiently exacting upon the singer, but Mr. Lavin promptly signified his willingness to repeat, and with the opening bars by the orchestra the audience subsided into delicious expectancy. And again the same applause signified the complete captivation of the audience by the second rendering of this vocal classic.—*The Vermont Phoenix, Brattleboro, Vt., February 5, 1907.*

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Music in Baltimore.

BALTIMORE, March 25, 1897.

A VERITABLE feast of music has been offered the musical people of Baltimore within the past ten days, and that, too, in almost boundless variety. The intellectual was furnished in the very interesting lecture on Music in America, by Mr. Horatio N. Parker, of Yale, at the Peabody Institute; the brilliant and magnetic in piano playing in Teresa Carreño: the classical in the Kneisel Quartet, and the acme of orchestral performances in the Boston Symphony Orchestra. All of these events and their patronage furnish evidence of the increased interest that Baltimoreans attach to music of the better class and all that is associated with it.

Mr. Parker in closing his lecture made a strong plea for the support of local musical organizations. This, uttered from the platform of the Peabody Institute, came with singular significance, and should be taken to heart by the management, and especially by the committee on music, for it is believed that this committee's recommendation to the board of trustees to establish and reorganize the orchestral concerts would result in prompt and effective measures being adopted to bring about such a consummation. I had about decided to abandon my reference to this particular blot upon the management, but THE MUSICAL COURIER's editorial on Another Scheme for Permanent Opera, and the suggestions it offers, if taken up, would furnish an additional incentive for an energetic effort being made to furnish the most important requisite—a permanent orchestra. We have an abundance of good choral material, but without a properly organized orchestra we would be compelled to depend upon "our contiguity to Washington and get what we required and prove an aid to the support of opera in that city."

The scheme, as discussed in your last issue, has been a subject of discussion, and it is the opinion of a number of your readers that with a moderate amount of earnestness and activity on the part of properly equipped conductors and musical citizens it can be accomplished. Who will make the start?

Mme. Teresa Carreño's recital in Music Hall, March 18, under the management of Manager Edgar Strakosch, was probably the most notable musical event of the season. Her performance of the Grieg concerto at the recent concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra intensified the desire to hear her in such a program as the management had announced. With the exception of the Appassionata Sonata, which was substituted for the Moonlight, the program was the same as that performed by her in Boston. It is strange how interpretation and playing influence the listener. Your Boston correspondent finds fault with her Beethoven performance because it was played in Von Bülow's spirit, "too much so, &c.," and it was this very lack of similarity to Von Bülow's playing of the Beethoven sonata that impressed me most and made me long for. While this recital was in many respects among the most enjoyable I can recall, still to me the performance of the Beethoven number was in a comparative sense the least satisfactory. The Chopin numbers were superbly played, the polonaise being masterly and played with more power and finish than any performance of this number that I can remember. La Campanella was a marvelous performance; such trilling I have never heard. The effect upon the audience, which was very large and equally as enthusiastic, was simply electrifying.

Dr. Gerrit Smith gave an organ recital at the Church of St. Michael and All Angels one evening last week, and fully sustained the reputation that had preceded him. He was assisted by Dr. Thomas S. Baker, basso, who sang O God, Have Mercy, St. Paul, and The King of Love My Shepherd Is, Gounod.

A very enjoyable concert was given March 17 by the Peabody Alumni. Those taking part were Mrs. Isabel Dobbin, Miss Starr, Miss Faithé, Miss Ascherfeld and Messrs. Blumenfeld and Wod. The same afternoon the pupils of Mr. Harold Randolph gave a students' recital at the Peabody Conservatory. In commenting upon this recital one of the daily press states: "The pupils, individually and collectively, reflected much credit upon their teaching."

The fifth and last concert of the Kneisel Quartet and Harold Randolph series was largely attended. The program announced was Beethoven string quartet, op. 131;

Eduard Grieg's romanza from quartet in G minor; scherzo, César Franck, and Rubinstein's piano trio, op. 52. The Grieg and Franck numbers were omitted. As it was, the performance of the Beethoven and Rubinstein numbers consumed an hour and a half. I did not enjoy the Beethoven number. I had been led to expect too much probably, for I had heard much about its remarkable strength, &c., but I found it uninteresting and interminably long.

The Rubinstein trio, with its fund of melody and the brilliant opportunities for the pianist, came as a relief after the lengthy Beethoven number. Mr. Randolph was in his usual form, especially so in the brilliant presto. These concerts have been the artistic success of the season, and have been well patronized, and will be continued next season, I am glad to state, with the prospect of evening performances, which will add that much more to their financial success.

In my introduction I referred to the acme of orchestral playing as exemplified by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and the Wagner program, as performed last night, afforded still further opportunity of the supreme excellence of this matchless organization. Mr. Paur gave a most satisfactory reading of a very exhaustive program, though not quite up to the standard of some of the recognized Wagnerian conductors. It would be unreasonable to expect this in the very general work that a director is called upon to do during a season. While the program was a good illustration of the several distinct periods in Wagner's career, still there could have been some improvement made in the selections, as illustrating examples of Wagner's greater or more matured creations. The program was the same as played on the Wagner night last season, and the Tristan and Isolde Liebestod and Siegfried's death would have been proper substitutes for the Lohengrin and other numbers. The closing concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra practically closes the musical season, so far as superior out of town attractions are concerned. X. X.

MISS LOUISE JULIETTE ILL.—This successful contralto has recently been singing with fine success. Here are a few notices regarding her performance:

On Thursday evening Miss Louise J. Ill gave a song recital in Wissner Hall before a large and appreciative audience. She had the assistance of Miss Steinke, pianist; Mr. Otto K. Schill, violinist, and Mr. Tonzo Sauvage, accompanist.

Miss Ill is a resident of Newark, but this is the first time that she has given a recital of this character. Her success was so decided that she will receive a hearty welcome should she again appear. Her selections were above the ordinary grade of songs one is accustomed to hear in public. Every number was a gem, though different tastes might indicate a preference. Miss Ill has a rich, clear and resonant voice, more of the mezzo-soprano quality than contralto. Its range is extensive, and she uses it with real artistic skill. In Schubert's expressive song she showed dramatic fire. Schumann's Lotosblume was beautifully delivered, and she had to add a lovely song, Thy Beaming Eyes, by MacDowell. Helmund's O Beware is a delicate and charming composition, which was sung with grace and sentiment. In Massenet's Elegie Miss Ill sang superbly and reached, perhaps, the highest point of passion of the evening.

Miss Steinke and Mr. Schill added much to the pleasure of the evening by their piano and violin solos, and Mr. Tonzo Sauvage was an efficient accompanist.—*Newark Sunday Call.*

An invitation musicale was given last night in Wissner Hall by Miss Louise J. Ill before an enthusiastic audience. Miss Ill was assisted by Miss Steinke, O. K. Schill and Tonzo Sauvage.

Miss Ill sings sweetly and her voice is prima facie evidence of an excellent training and years of careful study and cultivation. Her listeners were surprised, agreeably so, for they scarcely expected so entertaining a program. All Miss Ill's solos were heartily applauded. She has been heard by several Newark audiences, and it is safe to say she will soon rank in popularity with the best singers.—*Newark Daily Advertiser.*

Miss Louise J. Ill's musicale, given in Wissner Hall Thursday evening, was an artistic success. Miss Ill possesses a virtue in singing which is rare. She knows the art is not based upon the noise a singer can make, but beautifully swells the phrases. Miss Ill has a very clear contralto voice. Her range is nearly three octaves. The first number sung was Der Wanderer, by Schubert, which was given with rich expression and exquisite taste. The difficult Liebestraube, by Brahms, was rendered in the most artistic manner. The second numbers were Schumann's Lotosblume and Mendelssohn's Romanze. These numbers were well appreciated and won hearty applause. The third was Gute Nacht, by Franz, and O Beware, by Helmund. In Gute Nacht Miss Ill again proved that she felt deeply what she sang and rendered it with tenderest expression. In O Beware she also proved that she was posted in light music as well as classical. The last piece was Elegie, by Massenet, sung in French, and mastered as thoroughly as were her songs in English and German.—*Newark Town Talk.*

Corinne Moore Lawson, SOPRANO.

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Late of the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, London; the Royal Albert Hall and Covent Garden Concerts, and of "The Bostonians," begs to announce that he has

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Antonio Terry's Divorce Suit.

PARIS, March 26.

THE divorce case of Antonio Terry against his wife has been postponed until after the Easter vacation of the court. Mr. Terry, though he is an American citizen, is one of the sons and heirs of the late Don Tomas Terry, who was one of the richest men in Cuba. His share of his father's estate was about \$5,000,000. It is said that Mr. Terry will marry Miss Sibyl Sanderson if he obtains his divorce. Miss Sanderson is at present singing in St. Petersburg, and report has it that Mr. Terry is also in that city.—*Sun.*

Madame Eames Sails for Europe.

Among those who are to sail for Havre to-day on La Champagne are Mr. and Mrs. Julian Story. Mrs. Story (Emma Eames) has entirely recovered from her recent illness. She said:

"I have suffered one of the greatest disappointments in my life this winter through my illness, which prevented me singing as much as I expected to in New York, and completely broke up my Western tour. I have recovered entirely now, and will go directly to Paris, where I intend to spend three weeks. I shall sing in Covent Garden, London, from May 10 until the latter part of July. Then I will go to Italy, where I intend to hide myself from the world, wear sabots and short dresses, and rest for my coming tour in America. I signed my contract yesterday, and expect to sing in the opening opera at the Metropolitan Opera House on November 4.—*Sun, March 27.*

NOVEMBER 4 is a Thursday and not a Monday. How these reporters do blunder! and always the wrong way. Why not the right way?

Nahan Franko's Orchestral Concert.—Nahan Franko will give a grand orchestral concert in Carnegie Music Hall on the evening of April 15. Rafael Joseffy and Charles Gregorowitsch will be the soloists.

Jungnickel Pupils.—Ross Jungnickel has been very busy this season coaching singers in oratorio and opera. Among others he has discovered a new heroic tenor, Mr. Josef Renald, who is the fortunate possessor of a most phenomenal organ of great power, range, endurance and resonance.

His upper register is particularly fine, bringing out the high C and C sharp with full chest, with a volume and surety of intonation which cannot help but make him famous.

He already has a large operatic repertory at command, but is making a special study with Mr. Jungnickel of Wagnerian solos. His interpretation of the character of Lohengrin is really masterful, being able to sing the entire rôle originally allotted to that part with precision, ease and inspiring conception. He is now carefully studying Siegfried and expects to make his début in that opera in Europe next fall.

Ernest Schelling's Recital.—A piano recital was given on Monday afternoon, March 22, by Mr. Ernest Schelling. This was the program:

Sonata for piano and violin, in D minor, op. 108, Johannes Brahms

Mentre ti lascio, concert aria, Mozart

Toccata and Fugue in D minor, Bach-Tausig

Pastorale in E minor, Schumann

Capriccio in E major, Scarlatti

Widmung, Schumann

Trock'ne Blumen, Schubert

Winterlied, H. Von Koss

Capriccio and Intermezzo, op. 116, Nos. 1 and 6, Johannes Brahms

Chant Polonoise, No. 5 (Meine Freuden), Chopin-Liszt

Etude Mignonne, Ed. Schuett

Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 11, Liszt

Mr. Schelling.

Miss Leontine von Gaertner, cellist, who was at first announced, was unable because of illness to appear, and Miss Marguerite Hall, who was also to have sung, was hurriedly called out of town. Both artists were most satisfactorily replaced by Miss Geraldine Morgan and Mr. Heinrich Meyn. Mr. Schelling's public début was an artistic and successful one. The audience was large and fashionable.

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Extracts from the Letters of a Miss of Sixteen Who Goes to Leipsic to Study Music.

No. III.

ANOTHER ticket to the Gewandhaus! Thomson was the soloist. I heard him in the Probe Wednesday morning, and the students went crazy over him. After his last number he came out and bowed four or five times, but didn't want to play an encore. However, the students simply refused to go; the lights were out and the janitor was preparing to close the hall, but the students only shouted and stamped all the more. Finally Thomson came out with his violin, and then such shouting and applauding! He played something for violin alone, and it was marvelous. He fascinates me. He is such a quiet, unassuming man, and when he bows he looks almost ashamed of himself for having excited such applause.

It doesn't seem possible to me that he is a human being like the rest of us; that he can laugh and talk and eat. The Goldmark concerto was beautifully played—it was the best thing on the program. I like Thomson better than Burmester. They are both to play in Berlin soon, and I am anxious to hear what THE MUSICAL COURIER says about them.

I heard Sophie Menter on Tuesday evening, and she played on a Steinway piano—the first one I have heard in Germany. She has a beautiful touch, and her scales are lovely. I bought a picture of her and went, with two friends, to the artist's room, and she signed it for me and wrote in the album of the other girls. Wasn't that lovely of her? She was very pleasant and talked with us a little, and we told her how much we enjoyed her playing.

I went to the Abend Friday evening at the Conservatorium, and heard a young man, Neuman by name, play Spohr's Ninth Concerto. Neuman has only been here two years, and he plays first violin in the Gewandhaus Orchestra. His technic is fine; he plays tenths as easily as a single scale. I don't believe he played one note out of tune. However, his tone is not beautiful. He is from Dresden.

I forgot to tell you about the concert Thursday night. Thomson played even better than he did in the Probe, but he was applauded very little. You know at the concert everyone is in full evening dress (except me); the men all wear gloves as well as the women; so of course they couldn't make very much noise. I hate to see a man applaud in a dainty sort of way with his gloves on, and some of the men thought so much of their gloves that they didn't clap a bit. I startled the people around me by pulling off my gloves and applauding vigorously. . . .

My poor violin has been at Hanning's shop for a week having its neck cut off, another put on, and being butchered generally. Hanning gave me one of his violins to practice on in the meantime, but it is so dreadfully *unrein* that the fifths sounds nearly like sixths. It has a nice, soft tone, but mercy me! I can't play in tune at all. . . . Herr S— asked me what concertos I had played, and I thought he meant to give me one, but after I had told him he just smiled at my expectant face and said he "wanted to know." . . . In the harmony class one of the students was playing modulations at the piano. He finally became "stuck" and was in doubt whether to go to the chord in B or not. Herr S—, after waiting for a few moments for him to decide, said: "Well, to B or not to B—that's the question, nicht wahr?" Now wasn't that rather smart for a German to say? . . . I think the Germans are a little

old-fashioned in music. They are very careful about praising modern music, and a concert without Haydn, Mozart or Beethoven on the program is not worth much in their estimation.

Victor Staub, a Parisian pianist, gave a concert here a short time ago, and played French and Russian compositions; not a German name on the program. Of course the critics were down on him, though he played beautifully. I must say I admire his courage in doing such a thing. There are many different opinions here as to Dvorák's concerto for 'cello (which is dedicated to Stern). Some do not like it at all, while others are raving over it. For my part I think it is a most beautiful composition. The orchestration is wonderful. It is a wild Bohemian thing, full of weird effects, and is tremendously difficult for the 'cello.

L—, A— and I lead a hard life of it at Fräulein K—s. Everyone there adores Mozart and Haydn, and since they have found out that we don't, we have to put up with some rather sarcastic remarks. They were all very much shocked when I said that Mozart makes me laugh. One of the Germans said I was a heathen, a wild Indian. And this same German hates Wagner, Dvorák and all the really great composers. . . .

We had sausage for breakfast this morning. The Germans are great people for putting caraway and sweet fennel seeds into everything they make; even the bread has them in sometimes. Last night when grandma got home with the sausage she discovered some sweet fennel seeds in it. We can't either of us eat the sausage with that stuff in it, so grandma sat down and took every one of these little seeds out. It was a work of time and patience, but I did not know anything about it, as I was sound asleep. . . . Do you know I am sorry I brought so many extra pairs of shoes with me. The German shoes are sensible, if they are homely, and have such thick soles that one would not have to wear rubbers very often. . . . Last night I heard Carreño play three big concertos—the Beethoven, Es dur; Rubinstein D moll; and the Grieg A moll. You know I heard Sophie Menter play the Beethoven a few weeks ago and I must confess that I like her reading of it better than Carreño's. Menter's playing is always refined, artistic and clear; she does not get excited, but plays every note as if it had been carefully studied. I cannot decide which is the greater of the two, but I do like Carreño the best.

Her strength is simply wonderful, and she is, without exception, the handsomest woman I have ever seen. She has charming manners, too, and dresses beautifully. There is such a difference between her appearance and Menter's. Menter at her concert was loaded down with diamonds, necklaces—three or four of them—rings and hair ornaments, and last and worst of all, with paint and powder. Carreño was richly dressed in light blue, figured satin, covered with very fine lace; her hair, which is very curly, was very simply arranged, and she did not wear a bit of jewelry. Friedheim and Menter were both at the concert last night. Menter wore a high necked black dress, a black hat and two diamond necklaces over the black collar; also five or six bracelets on her wrists, and her fingers were loaded with rings. She looked perfectly ridiculous.

. . . . Last Monday evening I heard the Bohemian String Quartet. I have never heard such wonderful ensemble work in my life. Their shading is beautiful, and all the strings, violins, viola and 'cello, seem to have the same beautiful, velvety quality of tone. The first violinist has a most extraordinary bowing, but he has a wonderfully sweet tone, which goes to prove, I think, that no one bowing need

be adhered to in order to play well. Herr S— is a believer in that doctrine, at any rate. He very seldom says anything to his pupils about bowing; of course he insists on a pupil's having the fundamental principles of bowing, but most of his students have learned that much before they come to him. If one gets the desired effect, he does not care much how it is done. . . . I heard Mignon Tuesday evening. Miss Osborn, an American girl, and one of the best singers at the theatre, sang the part of *Mignon*. I like this opera almost as well as any I have heard, except, of course, *Cavalleria Rusticana* and *Die Walküre*. Miss Osborn received lots of applause and a beautiful basket of flowers. She is a Buffalo girl, and came over here to study violin, but discovering that she had a fine voice she immediately began to cultivate it, and was finally engaged at the opera house here.

The Gewandhaus Probe this week was one of the best we have had. It was a Beethoven program in celebration of his birth. D'Albert played the G dur concerto, which I liked immensely. His reading of it seemed absolutely perfect to me. He played as encores two movements of a Beethoven sonata. His runs and trills are marvelous; I think I like him better than Carreño. He is the funniest little man imaginable; he rushes on to the platform, makes his little bow and begins to play before the audience has time to recovery from its surprise. What a picture he and Carreño must have made together! Carreño—handsome and dignified and grand—and d'Albert—short, stoop shouldered, always in a hurry, both of them great artists—no wonder they couldn't live together in peace! D'Albert has mannerisms, but they are not offensive. The orchestra played the *Eroica* symphony, but I do not think they played it any better than Thomas did.

. . . . What do you think! I received another ticket to the Gewandhaus, and so I got to hear d'Albert the second time, and he played even better than in the Probe. Last night I heard the Gewandhaus quartet, with Hilf, first violin; Becker, second violin; Schäfer, a graduate of the conservatorium, viola, and Klengel, 'cello. They were assisted by d'Albert, who played a Beethoven trio with Hilf and Klengel. This was also a Beethoven program. The quartets played were op. 18, No. 3, and op. 181, C sharp minor. I had small scores to both quartets, which made it much more interesting.

Every week the conservatory students receive free tickets to these quartet concerts and to the opera. Not all of the students every week; they are taken in turn. Those whose names begin with A, B, C, D, E, F and G are given tickets one week, and so on through the alphabet. . . . I have just begun to read Wilhelm Tell. There are a great many interesting places in Leipsic that I am going to visit during vacation. Schiller's birthplace, where Goethe wrote *Faust*; Wagner's birthplace, Linden's birthplace, and a lot of famous places. It doesn't seem possible that I am here in the very city where so many great people have lived and died. Roentgen, the concertmeister of the Gewandhaus orchestra, was concertmeister under Mendelssohn's direction; then under Reinecke, and now under Nikisch. What a fortunate being he is to be an intimate friend of three such great people!

. . . . My harmony teacher, Herr S—, is an excellent teacher, but very sarcastic. He used to puzzle me considerably at first, but I finally and wisely concluded to do as the others do—pay no attention to his sarcasm. He is a funny little man and he speaks English with a slight lisp. When he is ready to correct my work he comes up to me,

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pulls my hair and says: "Yes, and what has this little lady composed to-day?" I simply hand my him book, and if there are not many mistakes he pulls my hair again, says that I am a good girl and that only bad girls make mistakes, and goes on to torment the next girl.

.....Last Tuesday night I heard Der Freischütz and it was fine. The scenery was something wonderful. In the first act Max, the hero, agrees with Caspar, a hunter, to meet the devil in the wolf's glen at midnight. The second act is the scene in the wolf's glen. It is an awful place—a cave lined with rocks. In the middle of this place are Caspar and Max. Fireflies and all sorts of little lights are dancing about; an owl is perched on an old stump and its eyes look like balls of fire. You must know that Caspar has sold his soul to Samiel, the devil, and in a few days the devil will claim him. Caspar therefore tries to substitute Max for himself. He entices Max into the glen with the promise that he will make for him some magic bullets which will always hit the mark. While Caspar is working at the bullets, weird forms and lights flit around. It's awful. Soon Caspar stands up and calls: "Samiel, Samiel!" and Samiel slowly rises out of the stage while it thunders and lightens. Samiel has a long, black beard and hair and his armor is fire. Caspar and Max fall as the dead (I should think they would. Mercy!), and then horrible looking things flit by—horned animals and such things—and at the very last, an old woman on a broomstick.

.....I am ashamed to say that I haven't much recollection of the music. I did not have time to think about that.Last night I heard Lohengrin, with De Grach, that awful tenor I told you about, as the hero. Fräulein Doengis, the young graduate with the beautiful voice, sang Elsa. I liked the opera very much, but not as much as I had expected. I am not such a great admirer of Wagner as I was before I heard his operas. Before I came here I had only heard selections, you know, and I liked those immensely. But it is a different thing to sit through an opera four hours long. They are too long; besides they are too exciting. The music is wonderfully dramatic and exciting from the beginning, and by the time I come to the third act I am tired, and begin to wonder when it will come to an end.Miss Pilot came over with the intention of staying a year, but has been here two. She is going home in April after she has made her "Prüfung." She will probably play the Bruch G minor.

There are lots of fine violinists studying here. I told you of Claus, a pupil of Sitt's. The critics declare he will be one of the greatest violinists in the world. However, there is a boy here, Schumacher, who is a player much more to my taste. Like Claus, he has an enormous technique, but he also has a beautiful tone, and plays with fine finish.

Sarcasm from Chicago.—It is not pleasant to read that Madame Lehmann sang in New York last Saturday afternoon to an audience "much smaller than the merits of the work deserved." We have been endeavoring to account for this deplorable circumstance. We do not think that Lent has anything to do with the smallness of the house, and we do not believe that the people of New York are disappointed with the array of singers. The truth of the matter is that New York is "dead broke," that the people haven't any money and that there isn't a cent in town. It is absurd to say that the inauguration is responsible for this meagre showing, for not more than 150 New Yorkers went to Washington. Everybody knows that Lehmann is the most magnificent of Brünnhildes and everybody knows that New York is the centre of art and art patronage. What, then, is the trouble? Plainly this, as we repeat—New York is flat broke, so broke, in fact, that Mr. Schoeffel, who cleared several million dollars last month, which he divided, according to contract, with Jean de Reszké, has decided to give up the supplementary season. We do not jeer at New York in its moment of distress. On the contrary, we are greatly moved by its misfortune, and we call on Mayor Swift to telegraph Chicago's sympathy and assurance of succor. Shall we sit idly by while our sister city is groaning in poverty? A thousand times no!—*Chicago Times-Herald.*



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A Protest from Detroit.

MY attention has been called to an article by Miss Lillian Apel, of this city, in THE MUSICAL COURIER of some weeks ago. It is headed Johnnie—Detroit's Philanthropist, and is intended to be witty.

As a friend of Mr. Mehan, against whom the article is aimed, and as a believer and supporter of his "five cent singing school," I protest against Miss Apel or anybody else going out of her way in the attempt to be funny at Mr. Mehan's expense, especially when he is doing that which should be commended. Were it otherwise Mr. Mehan would have to make his own defense so far as I am concerned. The principal reason I come to his defense now is that I do not like to have the work he is doing impeded in any manner whatever, as it no doubt is a work that should be encouraged.

For the information of those who have read Miss Apel's article and concluded therefrom that Mr. Mehan is an inconsequential music teacher, I say what is generally conceded to be true, that Mr. Mehan is one of the most successful cultivators of the voice in the West; that he has a school in this city which compares very favorably with any in the country; that he is very frequently called upon to teach teachers of other cities as well as of Detroit; that he is genial in disposition and is not given to saying unkind things of his fellows, a weakness of altogether too many musical people; that he is kind of heart and liberal—philanthropic, if one chooses to call it by that name—and that he is doing a work in this city that, so far as I know, has never before been attempted. The work to which I specially refer is his "five cent singing school," to which Miss Apel so flippantly refers. He has three classes—one of children as young as six and seven years of age, one of young men and misses more advanced in musical culture, and one of adults. The classes embrace something over 300 pupils, many of whom would never have any musical training if some such opportunity were not presented to them. The charge is 50 cents for a term of ten lessons, and anybody who will think a moment will see that this cannot be done for the money there is in it. I know personally of several in the classes who cannot even afford to pay the 50 cents, but they are taught the same as those who pay. And it would be a mistake to think that only the rag-tag of the town take advantage of these classes, as anyone can determine by visiting them, which everyone is welcome to do.

I speak from personal observation and experience, and say that the advancement of these classes on the whole is satisfactory, and in special cases the results have been far beyond expectations.

Miss Ball teaches sight reading; Miss Robinson plays the piano; Mr. Mehan cultivates the voice, and Miss Cothran takes care of the business end of the enterprise. A hall is necessary to do all this in. Is it not clear, in the light of these facts, that the charge is not for the purpose of paying Mr. Mehan for his teaching, but to pay the expenses incident to the teaching? Mr. Mehan is a poor man and cannot do for his art as much as he would like to, so he gives as much as he can. The income has not been sufficient to pay the expenses, and the deficiencies come out of Mr. Mehan's pocket.

Now is there anything so very funny or reprehensible about this? Mr. Mehan himself, as I understand, does not look upon this work as philanthropic, but as a means of giving satisfaction to himself. He likes to do it. That others get benefit from this is true, but does not good always come from right conduct, even though that conduct is for self-satisfaction?

But suppose Mr. Mehan was inspired solely by the spirit of philanthropy, would that be a fit subject for coarse remarks from a young lady whose art is refining, and whose motives and words and actions should harmonize with her art?

Assuming that Mr. Mehan is a "musical philanthropist,"

is he the first of his kind? Indeed, if my memory serves me well, artists are no less philanthropic than are people in other walks of life. Many of them who have made many fortunes have died poor because of their liberality.

Miss Apel will have to find some weaker part of Mr. Mehan's character at which to point the shafts of poor wit before she will be successful in disturbing his peace of mind or in alienating the loyalty of his friends.

Miss Apel has made a mistake. If she could have heard what was said in some of the daily newspaper offices of this city about her article she would not be proud of it, and it would lead her to be more discreet in her public expressions hereafter. She produces much more pleasing effects with the piano than with the pen.

What prompted Miss Apel to write the article in question I do not know, but I do know that she has failed in her object, if that object was to injure Mr. Mehan. Indeed, it has hurt Miss Apel instead, in the estimation of quite a number of people who were kindly disposed toward her.

I do not write this with any feeling of unkindness toward Miss Apel, but simply in defense of one whom I admire as a man and as one who is performing a worthy function in this community. I protest against this special act of Miss Apel. I would as readily come to her defense if it were as pertinent were such an uncalled for attack made upon her. Personally I wish her well; but I venture the statement that the deserving of good will is not strengthened by attempting to do injury to others.

JOSEPH A. LABADIE.

DETROIT, March 9, 1907.

More Jacoby Criticisms.

MRS. JOSEPHINE S. JACOBY sang with the Metropolitan Permanent Orchestra, under Neuendorff, in Brooklyn, on Sunday night, March 21. We quote the following local criticisms:

Mrs. Jacoby has a good voice, warm and rich in the lower tones and vibrant and telling in the upper. She sang the Oh, My Son, from The Prophet, with an encore ballad in English to Mr. Schmitt's piano accompaniment, and later songs by Schumann and MacDowell with intelligence and taste, and proved a welcome addition to the program.—*Brooklyn Eagle, March 21.*

Mrs. Jacoby has a noble voice which seems to have gained in breadth and power since she was heard at the Academy of Music, at a Brooklyn Saengerbund concert last season. It is a voice of exceptional wealth of tone and a richness of quality that is enjoyable to hear in proportion to its rarity.—*Brooklyn Times, March 21.*

Mrs. Jacoby has a rich and sympathetic voice. She sang the Ah My Son, aria in German, from The Prophet; Spring Night, by Schumann; The Bluebell, by MacDowell, and several other English ballads.—*Brooklyn Union, March 21.*

New York Ladies' Trio at Vassar.—The concert given by the New York Ladies' Trio at Vassar College on the 19th inst. was a marked success. The Vassar students gave the trio an enthusiastic reception and testified to their enjoyment of the performance by every possible mark of applause. Here is a press notice of the affair:

There was a delightful concert at Vassar College Friday evening, given by the New York Ladies' Trio, Dora Valesca Becker, violinist; Flavie Van den Hende, cellist, and Mabel Phipps, pianist. The program consisted of three trios, contrasting the work of classic and modern composers of the best music; the first number from Rubin Goldmark, four movements; the second from Beethoven, op. 70, No. 1, three movements; the third from Chaminade, three movements. They were all skillfully and expressively rendered. Miss Van den Hende, the cellist, played for the Rubinstein Club last year and was received with enthusiasm. We do not remember that the others have been heard here before, but it would be hard to find three more graceful and attractive looking women, who are also artists of very high rank. Forty or fifty Poughkeepsie music lovers are indebted to Professor Gow and the college for an evening of the highest enjoyment.—*Poughkeepsie Daily Eagle, Saturday, March 20, 1907.*

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Richard Wagner.

A LECTURE DELIVERED BEFORE THE NEW YORK COLLEGE OF MUSIC, MARCH 10, 1897, BY LOUIS N. PARKER.

WHEN your flattering invitation to repeat my lecture on Wagner was sent me by your director I had hoped to entirely recast and remodel it, and so make it more useful to those of you who intend to follow the very interesting performances by the Damrosch Opera Company. But time, fate, sickness and the launching of a little ship which we have sent forth to discover the fortunate isles, have been against me, and I have, after all, to crave your indulgence for a mere rehash of opinions and statements which you have already some of you heard.

Let me begin, then, with a frank confession of faith. I am what is known as a rabid Wagnerian, and I understand no two ways in the practice of my cult. It seems to me that the great life which was translated from this world to another seventeen years ago is, and must remain for all time, the prototype and example for all artistic careers in whatever branch of art. There is after all only one artistic instinct, one artistic temperament, though it takes a myriad changing shapes of expression. The artistic instinct, I take it, is the fact that you have something to communicate, something to say, something *here* which has got to come out though your heart break in the effort. The forms in which the something comes out may to the fleshly eye seem to bear no possible comparison. One may speak in color, another in outline, a third in music, a fourth in mighty prose, a fifth in mightier rhyme—these are all one. They are the visible, outward expressions of the great soul hidden behind human nature, and trying to convey itself, to impress its meaning on the brotherhood of man. There is a close kinship in all the arts, but there is one art in which this kinship is brought into intimate conjunction, in which all means of expression—architecture, music, prose, poetry, motion, rhythm, color and form—are focused into a unified whole. This art is the art of the dramatist, of such a dramatist at least as was Wagner.

There is nothing the man has not absorbed into his art and made part and parcel of it. I was almost going to say there is no product of nature, art or science which he has not turned to his use, and it seems to me therefore that if you want to talk about any special art you cannot do better than take Wagner for your text. But you must take the real Wagner and not Wagner the mere man. In considering the result of any great life on its own time and on the ages that succeed it, you must always first of all clear it of all earthly dross. It is souls we have to deal with and not mere bodies. If we apply this treatment to Wagner our admiration of him and of the results he achieved can only be increased a hundredfold. For nature was very chary of her blessings to our unhappy seer, and the soul which has shaken the world with its mighty creations was cribbed, cabined and confined in a poor, feeble, aching body which hindered its work at every turn and made even the smallest effort a miracle.

It is not until we realize how small a factor what we call physical facts are in the development of humanity that we can approach such a phenomenon as Wagner from the proper standpoint. This is an axiom overlooked in many instances nowadays. We are far too apt to get excited about the outward appearance, the temporary bearing, the mere shell of the men we call great. Looked at from that point of view there are no great men at all, for there is hardly one of them upon whom the gossip mongers have left a shred of conventional good manners. They all have a flaw, a kink, somewhere in their composition.

Either it is a moral flaw which puts them outside the pale of society and makes it impossible for any of you to ask them home to dinner, or it is some physical defect which makes them unpleasant and unmanageable. Shakespeare was a poacher; Mozart loved his glass and his lass; Milton

was blind; Beethoven was deaf; Meyerbeer maintained a permanent press agency, continually engaged in booming him; Mendelssohn was vain of his hands; Benvenuto Cellini was a murderer and a profligate; Horace was a wine bibber, and Wagner wore silk dressing gowns. Alas, what does it all matter, and what has become of all these flaws in the silent grave? The question is, which legacy did all these men leave us? Their bodies?—find them if you can—or their creations? There is neither time nor space in art. Was it yesterday Bach built his fugues and Raphael painted his madonnas? Or was it a hundred years ago, or a thousand? The artist may almost be said not to live until he is dead. The artist is nothing—a poor silkworm who spins and dies. He lives in the things he creates. It is quite possible we might not tolerate Händel's boorish manners and his filthy habit of taking snuff if he came into this room at this moment; but we can tolerate The Messiah. Poor, dear Oliver Goldsmith, with his foolish face and his wig awry, would move you to pitying laughter if you saw him in his cups, but the Vicar of Wakefield moves you to tears, as it moved your fathers before you.

So you must not expect me to-day to talk about Wagner's personality, eccentricities and foibles, excepting in this one way—to point out how much greater his victory ought to be counted when we consider what a frail, sickly body enshrined his burning soul.

Nor shall I say much about his music. Music is a thing it is impossible to talk about; it can only be felt. It must either be felt or left alone. Music is the one pure art appealing directly to the emotions, and no amount of analysis and explanation will convert a man who has no music in his mind into a musician.

But I want to draw your attention to facets of Wagner's artistic career which we are getting into the habit of overlooking or of taking for granted. There is the great danger that in the enjoyment of the complete art work you overlook the means by which it acquired its greatness, and there is the further danger that in the intoxication produced by his music you overlook the other sides of Wagner's art—his greatness as a poet, as a playwright, as a philosopher and as a soul struggling against adversity. So to-day it is not so much Wagner's music I propose to talk about as his poems, and incidentally his character.

If there is any consciousness in the Silent Land the dead must often turn in their graves when they realize how their posterity mock at the heroes they thought so mighty, and have forgotten the names they were certain would endure forever. This is especially the case in connection with so young an art as music, which, as we understand it, has only had a butterfly history of some 300 or 400 years. One of the great beauties of music, as well as one of its most pathetic attributes, is that it changes constantly. A masterpiece of sculpture, of architecture or of painting remains forever, and if it was fair when it was fashioned it is just as beautiful to-day. But there are several forms of music, several entire conceptions of the art, which are as dead as last year's roseleaf and which not all the king's horses nor all the king's men can put together again. The mummy of an Egyptian lover may survive for our unrolling; in his withered hand he may bring us the scroll on which he had written the love song he was chanting to his lady on that fatal night when he was stabbed by his rival among the reeds of the Nile, but he cannot teach us how to give life to the notes, and, more pathetic still, if he could come to life and sing the song we should probably stop our ears and bring in a verdict of justifiable homicide in favor of the rival who murdered him. For the music is more dead than the mummy.

If this be true of ancient music it is no less true of the music written since what I will call the second birth of the art—it is true indeed of some of the music of the day before yesterday. There is hardly a better example of the vanity of human efforts than can be found in the biographies of many eminent composers of a generation or two ago. Have you not read in the memoirs of those worthies how they produced masterpiece after masterpiece, each of which was

greeted at its appearance by a unanimous shout of frenzied delight from the whole world. *This* oratorio, *this* opera, *this* symphony at last was the dawning of a new era. There could be no possible shadow of doubt that here was the great composer for whom the world was waiting. There could be no doubt that here was one whose name would be written on the brazen gates of Time.

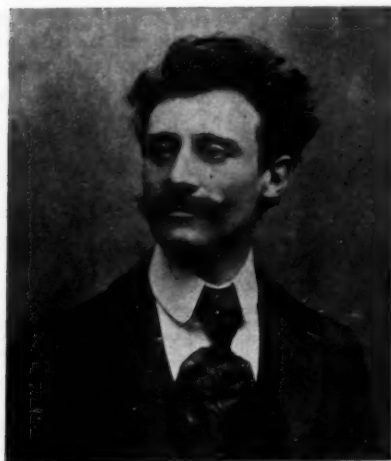
The great master was covered in wreaths, the horses were taken from his carriage and he was dragged home by the maddened audience, while a thousand torches turned night into day. Beautiful ladies hurled themselves at his feet; honors, crosses, ribbons were showered upon him; noblemen's houses were open to him, and as far as human foresight could reach he was forever enshrined in the hearts of all civilized nations. Alas! Close the tableau curtains for a moment. Unfold them again, and now look at the picture. The great master is bankrupt in fame. He is ill in mind and body. His wealth has flown as lightly as it came. He is an empty husk by the wayside; and his works? Who ever mentions them without a patronizing smile? A little while hence, and the poor, great man who once occupied fifteen columns of the biographical dictionaries, whose movements were recorded in the daily press with the same circumstance as those of a crowned head, will find himself alluded to in one line as a composer "of some note in his day."

In our own time this hallucination of contemporary greatness is a particularly dangerous disease. We seem to have no sense of proportion left us, and if we listen to the idle chatter of the drawing rooms and believe the persistent paragraphist we must come to the conclusion that every third man we meet is immortal. Art is really as dangerous as a railway accident nowadays, for you cannot turn out a harmless little one act opera without being willy-nilly fired into immortality.

But these little reputations fade and are forgotten, and the little great man finds his level sooner or later and disappears in the crowd unless—unless he is original. This, it seems to me, is the whole secret of enduring fame: that you should have something new to say, and that you should say it in a new way. No imitation has lived. Imitations must occur, and they serve a useful end in leading the layman by easy steps up to the great model they copy, but it is the great model only which survives, and when you hear a composer described as of the school of Beethoven or of the school of Wagner you may set that composer down as dead and done for. If Jones feels the affluence of composition upon him let Jones not give us Wagnerian-Jonesian music or we shall laugh at him. But if he gives us the pure Jones we shall respect him, and he may loom large in time if he has a cool head and a steadfast mind.

A steadfast mind! Consider Wagner. Think of his beginnings. He was the son of the lower middle classes, with no advantage of birth or money, and with nothing out of the way with regard to education. A quite ordinary German household; simple, clean, bürgerlich, unpretending. Think of young Richard plodding through the streets of Leipzig to school, probably in uncouth and much patched clothes; and take a leap in your imagination and think of him again looking over the lovely Franconian landscape from the terrace in front of his theatre on the hill behind Bayreuth. It is a long leap, and the imagination reels at the effort. But Wagner could take no such leap. He had to struggle up that hill of sorrows through seventy years of disappointment, of discouragement, of ridicule. Many times he was hurled back; many times the brow of the hill was hidden by impenetrable mists; many times he seemed on the point of vanishing forever in the maw of some abyss. His friends hung on to his skirts and would have pulled him down. Enemies hurled stones at him. But, with his eye fixed unflinchingly on his goal, he went steadily onward and upward through all those seventy years of failure until he held the holy grail safe in his grasp—and then he died.

It is this steadfast mind and this singleness of purpose which raised Wagner to heights never before reached by



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one man. I do not wish to make myself ridiculous by pretending that there have been no other great men. I will say that you will have considerable difficulty in finding in any art a man of a similar unflinching courage. We have had musicians and poets and painters who have been willing to starve in a garret in their pursuit of the ideal. The art of starving in a garret has been overrated. Anybody can achieve it. A man may be a complete ass and yet starve in a garret with perfect success. Wagner himself came as near it in Paris as was consistent with getting through alive. The higher achievement is to refuse to starve, to refuse to be silent, to refuse to leave anybody any peace till you have shown the world the God-given light which is burning within you.

Try to imagine this man, small in build, with the powerful head and the indomitable chin, seldom free from illness, always hampered by poverty, that genteel poverty which is so much more gnawing than absolute want; homeless, an exile, an outlaw, with few friends, and those at a distance and unattainable; with no particular sympathy in his own household, and nothing but ridicule and contempt abroad, and realize that he held stored in that brain of his all the mighty cycle of masterpieces from Lohengrin to Parsifal which we are still vainly trying to assimilate. That this exile and outlaw, this poverty bound madman was drawing the world after him; the whole world, with its princes, its fashionable composers, its indifferent public, its reactionary and hostile press; he was drawing it all along, making it overleap time, pulling it a generation ahead of itself by the invisible thread of his genius and his unconquerable will. I say it is impossible to realize the man's gigantic nature, for he not only had the brain to conceive mighty ideas, but he had the will to execute them. You and I might sit down and say to ourselves I will do something new and startling. It shall cost a million of money, it shall be a thing so new that there cannot be a demand for it for a generation; it shall be so colossal that all the world will laugh at me for thinking of it. I say we might conceivably sit over the fire and get ideas like this, but then? Which of us can imagine himself fighting the battle Wagner fought? However practicable the idea struck us as being, which of us would face all Wagner faced and not faint by the wayside! Think of the pluck of the man! The manager at Würzburg is bankrupt; very well. Off goes Wagner to Riga. He is only starting in life, so this is obviously the time to marry and to buy a big dog. Riga gets too small to hold him, so he, whom nobody in the whole world had ever heard of, aims, not at some provincial stage in Germany, but at Paris—Paris, the hub of the universe! and not at a minor theatre there, but at the Grand Opéra, which considers itself the arbiter of music for the world. So he packs up his full score, his little wife and his big dog, and puts them on board a boat to be tossed and tumbled over the Baltic and the North Seas, to land presently in London and later in Paris. There he starves. But while he starves he writes *The Flying Dutchman*. Then *Rienzi* is accepted at Dresden, and he wanders off to Dresden and picks up *Tannhäuser* on the way. *Rienzi* is produced and he finds himself in a blaze of triumph and success.

Pause a moment to realize that this one instantaneous popular success of Wagner is the solitary mistake of his career. Just think what a danger it was to him and to the world. Supposing he had not recognized that he had made a mistake and had gone on writing *Rienzi* through the rest of his life! This was the line of least resistance, and almost any man would have followed it. What enormous wealth he would have accumulated! How terribly popular he would have been! How the managers would have overwhelmed him with commissions, and what archæic curiosities his works would have become by this time! Instead of the Wagner we know we should have had in the biographical dictionaries—"Wagner, Richard, born in Leipsic. Composed many operas in the style of Meyerbeer. Died in 1883."

The sweet little cherub which sits up aloft whispered into Wagner's ear that this primrose path of dalliance was no way for him—or rather the demon within him took him out into the wilderness. He deliberately cast easy fortune to

the winds. He deliberately flouted the public with the Dutchman and *Tannhäuser*. To make the thing complete he deliberately put himself out of the pale of society, as it then existed. Because he was an artistic revolutionist, he fancied himself a political one as well. Artistic failure was not enough for him; he must cut himself off from citizenship; he must make himself a Pariah, whom no respectable person dare speak of above a whisper. He must make it impossible for state aided theatres to touch his works. He must so behave that he had to hide his head among the Swiss mountains, an outcast from society. Then, penniless, without any position, without any hope, he sees his work clearly before him. Then he sits down and says to himself I, the refugee; I, the failure; I, whom people come to see on the sly, and whose books they circulate under the mantle; I, whose operas have not been played in my native country for four years; I, who am nobody living nowhere—I will now write a drama, for the performance of which a special theatre must be built. I will build my theatre in the furthest corner of the world. My drama shall last four nights; no living artist shall be able to play therein until they have gone to school again and unlearned all they now know, and learnt all I can teach them. I will write my music for an orchestra such as does not exist. I will write for instruments that have not yet been invented. For my poem I will take all heaven and earth and the waters that are under the earth, and I will write it in a new tongue. My scenery shall be the unrepresentable—rainbows, fire and the depths of rivers. My characters shall be gods, toads, heroes, dragons and the birds of the air, and all this I will do with my own hand and with no help from any man. I will build my theatre, I will teach my artists, I will design my scenery, I will stage manage, I will conduct my orchestra, I will invent my scenarios, I will write my poems, and I will compose my music. Further, I will create my public. Nobody knows me to-day. If anybody knows me, he suppresses the fact. To-morrow they shall come from England, from America, from the Indies, from China and Japan, and stream in thousands up the hill where my theatre stands. Emperors and kings shall come tedious journeys to sit in my house. The town where I build shall be unheard of one day, and the next it shall be the capital of the new art, and from it a new influence shall radiate into all the world. This I, Wagner, the exile, will do.

And he does it.

Is any praise we can lavish on him exaggerated? Not to-day—not, I hope, in this room. Think of the delight we owe him, if we consider him only as a poet and musician. Remember the new world you woke into when you heard for the first time the introduction to *Lohengrin*. Remember how that world went on widening and deepening as you grew familiar with his creations. The remembrance covers so much ground and such a long period of your lives that it is difficult to focus it, but think for a moment of all the god-like heroes and heroines, and all the glamour of the scenes he has enriched us with. Call up *Senta* and *Vanderdecken*, the storm and the ghostly chanting of the phantom crew. Call *Tannhäuser* and *Wolfram* and *Venus*. See *Elizabeth* clinging in her despair to the wayside shrine. Call up *Lohengrin* and the sunlit banks of the Scheldt, and hear him forecast the wonders you are to witness later in the temple of the Grail. Call up *Isolde* and *Tristan*, and to banish the tears that memory awakens call *Sachs* and *Beckmesser*, and *Eva* and *Walther*, and the colossal laughter in the caves of Nürnberg. And now the *Rhine Maidens* float by with their ravishing song, and the gold gleams and Walhalla rises, and the gods' gloom past us, and *Siegfried* and *Brünnhilde*. What is there in the world that Wagner has left out of that marvelous Trilogy? The waters sing, the earth sings, the rainbow is bent for us, the thunders war, the forests murmur, the birds warble, the fire glitters and gleams, spring bursts into the hut, the sun shimmers through the young green, there is laughter and love, hatred and tears, faith and unfaith, till the flames devour Walhalla and the waters swallow the world.

And yet all was not done; still the man had not reached

his haven of rest or the goal of his aspirations. In 1876 the world said with *Fafner*, "Sayt mich schlafen," and in its half open eyes the Ring was a failure. It did not pay, and what is the use of telling the man in the street a thing is great if you have to admit in the same breath that it doesn't pay. The heart of a man even very nearly as great as Wagner would have broken when he saw the work of his life thus apparently ending in smoke. But instead of sitting down and wringing his hands, he sits down and writes *Parsifal*. With the keen clairvoyance which helped him to see that the triumph of *Rienzi* was a failure in disguise he saw that the fiasco of the Ring was really a triumph. The nail was in; it only needed driving home, and with what a blow he drove it! Then there was nothing more for him to do; he had conquered. Now the temple stood four square and polished at the corners, and he could fall asleep.

And the extraordinary thing is that the composer who, we have always been told, was abstruse, unmelodious, formless, turns out to be the popular composer—popular in the strict sense; the composer of the people; the dramatist of mankind, so that his is the only music, his are the only dramas which the non-technical musician and the man who doesn't care very much about plays assimilates without difficulty. It is a fact that a large proportion of the audiences at Bayreuth is formed of people who don't know a word of German, don't know a clarinet from a bassoon, have never bothered their heads about the theory of music or Scandinavian mythology or Buddhism or Schopenhauer. And yet they sit there hour after hour and cry and laugh and enjoy themselves at every pore.

He grips them like this because he is not a great musician only, but also a great playwright. Do you meet me with the portentous question: What is a playwright? I cannot tell you. I can only tell you what he should be; what he would be were the world perfect. In that perfect world the playwright is a poet and a seer. He has absorbed the experience of all humanity since the beginning of time, and is able to crystallize them in lines, each of which is pregnant with meaning. The motives which move mankind are familiar to him. He knows all passions, while he himself is passionless. His eye probes the lowest depths of a villain's heart and sees all the monstrous thoughts which float there like shapeless crakens in a sea of night. But again his eye is not dazzled by the purity of a virgin's soul. He is aware of all sorrows, all joys, all temptations, all heroisms and all meannesses. He is surprised at nothing, he sympathizes with nothing, he judges nothing; he looks on.

This is the ideal playwright—this is Shakespeare. To some people such a description of him comes as a shock. They say they like to know where they are. They want the playwright to stand in front of the stage, so to speak, and explain: Behold the hero; he has all the good qualities; he is manly, he does not smoke cigarettes, therefore he is good! See how blue his eyes are, and do but observe with what honest rapture he addresses the gallery in defense of woman. Now examine the heroine. She is dressed in white, therefore she refuses the villain's diamonds. She is good to her mother. What self-sacrifice! Lastly, cast your eye on the villain. What a contrast! Observe his black hair. Is not that convincing? He will perish in the third act. The hero will shoot him "like a dog"; but it will not be murder, because the hero does it. When some people find this kind of author they are hypnotized with delight. "What truth!" they cry. "What insight into human nature! How good the author must be! Let us buy his photograph." But the play fades into forgotten things, and I need not remind you that this is not Wagner's method. He lets his creations speak for themselves. He sets them before us with all their imperfections and leaves us to judge them. And then his technic!

The technic, the "trick," of Wagner's plays is as much worth studying as the music. The "trick," then, by which he holds us spellbound consists of two things—directness and repose.

The directness. Think of any of his works, from *The Flying Dutchman* onward. Is there an unnecessary char-

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acter in either of them, a superfluous scene, or a wasted word? And before you answer me, remember you are not the general public. You are students of music and of the stage, and such a thing as a cut is in your minds an impossibility. You are not of the herd who won't go to the theatre till after dinner, and won't dine half an hour earlier so as to get there punctually. Neither do you begin to fidget in your seats at 11 because you are afraid you will not have time for supper. No. If the performance began at 6:30 you would be found in your places at 6:25, and you would not stir, or fan yourselves, or put on your opera cloaks till the curtain had fallen for the last time, and the double-bass had sought the soft seclusion of its green baize bag. You watch the play in the author's spirit, and his mind is reflected in yours. Now then, tell me, what character, what scene, what word in what Wagnerian work is superfluous? Put it another way. If a character is superfluous on the stage he bores us or we forget him; we have no distinct image of him. Now think of the smallest parts in Wagner's dramas and acknowledge that they are living realities, each with its own individuality, each doing something to the furtherance of the plot. There is no such thing as a subsidiary part in any of them. Is the sailor in *Tristan* a small part? Or the shepherd? Where would the action be without them? Imagine the drama of *Tristan* and the sailor's song left out! Why, then, should *Isolde* rage? It is the pivot of the whole play. Imagine it without the shepherd's pipe in the last act. You can't. *Melet* has about twenty bars to sing—if so much—yet he looms larger and terrible throughout the work. In the *Trilogy* whom can you sacrifice? Either of the gods? *Donner*, for instance? Then who is to fashion the rainbow bridge? There are no small parts in the *Trilogy*. Even the animals are as important as the human beings, and you might as well suppress *Siegfried* as the bird who leads him to *Brünnhilde*'s rock.

But if the characters are necessary, then I think I may take it for granted that the scenes in which they appear are also necessary, and, therefore, the words they utter. Wagner's repose is a subject which a critic of Schlegel's type could profitably treat in a volume, and which I almost despair of even faintly elucidating. All the more as we have nearly lost the quality on the contemporary stage. I will try to make my meaning clear by an example.

It is the rule in the common dramatic practice to bring the curtain down sharp on some striking situation. The experts will tell you that as soon as you have reached a climax down must come the curtain. It does not really matter much what you have in the previous part of the act. Fill it out with cuttings from the comic papers, put in anything you like, but work up the excitement five minutes before the curtain falls, and when you have got your excitement bring it down with a rattle and bang.

The moment the long lost brothers have discovered each other, curtain; when the villain has his knife at the hero's throat, curtain; when the wise child finds he does not know his own father, curtain, and so on.

But take that second act out of the *Meistersinger*. What a chance for bringing the curtain down in the middle of the street fight! How we should wonder what became of *Walther* and *Eva* under the tree, and whether *Beckmesser* ultimately escaped from *David*'s basting. Why it is really as

good as a farcical comedy! It is just as good and no better. Wagner does not forget that he is a poet. The watchman's horn is heard, the crowd flies asunder; *Pogner* shelters *Eva*; *Sachs* draws *Walther* into his house and drives *David* home; *Beckmesser* goes limping and cursing down the narrow street. The watchman enters, rubs his eyes, tells us the hour of the night, and passes out. The stage is empty and still the curtain does not fall. What more is to happen? Nothing—everything! The moon rises! And at once the whole scene we have just witnessed, with its colossal mirth and noise and strife, is idealized. At once we are transferred into the realms of poetry and romance; we remember that this is St. John's Eve, and that the gnomes and spirits are working their mischief. The riot now becomes mere midsummer madness, which will leave no trace of ill-feeling on the morrow. And observe that the moon is not brought in for itself. We don't puzzle our heads as to how it is done; we are only conscious of a beautiful artistic finish to the act; of a full, satisfying sense of repose.

Having turned your attention away from Wagner the composer so far, let me lead it a little further and speak of him for a few minutes as the portrayer of human nature. There are 117 speaking parts in Wagner's dramas, not counting the animals, and not two of them are alike. But I have no wish to keep you here all the afternoon, much as I enjoy your society, and I will only briefly touch upon those three great figures, *Siegfried*, *Brünnhilde* and *Isolde*, in which, it seems to me, Wagner has reached the very apex of human genius. Wagner is, above all things, the poet of youth, of spring, of the time of flowering things.

And faith! it does good in a world of anæmic beings of whom you cannot swear they are men at all to meet the brawny youth *Siegfried* binding a bear to his heels for very mischief, laughing so that the forest shakes with his laughter, smashing *Mime*'s puny swords as if they were potsherds, fashioning *Nothing* with great blows of his hammer, and smiting the anvil in twain with one stroke of the good sword. Watch him as he swings through the forest, singing as he goes for want of thought. The birds and the beasts know him and are not afraid, for he is neither a French sportsman to kill sparrows nor an English one whom rabbits must shun. Rather he is the brother of birds and beasts, and only foul things such as *Mime* and creeping things such as the loathly *Worm* have need to fear him. How will you teach him fear? Talk to him of the gloom and twilight of great woods, of the mystery of their emerald depths, of the sunlight shimmering wonderously through the branches, or of the storm wind bending the mighty trunks, and he shouts with delight, for there he was born; the wood is his father and mother. Speak of the horrible worm and he seeks it to see what manner of monster this is, and when it wars at him with its fiery mouth, waked by the sound of his horn, he only laughs in its teeth. Not there is fear; nor even when *Wotan*, the wanderer, bars his path. What is *Wotan* to him. Smash! and the spear made of the world-ash lies in splinters. He steps lightly through the ring of fire, and sadness is in his heart, for he has sought fear high and low and nowhere is it to be found; and then, the sight of *Brünnhilde*, the touch of her hand and the new waking of young love turn his heart to water, and he, who feared nothing on earth or under the earth or

in the heavens, trembles before the virginal majesty of the woman, and thenceforward all his life is doubt and deception and fear. He steps with uncertain feet, walking darkly, falling into the trap *Hagen* lays for him, deceiving the woman he would die for; dying because, as he was cheated into cheating his love, so now he can no longer read the falseness in the betrayer's eyes. As his love robbed *Brünnhilde* of her godhead, so her love has robbed him of his free manhood, and he dies because he loved life too well.

Now, turn to *Brünnhilde*. She appears before us first in all the radiance of her virginal youth. She is the child of heaven and of earth, for *Wotan* is her father and *Erda* her mother. She and her eight sisters are *Wotan*'s messengers calling the heroes to *Walhalla*. She is the free maid, glorying in her task, glorying in the mere joy of life; an embodiment of nature. She is the wind and the sun; her hair is filled with the scent of the pine woods; she lives in every nerve; the blood rushes gladly in her veins, and her lips are ever ready for laughter. Laughing, she rides *Grane* in the teeth of the storm; she knows nothing of sorrow or sickness or weakness of any sort. The only trouble she knows is *Fricka*'s conscientiousness, which thwarts *Wotan*. For she herself has no conscience; there is no right or wrong for her, but only *Wotan*'s will. Above all, she knows nothing of love, excepting that it is one of the manifestations of the youth of mankind, and therefore a thing beautiful in itself, like a flower or the song of birds. Man is to her only the hero, who must fight and die and be borne to *Walhalla*, and sit silent and stately about All-father's high seat. Yet she is quick of sympathy, and when *Wotan* pours out his griefs to her and shows her his helplessness her spirit grows heavy, though she understands nothing of his reasons. *Siegfried* and *Sieglinde* are to her the embodiment of youth, and it seems a pity that *Siegfried* must die before he has had any fighting to speak of. However, if he must, he must; and *Sieglinde*, the poor mortal, must be left to shift for herself as best she may. Such is the white canvas upon which Wagner has painted his great tragic figure. Thus in a few bold strokes, and with his usual marvelous economy of words, he has shown us the woman in a state of rudimentary nature. For the first time in the history of the drama we assist at the birth of a character, and are allowed to watch its growth from the very source. It is not long before *Brünnhilde* awakens to a new feeling.

You all remember the indescribable scene in which *Brünnhilde* warns *Siegfried* of his coming death. *Sieglinde* has sunk, weary and swooning, asleep in her lover's arms. The tragedy of fate has overwhelmed the hapless pair. *Hunding*, the betrayed, is hard upon them. *Sieglinde* has fainted for fear, but *Siegfried* is awaiting his foe, firm in the faith of his sword. To him comes *Brünnhilde* upon her mission of death. And for the first time she is brought face to face with a thing stronger than the fear of death, stronger than the hope of *Walhalla*. The glory she promises *Siegfried* is nothing to him. It is nothing that he shall sit in *Walhalla*, nothing that he shall be at All-father's side, nothing that the wish-maidens shall fill his cup. The one thing for *Siegfried* is *Sieglinde*, and when he learns that she may not follow him he throws all heaven to the winds. *Brünnhilde* is thrilled with a new experience. The immortal learns that there are deeper

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joys than the joys of immortality—that a man's love is a higher thing than the glories of Walhall and that a man's faith teaches him to despise death. Besides this, she learns infinite pity for the doomed woman—pity, mingled with the secret thought that this unhappy creature is nobler through her love, her suffering and her motherhood than she, *Brünnhilde*, the god's daughter, the eternal maid.

But the instant sympathy enters her soul she becomes a changed being. Suffering for others, she becomes capable of suffering herself. Her courage, which before was merely animal, now takes a far nobler form. *Brünnhilde* had only one thing to fear—*Wotan's* anger, and as it had never entered into her thought to provoke that it is no marvel she was afraid of nothing. But now, inspired by this new emotion of sympathy, she deliberately provokes the one great danger; she deliberately puts herself in opposition to *Wotan*. She helps *Siegfried*. Foiled in that, she is yet not at the end of her courage. She helps *Sieglinde*. The most terrible punishment conceivable overtakes her. *Wotan's* wrath overwhelms her. The immortal is deprived of her immortality; the goddess is reduced to the level of humanity, and left to her fate on the summit of the flame girt rock.

And then the love of mortals, which she has hitherto only beheld afar off, which awoke her sympathy, yet which she could not understand—could only wonder at—strikes her. The hero comes, and with him comes suffering. Now she is mere woman.

She has given the man all: Youth, love, immortality wisdom—all are vain to bind him to her side; he must fare forth and fight. He has his man's work to fulfill, and he cannot stay by her side in idleness. It never enters her mind to urge it. On the contrary, she herself sends him to new deeds. She will sit alone and wait for him, and so he gives her the ring and they part. Then comes her sister *Waltraute* to try her faith. Let her only give back the ring; the gods shall be free of their curse. She laughs *Waltraute* to scorn; not all the gods shall tear *Siegfried's* love token from her finger. And on the top of this the horrible, innocent betrayal. *Siegfried* himself, besmeared by *Hagen's* herbs, comes in *Gunther's* shape; wrenches his own ring from her hand and gives his own bride to *Gunther*.

What a world of suffering lies now betwixt the *Brünnhilde* who laughed in her careless immortality and the *Brünnhilde* who comes to *Gunther's* court in *Gunther's* care to find *Siegfried* in *Gunther's* arms, to see her lover looking at her with strange eyes, and to spy the ring he betrothed her with, the ring she thought *Gunther* had torn from her, on *Siegfried's* finger. She is cheated, scorned, cast into the dark by him for whom she has sacrificed all she was and knew, and so blindly—unwittingly—she herself betrayed the unwitting betrayer, she, *Brünnhilde*, dooms *Siegfried* to die.

Lastly, when *Siegfried* is dead and her life done with, wisdom comes to her again and the knowledge she had lost in her love. She knows more than the gods now, for she has loved and suffered. She knows that the one good thing upon earth is death, for therein is rest and the healing of all sorrows.

Bear with me while the curtain rises again upon the tented deck of *Tristan's* ship—see *Isolde* brooding over her wrongs. Now we have left what the thoughtless person calls imaginary characters—we are face to face with what even the thoughtless person must concede is a real flesh and blood woman, as real to-day as she was when she sailed from Ireland in *Tristan's* care to the hateful arms of *King Marke*. Here is a woman raging under a great wrong. For love's sake she had betrayed her kin and allowed the slayer of her betrothed to slip through her fingers unslain, and he has scorned her. That he left her was already much, but that he should return thus a wooer, not for himself but for the decrepit king, his uncle; this it is that has stung her to ungovernable fury. Only death is possible both for him and for her. For him as atonement, for her as a means of escape from *Marke's* arms, and because—because after all, under this mark of blood feud and hatred, the fire in her heart is all love of *Tristan*. She is so blinded by externals that she cannot interpret *Tristan's* silence, save as scorn; she can only understand his cold reserve as insult; she does not see, being a mere woman, that the same storm that is in her heart is raging in her lover's, and so they meet, and so they agree to drink the death draught, and so they think they have drunk it and face each other bare of conventionalities.

The famous magic potion in *Tristan* deserves a lecture all to itself. Don't be afraid; I am not going to inflict it upon you, but I must just stop to consider it for one mo-

ment because it bears heavily on the development of *Isolde's* character. The fatuous critic, who, whenever he opens his mouth puts his foot in it, sees in the magic potion only a magic potion, and turns up his superior nose at what he calls the childishness of the machinery. He can see no difference between *Brangaene's* cup and the enchanted teapot which *John Wellington Wells* brews with such disastrous effect in one of Mr. Gilbert's comic masterpieces. He says in effect that if you are going to give your protagonists a magic draught whenever you want them to fall in love there is an end of drama. I am glad I am not a critic, for if there is a beautiful point in a work of art your critic seems invariably doomed to miss it. Here he has entirely missed the fact that *Tristan* and *Isolde* are already passionately in love. But honor paralyzes the man's tongue and pride the woman's. The work the draught accomplishes is to unloosen their tongues. They think they are on the threshold of death. They have done with life and its lies, its false ideals, its false shame. They are as good as dead; therefore they are free with a freedom such as no living folks can attain. If *Brangaene* had given them a draught of milk the effect would have been precisely the same. So they speak, and, significantly enough, it is *Isolde* who speaks first. Having once spoken, the rest of this woman's life is utter forgetfulness in her love. She never revolts against it as *Tristan* does. She knows nothing of caution. She is in *Tristan's* arms while *Marke* is stepping aboard the ship to welcome her. She quenches the torch in spite of *Brangaene's* fears. She turns *Brangaene's* warning cry into a midnight hymn of passion; neither does she know anything of shame. It is not she who hides her face when *Marke* comes upon the lovers—it is *Tristan* who spreads his cloak before her. When *Tristan* asks whether she will follow him into the silent land, there is only one possible answer for her, and when *Tristan* dies, her spirit is exhaled—not with pain, nor with any of the terrors of death, but in a transfiguration, in a song of triumph and joy.

I have very nearly done. But if you will allow me I will add one more word addressed especially to those among you who may be at the beginning of careers as musicians or poets or artists. Them I urge to take *Wagner's* life and character in its broad outlines as the models for their own conduct. Like him, search yourselves to discover what is really in you. Before all things be self-critical, and when you have formed a sound opinion about yourselves turn neither to the right nor to the left for the sake of any other critic. Go right ahead. Never be discouraged; neither by sickness, nor failure, nor lack of sympathy. I speak in a sense as one from the dead, for in my humble way I have lived a musician's life and passed out of it, and nobody knows better than I how hard and disheartening a life that is. We cannot hope to be *Wagners*. We cannot all hope to play first fiddle. But we can try to. When we know a thing to be false and meretricious in any art we can turn our faces against it and refuse to have anything to do with the unclean thing. We shall not miss glory if we deserve glory, and what little money we come by honestly will be pleasanter to handle than gold plucked out of a pigstye.

Keep your enthusiasms. You will be told you are insane. Certainly. Great thoughts, greatly realized, whether in music, the drama, or any other of the arts, do inspire in the artist and his sympathizers a sort of holy frenzy. But there is wholesome insanity as well as morbid insanity. There is the insanity of the man brooding in darkness, with a toad and an occasional worm for sole companions, and there is the insanity of the man who has scaled a great height, stands on the summit, sees all the kingdoms of the world spread at his feet and shouts and gesticulates for pure joy.

Remember the thrill that passes through you when *Brünnhilde* appears on the summit of the rock uttering her war cry and swinging her spear. Remember the overwhelming moment when *Isolde* quenches the torch and waves her sail toward the lagging *Tristan*. It is useless to tell me that these are illegitimate efforts because they do not enter into our daily experience. There are people who would have us confine all emotions to the respectable if sulky standard of the British breakfast table, and would therefore thrust their whirlwinds of passion outside the pale of art. That is nonsense. These moments move us out of our well-bred languor for the very reason that we recognize them to be types of crises through which we have passed, or which we may conceivably experience.

Go mad freely with *Wagner*, then. It is a wholesome insanity, and in these morbid days when heroines live on green chartreuse, yellow literature and blue epigrams, it

will blow through you like a cleansing wind, sweeping the nightmares out of jaded brains.

Above all, cling to youth. Youth is the one thing worth having in this life, and it is possible to die at a ripe old age and yet retain the childish heart. The childlike heart rejoices in lovely things; does not pluck the errors out of a man's work and say, "Look! where he slipped!" but cherishes its beauties and seeks its nobility. And it seems to me there is no country on earth—and I have seen most of them—where it must be so easy to keep young as in this country of yours. I tell you I, for one, have grown ten years younger since I have been among you, and my one thought is how good it must be to be young in so lovely a land, to be working among such eager, striving spirits—to be young and to be set to work and to turn aside as you are turning from utilitarian paths into the bleached walks of art, to be set to interpret in great music, great poems, great plays or great pictures the beauty and the vastness of the land you live in. Go to work and do it—and—keep my memory green!

Sousa's Western Triumphs.—Sousa's immensely popular band is winning great honor in the West. The following notice from the St. Paul (Minn.) *Globe* is typical of the enthusiasm which everywhere greets the organization:

Sousa, premier bandmaster, most versatile of modern composers and most generous of conductors, offered his patrons a program of nine numbers at the Metropolitan matinee yesterday. In reality the audience, which was large despite the storm, listened to eighteen selections. In no instance was an encore refused—once, indeed, the second encore being granted. Taken as a whole, it was a most enjoyable and cosmopolitan program, including classical and the lighter forms of composition, and varying in form from the religious dignity of Handel's *largo* to the sprightly patter of one movement of Delibes' *Sylvia* ballet music.

Sousa has achieved greater success in writing for the band than any other. He has succeeded where others have failed in getting distinct orchestral effects with wind instruments alone. Critics of his adaptations of higher musical forms, written for strings, have been many, yet by persistence and a careful study of tonal effects he has overcome opposition until to-day that greatest of orchestral leaders and foremost in the ranks of the Wagnerian cult, Theodore Thomas, acknowledges that Sousa and his musicians can properly interpret the works of the German composer.

But Sousa's popularity and success are due largely to the fact that he plays popular music. Even his own most ambitious efforts have that quality that appeals to everyone. His marches are written in a form peculiarly their own. He broke away from all traditions in certain forms of composition, and the novelty was at once apparent to the melody loving public. Whatever he has written has vigor and melody. He is magnetic, and imparts his meaning to his audience as well as his musicians. As a leader he is sui generis, and music seems to leap from his baton, or sway in dreamy sensuousness in response to his graceful gestures. Another element that contributed to Sousa's wonderful success lies in the fact that his ideas were in direct contrast to what may be termed the Wagnerian era on this side of the Atlantic.

For a dozen years or more the best operatic companies and the finest orchestras gave us nothing but *Wagner*, and every minor organization caught the fad and made efforts at what the leaders in the musical world were pleased to call "the music of the future." Then came Sousa, following in the lamented Gilmore's footsteps, reaching for the hearts of the people with melodies. At the World's Fair millions of people, it is safe to say, heard those wonderful open air concerts, with Sousa's name at the head of the programs. Thomas and his wonderful orchestra, the largest and best trained ever gathered on this continent, played to thousands once a day in Music Hall, but Sousa and his band charmed tens of thousands twice daily in the open air. The first of what are now known as the "Sousa marches" was all the rage at the time—the Washington Post March. Since then he has written and played others equally distinctive in their popularity. Whatever he has written is, to coin the word, *Sousaesque*, and the wonderful success of his concert tours is the best indication that he has touched the popular heart.

Shrewd man that he is, Sousa is generous with his musical gifts. Does he make a program of five numbers, it is certain he will play at least nine. He never refuses an encore. So it was yesterday. Every number save the last was followed by a number not mentioned on the program. The afternoon opened with Suppé's overture, *Das Modell*, with strongly contrasting movements, and reminiscent of *Light Cavalry* and other works of this popular composer. Sousa's Three Quotations, including three movements, met with favor. The first movement is grotesque, the second variations of a melodious theme, and the third a genuine plantation treasure. All three are the compositions of the bandmaster.

Arthur Pryor, well known in the Northwest, played a very difficult variation of *Annie Laurie*, and responded with a little song, delightfully rendered. The symphonic suite, *Scheherazade*, bubbling over with the weird ideas of the Slav dance, was one of the best selections on the program, and met demonstrative approval. The *Chariot Race*, one of Sousa's own, written in symphonic form, was a novelty, and showed better than anything he has yet written his capabilities for the higher forms of musical composition. It is descriptive, in the highest sense of that much abused word, and its effect on the hearer is dazzling. Lalo's *Norwegian Rhapsody*, also a novelty, is distinctive in theme and treatment. This writer has a style peculiarly his own, and the quaint melody on which his outburst of harmonic writing is based is easily identified with the melancholy of the land of the North. Sousa's handling of the composition was incomparable. The ever popular *King Cotton March* and the *Wedding Music* from *Lohengrin* completed the regular program.

The encores included almost everything the bandmaster has written in the way of popular marches. *Padreowski's* popular minuet, the pizzicato movement from the *Sylvia* ballet music, and Handel's *largo*. The last named number was delightfully presented, the organ effect being especially noticeable.

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Francis Fischer Powers' Final Pupils' Concert.

ON Friday evening last Mr. Powers, with thirty-three pupils selected from his large class, held full sway in Carnegie Hall. The program was a very long one, but divided into three smaller programs, the guests being invited for different parts at different hours. This idea was a novel one and worked very successfully, inasmuch as no one became wearied, and the interest continued throughout. It is impossible to enter into details, but Mr. Powers ought to be a very proud man, for a more interesting class of pupils could hardly be gotten together. Their singing not only showed careful and conscientious training, but exhibited in a remarkable degree as well the method which is making Mr. Powers so famous. Unstinted praise must be accorded Mr. Horace Kinney for his fine accompaniments. The pupils obviously enjoyed them, and in not a few instances tendered him profuse thanks at the end of their selections. Following is the program:

PROGRAM I.—7:30 O'CLOCK.

| | |
|--------------------------------------|--|
| Idylle..... | MacDowell |
| Etude Mignonne..... | Schütt |
| Madrigal..... | Victor Harris |
| Si Tu Malmals..... | Denza |
| The Violet..... | Hervey |
| Love Lullaby..... | Goring Thomas |
| The Dream..... | Rubinstein |
| Rosamonde..... | Chaminade |
| Ma Voisine..... | Goring Thomas |
| Sei Still..... | Raff |
| Immer Bei Dir..... | Miss Mary Lydia Frame |
| Frage..... | Mendelssohn |
| Pastorale..... | Haydn |
| Elizabeth's Prayer (Tannhauser)..... | Wagner |
| Thy Beaming Eyes..... | MacDowell |
| With a Violet..... | Grieg |
| Liebespredigt..... | Otto Frommel |
| O du Liebster Mein..... | Franz Behr |
| Good Night, Beloved..... | Pinsuti |
| | Miss Cobin, Miss Benedict, Mr. MacClennon, Mr. Miller. |

PROGRAM II.—8:30 O'CLOCK.

| | |
|--|--|
| Scaramouche..... | Chaminade |
| Nur du Bist's..... | Victor Herbert |
| Salve Dimora, Faust..... | Gounod |
| The Bluebell..... | MacDowell |
| Down the Hill..... | Pierre Oulet |
| Bolero, Merci Diletti Amiche (I Vespri Siciliani)..... | Verdi |
| Schmerzen..... | Wagner |
| Traume..... | Mrs. D. Frank Lloyd |
| Theme and Variations..... | Proch |
| Romance, Morire..... | Papini |
| Waltz song, Romeo and Juliet..... | Gounod |
| Cavatina, Queen of Sheba..... | Gounod |
| Polonaise, Mignon..... | Thomas |
| Old Heidelberg..... | Jensen |
| Don Juan Serenade..... | Tschaikowsky |
| Lehn' Deine Wang an Meine Wang..... | Jensen |
| The Woodbird..... | Oulet |
| | Miss Cobin, Miss Benedict, Mr. MacClennon, Mr. Miller. |

PROGRAM III.—9:30 O'CLOCK.

| | |
|---|----------------------|
| Czardas..... | Hubay |
| Ein Stündlein Wohl vor Tag..... | Franz |
| Ich Kanne' Nicht Fassen, Nicht Glauben..... | Schumann |
| Gypsy Song..... | Dvorak |
| Avons..... | D'Hardelot |
| Liebesglück..... | Spicker |
| Sans Amour..... | Chaminade |
| Swallows..... | Cowen |
| Slumber Song..... | Franz |
| Bolero..... | Thomé |
| Vulcan's Song, Philemon et Baucis..... | Gounod |
| The Chase..... | Mattel |
| Cavatina, Carmen..... | Bizet |
| Immer Leiser Wird Mein Schlummer..... | Brahms |
| Erinnerung..... | Spicker |
| Liebesleid..... | Herbert |
| Air de l'Ermite, Elaine..... | Bemberg |
| Repentir..... | Gounod |
| | Mr. Victor Baillard. |

| | |
|---|-----------------------------|
| Heart's Delight..... | Gilchrist |
| Spring Song (violin obligato, Mr. Kaufman)..... | Weil |
| Habanera, Carmen..... | Bizet |
| Ave Maria..... | Bach-Gounod |
| Afterward..... | Mary Knight Wood |
| Farewell..... | Maud V. White |
| Estudiantina..... | Lacome |
| | Miss Cobin and Mrs. Tupper. |

Elijah.

ELIJAH was the oratorio given by the New York Oratorio Society on Friday afternoon and Saturday evening last, the 24th and 27th inst., with the following cast: Miss Ella Russell, soprano; Miss Martha J. Miner, soprano; Mrs. Katharine Bloodgood, contralto; Miss Zora Gladys Hörlocker, contralto; Mr. Evan Williams, tenor; Mr. H. E. Distelhurst, tenor; Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies, baritone; Mr. Herbert Witherspoon, bass; full chorus of the society and New York Symphony Orchestra.

The performance of Elijah deserves to be ranked among the best presentations of oratorio heard in this or any other country within a long period. So rich, impressive and compact a chorus is rarely formed capable as was this to pour forth a superbly dramatic burst of song. By far the best work heard from the New York Oratorio Society in years was heard in Elijah, work rich and sufficiently imposing to make one feel that he sat really in the great home of oratorio, the stamping ground of Handel and Mendelssohn himself. The leading view of the English populace to supply a superbly large and efficient chorus is seldom successfully imitated beyond the limits of their island. This last admirable chorus of the New York Oratorio Society in Elijah bade just defiance to any rivalry on any soil, since it embraced as perfect dramatic, voluminous and finely intelligent a grasp of choral meaning as has been heard in this country within recollection.

Miss Ella Russell sang with purity, vibrancy and force. Oratorio is obviously her field par excellence. Her diction is excellently clear and expressive, her accent dramatic, and there is a dignity and a fervor in her delivery which command intelligent sympathy at once. Her voice, which has the clear, penetrant quality of a silver trumpet, is highly effective in solo work, and her singing of Hear Ye, Israel, marked by dramatic feeling, great vocal beauty and artistic finish in phrasing proved an episode in oratorio singing worth the memorizing. The crystalline vibrancy of Miss Russell's voice is rarely satisfying. In ensemble music she is apt, without effort, to carry off the honors, the firm musical vibrancy of her tone carrying clearly above and beyond the average singers with whom she may find herself in harness. This was most tellingly evidenced in the double quartet For He Shall Give His Angels, her voice in this case showing like polished steel against a comparatively thick paste-like background. There can be no possible doubt that Ella Russell is the most telling, authoritative singer in oratorio heard by Americans in many a day.

Elijah, which vocally is nearly all Elijah, was honestly shouldered by Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies. Mr. Herbert Witherspoon was called on for a slender amount of relief, enough to make it desired that more of his deep, musical, resonant bass could be heard. Ffrangcon-Davies sang earnestly, tunefully and with authority, but there was small variety in tone or accent. A steady monotone, fervid and full voiced, characterized every phrase alike. Miss Russell, observant of light and shade, found herself at times at a disadvantage. In the duet, closing "with all thy soul and with all thy might," the soprano's artistic fineness was ruthlessly obscured by the baritone's open, colorless tone, which yielded to no one phase of sentiment more than the other. In the large list of solos, however, which fell to his share, Mr. Davies sang with sterling dramatic effect, and proved his authoritative experience in oratorio most favorably.

Mrs. Bloodgood gave O Rest in the Lord with tender earnestness and depth. Her voice is luscious, and she has attained great ease and finish in style. Diction is her stumbling block; her text cannot be understood, and on the same platform as Ella Russell, who is exceptionally distinct, Mrs. Bloodgood's shortcoming is the more emphatically evident.

Mr. Evan Williams gave forth a prodigal volume of tenor tone and displayed much feeling and dramatic power. His native endowment is a rich one, and with the further study which he needs should one early day land him on prominent vocal heights.

The tremendous chorus, Thanks Be to God, near the close of the first part, was given with really superb effect. Volume, color, spirit precision were all present, making of the massive outburst something to remember. The dramatic meaning of Elijah, which places it in interest so far beyond most of its fellows, was grasped firmly and well by the Oratorio Society, so that we do not recall a more consistently just and effective presentation of any choral work within many a year.

Elijah should be given—as it has now been given—again. It will well bear repetition. Meantime Mr. Walter Dam-

rosch deserves an honest vote of thanks for his admirable production, the best heard here from every viewpoint within a lengthy period.

New York State Music Teachers' Association. (Official communication).—The ninth annual meeting will be held at Binghamton, July 6, 7 and 8, 1897. President, Dr. Gerrit Smith, New York, studio, 573 Madison avenue; secretary-treasurer, Walter J. Hall, New York, Carnegie Hall.

Program Committee—Chairman, Sumner Salter, New York, Carnegie Hall.

The preparations for the Binghamton meeting are progressing favorably. It should be borne in mind that anyone can become a member of the association and enjoy its musical privileges. It is not restricted to music teachers. A good example has been set by the vice-presidents of Dutchess County, of whom Prof. Geo. C. Gow, of Vassar College, is the first, in the steps taken to arouse the interest of the music lovers of their county. A letter appealing for new members was sent to all the prominent musical people of the county.

As a result of this call an enthusiastic meeting was held on the 27th ult., which was attended by President Smith and an organization of the county interests effected. It is urged that the vice-president in all counties of the State make arrangement for a meeting of this sort on some day during Easter week. Reports of the meetings should be sent immediately following to the editor of the *Bulletin*, Mr. Louis Arthur Russell, Carnegie Hall, New York, for publication in the next *Bulletin* to appear in May.

Norfolk Praise for Dr. Hanchett.—Dr. Henry G. Hanchett's undertaking to give three recitals within twenty-four hours in Norfolk, Va., might have been looked upon as a rather audacious procedure, especially when one glanced through the program announced, but the popular, financial and newspaper success shows the effort to have been fully warranted. The *Norfolk Landmark* said:

Dr. Hanchett's explanations were terse but decidedly interesting while as a pianist he is an artist of exalted attainments. His rendition of the remarkable program was almost faultless. Several of his selections on a program of choicest compositions were played with that absolute finish only attainable to him who is master of the instrument. His hearers were swayed as by a magician's wand, and were only sorry when the musical feast was at end.

The *Daily Pilot* said:

The sonata, as rendered by the skillful hands of Dr. Hanchett, compelled the admiration of those present, as the composition in all its varying numbers showed the power of a magician in developing a beautiful sonata from a motive of three notes. The difficult yet interesting program was carried out in an almost faultless manner. His technique and rendering were all that could be desired, while his explanatory remarks were both suggestive and instructive and based on definite principle and an intimate acquaintance with the masterpieces selected. The pleasure derived from these recitations has been so genuine that it is to be hoped that Norfolk will soon have the pleasure of hearing more and that Dr. Hanchett will not allow his first visit to be his last.

The *Norfolk Virginian* said:

Dr. Hanchett is even more than a master of the instrument; he is its slave. He gives himself up to the inspirations which he evokes in subtle harmonies from the ivory keys, and, identifying himself with the wonderful melodies of the great masters, interprets them in a manner so lucid, so effective and so rarely artistic that his audience is at once placed *en rapport* and is borne irresistibly through rapturous mazes of music to scenes as varied as the imaginings of man. His hearers run the gamut of human emotions; they hate, love, triumph, are defeated, are exalted, are cast down, dream planlessly and irresponsibly. Dr. Hanchett made many admirers while here and they heartily hope they may have the privilege of hearing him again. He is considerably more than a clever pianist, for he certainly possesses a genius for the interpretation of classic music rarely found in this matter of fact day.

Carreno Engagements.—Madame Carreno's engagements from now forward thus far booked are as follows:

| | |
|---------------------------------------|---------------|
| New York Symphony Society..... | April 2 and 3 |
| Hartford, recital..... | 5 |
| Worcester, "..... | 6 |
| Springfield, "..... | 7 |
| Washington, "..... | 9 |
| Richmond, "..... | 10 |
| Norfolk, "..... | 12 |
| Atlanta, "..... | 13 |
| Louisville, "..... | 14 |
| Chicago, Thomas' Orchestra..... | 16 and 17 |
| Memphis, recital..... | 19 |
| Nashville, "..... | 20 |
| Cincinnati, " (fourth time)..... | 21 |
| Detroit, "..... | 22 |
| New York, matinee, Carnegie Hall..... | 24 |
| Philadelphia, " (third time)..... | 27 |
| Harrisburg, recital..... | 28 |
| Indianapolis, "..... | 30 |
| St. Paul, "..... | May 3 |
| Minneapolis, "..... | 7 and 8 |
| Denver, "..... | 7 and 8 |

The management is in the hands of R. E. Johnston & Co., Belvedere Hotel, New York.

Anna Lankow's Pupil.—Marie van Gelder, who studied for two years with Anna Lankow, continues to triumph in Europe. The journal *Der Bund*, of Berne, writes:

The performance to-day of Wagner's Tannhauser has again demonstrated what an indispensable factor we possess in Frä. Van Gelder. This fact must be declared with all emphasis. We do not assert that it was a model performance of Tannhauser when *Venus* and *Elizabeth* were represented by the same singer. But it was heroic that Frä. van Gelder, the *Elizabeth*, should readily in the last moment, take the place of the *Venus* who was indisposed. And how well she did it! Both parts were rendered by her most effectively.

The *Berner Tageblatt* says: "Lohengrin, by Wagner—Frä. van Gelder sang and played *Elis* with great distinction. The duet of Act III., sung with wonderful beauty, was received with deafening applause."

BAYREUTH.

The Pan-Artistic Study Tour to Europe.

A MUSICO-LITERARY-ART EXCURSION AND PILGRIMAGE TO THE BAYREUTH FESTIVAL.

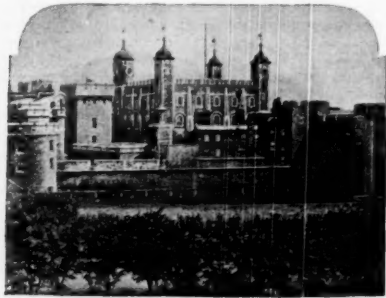
From New York, Saturday, June 26, 1897.

(Continued from last issue.)

AS was stated in the last notice, the "Study Tour" will be a musico-literary pilgrimage, organized with the view of affording to the music students and amateurs of America and their friends an opportunity of visiting the Bayreuth Festival, and of making a tour to the chief art centres, capitals and historic cities of Europe, under favorable artistic auspices and guidance.

The design of the tour and the route to be followed were shown last week, but we may briefly state here that while the artistic and educational features will, of course, be pre-eminent, it is not proposed to lose sight of the fact that it is a vacation tour. Every facility for recreation, enjoyment and sightseeing will be provided, and everything done to insure members obtaining an agreeable and pleasant time. The route embraces, accordingly, most of the localities of scenic, social, historic and general interest usually visited by tourists in Europe, as well as the principal centres of art and culture.

It is earnestly hoped that this enterprise may bring about an alliance of many minds and ideals, and establish a criterion of intellectual study travel. Most especially does the art director need the moral support and aid of his fel-



TOWER OF LONDON.

low workers in the cause of art, and the hearty co-operation not only of the professions, but of students, amateurs and societies interested in art culture. To this end the attention of college presidents, ladies' college authorities, musical directors, and friends of young graduates is directed to the desirable mental and moral advantages of the project. Young ladies can confidently participate without the escort of personal friends, as Mrs. Lauder and other ladies have signified their intention of accompanying the party, and proper chaperonage will be provided. The importance of the Study Tour, and the great interest manifested and support accorded to it by leading members of the musical profession, and others of prominence in musical and artistic circles are effectively demonstrated by munificent gifts of scholarships and presentation souvenirs offered for the purpose of stimulating interest in its educational and artistic features, and thus furthering the dissemination of correct artistic principles and ideals, and inducing serious and sustained efforts in making the Study Tour widely known. Particulars of these will be found in the descriptive pamphlet already referred to.

The members of the Study Tour will leave New York on Saturday, June 26, by the favorite Cunard line express steamship Umbria. The Atlantic voyage on our modern, large and magnificently equipped vessels is generally a very pleasant experience, and a week seems almost too short a time.

Arriving at Liverpool the party proceeds to London, where five days will be spent. From London to Brussels, the handsome and gay capital of Belgium; thence to Cologne and Bonn, the birthplace of Beethoven, where an express steamer on the Rhine will be taken for Mayence.

Heidelberg, with its picturesque old castle and many attractions, and Frankfurt are then visited. The next point is Leipzig, with its memories of Mendelssohn; then Berlin, the great metropolis of the German Empire, and Dresden, the home and resting place of Weber. From Dresden the pilgrims proceed to Vienna, the brilliant Austrian capital; Salzburg, the birthplace and home of Mozart, and Munich, famous for its art treasures, which include Schnorr's celebrated Nibelungen frescoes. Mediaeval Nuremberg is visited next; then Bayreuth, where the members will have an opportunity of attending the performance of the second cycle of the festival, covering four days. Then come Stuttgart, Strasburg and, of course, Paris, where nine days are spent. Three more days are devoted to London; Stratford-on-Avon, the home of Shakespeare, is visited, and the party returns by the Cunard line to New York, arriving on Wednesday, September 1, after delightful trip of sixty-eight days from start to finish.

Mr. W. Waugh Lauder, the art director of the tour, is well known to our readers and the musical world generally as a frequent contributor to the musical and artistic press, and the originator of the lecture recital. He represented THE MUSICAL COURIER at the Columbian Exposition, and the following excerpt from our issue of May 10, 1893, in announcing his appointment, may be consistently reproduced here:

Mr. Lauder is yet a young man, but the work he has accomplished is appalling to an easy going temperament. He is a pianist, a lecturer, a critic, a teacher, a writer on a bewildering variety of topics, and a man who has made his mark. He has been personally intimate with many famous musicians, great pianists, like Liszt and others. He has given piano recitals and lectures of formidable variety all over the country. He has the whole literature of the piano at his fingers' ends, and he can write lucidly, profoundly and interestingly on all musical, literary and artistic subjects.

The members of the Study Tour are fortunate in possessing so well qualified an "art director." The artistic and social features of the expedition could not be in better hands, as a residence of many years in Europe, at Edinburgh, Heidelberg, Leipzig, Rome, &c., has given him a wide acquaintance with the languages and the culture of the Old World.

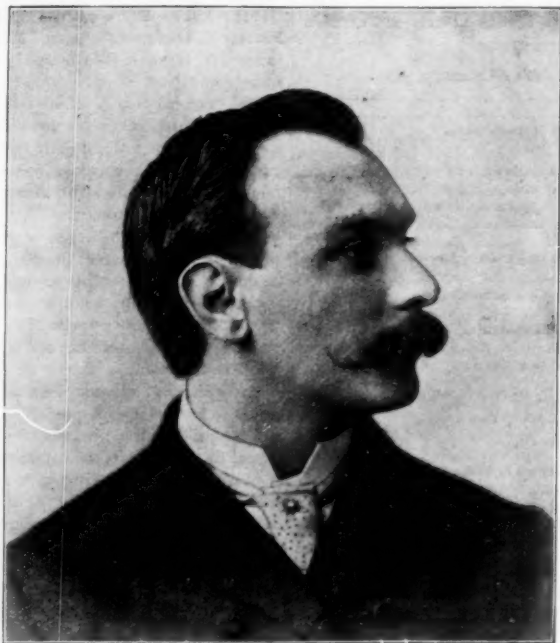
The task of carrying out the details of the tour has been

and experienced representative will accompany the party to supervise the arrangements and to take charge of all the details of travel, such as care of baggage, &c., thus relieving the travelers of all trouble and responsibility and leaving them free to devote their whole time and energy to the enjoyment of the tour.

An illustrated pamphlet has been issued containing all the particulars, a description of the route and the places visited, and much interesting matter contributed by Mr. Lauder and others, illustrated with portraits of Wagner, Beethoven, Liszt, &c., which can be obtained on request without charge.

In order that the best possible arrangements for the accommodation of members may be made, it is important that early application for membership should be made, as the party will of course be limited to a comfortable number. All information, programs, &c., can be obtained from Mr. W. Waugh Lauder, 239 Wabash avenue, Chicago, Ill., or Messrs. Thos. Cook & Son, 261 Broadway, New York, and 234 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

INCLUSIVE FARE (Tour of 68 Days), \$560.



MR. W. WAUGH LAUDER.

Miss Stein's Artistic Work.—The *Delilah* of Saint-Saëns' opera oratorio, *Samson and Delilah*, sung by the eminent contralto Gertrude May Stein, in New Haven last Wednesday the 24th inst., with the Gounod Society was a brilliant and unqualified success. Miss Stein has for some time been conspicuously successful in the part, but her work on this occasion claimed the specific headings

from the press of unusually "artistic work." Some notices are appended:

Miss Stein easily carried off the honors of the evening. Her stage presence is charming, and her vocal gifts of a high order. Her voice is of sympathetic quality, and used artistically. The first solo, *I Come with a Song*, won her the instant favor of the audience. The delicate modulation and plaintive tenderness in *The Spring with Her Dower of Flowers* was genuinely artistic, and the finale, *So, I'll Wait for Him Alway*, was delivered with a wonderful depth of emotional feeling.

The long solo at the beginning of Act II. was intensely dramatic, and the enthusiastic applause which followed was a recognition of the conscientious work of the singer.

Miss Stein was entirely successful in the concerted numbers, es-



PARIS.

intrusted to the old established firm of Thos. Cook & Son, who will place at the service of members of the Study Tour all their influence and resources, as it is intended to make this art pilgrimage a notable event. A competent

pecially in the duet with Mr. Meyn, *Death to Our Mighty Foe*, sung with tremendous energy and a true dramatic spirit, which aroused the audience to great enthusiasm. Miss Stein has the temperament for a singer, and while all her work was of almost equal merit, it is doubtful if any present last evening will ever hear the solo, My

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Heart at Thy Voice Opens Wide, sung with more delicate refinement of expression and finished technic.—*New Haven Press, March 25, 1907.*

Miss Gertrude May Steinas *Delilah* appeared in her favorite rôle, and her work fully justified all prediction concerning it. The smaller parts which she has sung in two or three former Gounod concerts were an earnest of what might be expected, but she even exceeded anticipation in her exacting rôle last night.

Her immense reserve force continually impresses the listener. There seems no limit to the demands for volume and dramatic force she can make on her voice, and yet seem to have some in store. Her range is unusually great, and in the part of *Delilah*, she sang from low F to B in alt with perfect ease and splendid quality of tone throughout.

The work of *Samson* is so continuous that opportunities for "overtures" are woefully lacking. The audience found one in which to honor Miss Stein as she deserved, and with the tributes of applause there went up to the singer a beautiful cluster of American Beauties.—*New Haven Evening Leader, March 25, 1907.*

Delilah at this juncture made her appearance. Miss Stein has been a favorite with the Gounod Society ever since her memorable appearance in St. Paul when in the single solo which is allotted to the contralto in that oratorio she fairly captivated all who heard her. She has sung in New Haven several times since, and has never failed to please. Last night she far surpassed all her previous efforts, and with the great bouquet of American Beauty roses which was sent up to her over the footlights went a silent tribute from the heart of every true lover of music present. But there were other than silent tributes. Prolonged, spontaneous applause was her frequent share. The deep, rich tones of her voice were displayed to great advantage by the demands of the score, and she was especially fine in that charming melody which runs through much of her scene with *Samson*.—*New Haven Daily Palladium, March 25, 1907.*

Saint-Saëns' *Samson and Delilah*, the Scriptural opera chosen, was exceptionally well given. A better *Delilah* than Miss Gertrude May Stein one can hardly imagine. Her work was dramatic, poetic and consistent, and she sang the music which certainly shows off the beautiful quality of her voice to rare advantage with unvarying taste, intelligence and artistic finish. She received a large bouquet of American Beauty roses tied with cerise ribbon.—*Haven Morning News, March 25, 1907.*

Miss Stein deserves a double share of praise, not only for her excellent rendition of her own rôle, but also for her ability to sing against the *Samson* of the occasion. Miss Stein was warmly received and enthusiastically applauded on the few occasions when there was an opportunity for applause. Miss Stein sang well and showed considerable appreciation of the dramatic possibilities of the text. She is one of the most satisfactory and conscientious singers before the public. Miss Stein has sang ungrateful rôles here on several occasions. Last night she had her opportunity for greater things and she proved equal to it. The public appreciated it.—*New Haven Journal-Courier, March 25, 1907.*

Broad Street Conservatory Recital.—A recital by pupils of the Broad Street Conservatory of Music was given last Wednesday evening in their concert hall, No. 1331 South Broad street, Philadelphia. The program included a Beethoven sonata for piano and violin, played by Miss Anan Williams and Master John K. Witzman; piano solos of Godard, Schubert, Jensen, Liebling, Weber, Liszt, by Mrs. Chas. Piez, Misses A. C. Abbrumster, Georgia Horning and Mr. B. K. Wilson. Miss B. Berry, soprano, was the vocalist of the evening. Violin solos of Svensen, Wieniawski and De Beriot were rendered by Masters Leon Arkless and John de Angeli. Miss Carrie S. Pierman, who, with Master Witzman and Mr. Combs, was to render a Beethoven trio for piano and strings, was suddenly taken ill, and Miss Alice T. Roberts at very short notice kindly consented to fill her place. Miss Roberts was also the accompanist of the evening. The artistic rendition of the different numbers was an evidence of excellent training.

Charles Heinroth Organ Recital.—This was given on Tuesday afternoon at Ascension Church (of which he is organist), when the talented young organist played a program of classic and modern music, ranging from Bach to Rheinberger, in splendid fashion on the elaborate new organ. Mr. Heinroth is a professor of organ and composition at the National Conservatory.

Senior Pupils' Recital.—Mrs. Charles C. Taylor, of Binghamton, N. Y., gave a pupils' recital on Thursday evening, March 11, which commanded much admiration and appreciation. The program was rather long, but excellently planned, the best composers of various schools being included. The following notice of this artistic affair is clipped from the local press:

Mrs. Charles C. Taylor's senior pupils gave a charming recital on Thursday evening at her home on Arthur street. Over 100 guests were present and greatly enjoyed the program. Duets on two pianos, played by Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. Hanchett, Mrs. Gilbert E. Rodgers, Miss Little, Miss Shrimpton, Miss Garney, Miss Mann, Miss Brink and Miss Waldron were compositions of Moskowski, Brahms and Wagner and the rhythm and precision of the performers seemed the work of but one person. An exquisite arrangement of Henselt's *Si Oiseau j'Étais*, for two pianos, rendered by Mrs. Taylor and Mrs. Hanchett, was one of the gems of the recital. Instrumental solos by Miss Little, Miss Garney, Miss Brink and Miss Shrimpton were received with great applause, and their work admirably proved the careful training of Mrs. Taylor. In the program the works of German, Polish, Norwegian, Russian and Austrian composers were interpreted, and Mrs. Taylor in her solo gave a most superb per-

formance of the Springbrunnen of Davidoff, and the Schubert-Tausig *Marche Militaire*. The Ladies' Columbian Quartet, Miss McCoy, Mr. Fowler and Dr. Gillespie, assisted by their lovely singing in enhancing the pleasure of the musicale. Dr. Gillespie is fast winning laurels for his beautiful voice, which was never better than in his solo, *O Thou Sublime Evening Star*, from Tannhäuser, sung at the recital. He was obliged to respond to an encore, and gave Lassen's delicious *Dream*. Mrs. Taylor was highly complimented by all on her very successful entertainment.

Third Burbank-Mosher Music Lecture.—Scandinavian music was the subject of yesterday's lecture and recital at the Waldorf. Miss Emily M. Burbank discussed the national characteristics of the country as expressed in its songs of sorrow and dances of joy, its pathetic melodies and its stirring rhythms. Miss Florence Mosher illustrated the lecture with piano performances of selections from the works of Grieg, Sinding, Schytte and Sjorgren. The last, occurring this (Wednesday) morning, is to be devoted to Bohemia and Hungary.

Dr. Hanchett's Readings.—Dr. Henry G. Hanchett has completed his course of Beethoven readings which have been in progress ten weeks, both in the Art Building in Brooklyn and in Chickering Hall, New York city. A great deal of interest has been manifested in these recitals, and many professional musicians have been uniformly present. The readings are not adapted to the uninitiated, but constitute a rather advanced course of general musical analysis, illustrated by works that are in the hands of every student



BRUSSELS—HOTEL DE VILLE.

of the piano, and by a performance of Beethoven sonatas rendered in the style which has long been associated with Dr. Hanchett's name and has proved very acceptable to the students who have availed themselves of the course.

The course is to be followed in Brooklyn, at the Art Building, and under the auspices of the Brooklyn Institute, by a series of six critical and analytical recitals of piano masterpieces, wherein will be shown the application to these works of the methods of study which have been outlined with more detail in the Beethoven readings. The works chosen for this second series are Schubert's sonata in A, and his fantasia in C, op. 15; Schumann's sonata in F sharp minor, and his *Symphonic Etudes*; the Saran fantasia-sonata, op. 5, and MacDowell's *Tragic Sonata*. This course will begin on Thursday, April 13, at 11 o'clock.

Nordica Sued.—One Wilson, who last year was a purser on the Fall River line steamer *Pilgrim*, has sued Lillian Nordica for \$10,000 for alleged violation of contract. In order to serve papers on her he hired some actor who managed to get on the Metropolitan Opera House stage on Wednesday evening, and in that manner approached Nordica and gained his point. The daily papers devoted columns of space for several days to this dramatic incident—nearly as much as they did to the prize fight at Carson City. There were three lines devoted to art in the same edition of one daily and two lines to a book notice in another. We are certainly in an advanced stage of civilization here with the daily press running on an idiotic, hysterical basis. But it will work out its own doom—this system of exaggeration.

Andrew Schneider.—Mr. Andrew Schneider, a pupil of Anna Lankow, sang last Wednesday night with decided success at the Salmagundi Club. He possesses an exceptionally fine bass voice. He has been engaged for the First Presbyterian Church by the eminent artist William C. Carl.

Third Powers-Brockway-Mannes Lenten-Musicals.

THE third and last of these truly enjoyable matinées musicales occurred, as planned, last Wednesday morning in Carnegie Lyceum, with this program:

| | |
|--|------------------------|
| Trio for piano, violin and 'cello, in C minor..... | Arthur Foote |
| Mr. Howard Brockway, Mr. David Mannes and Mr. Paul Jennison. | |
| An Ein Veilchen..... | Brahms |
| O Wuesst Ich Doch Den Weg Zurueck. {..... | Cornelius |
| Der Liebe Lohn..... | |
| Aus Dem Hohen Lied..... | Mrs. Theodore Toedt. |
| Ballade, in F major, for piano, op. 10..... | Brockway |
| Mr. Brockway. | |
| Romanza (Morire)..... | Musica di Guido Papini |
| Violin obligato by Mr. David Mannes. | |
| Two movements from suite for violin (by request)..... | Ries |
| Mr. Mannes. | |
| Hark, Hark the Lark..... | Schubert |
| The Almond Tree..... | Schumann |
| Language of the Flowers..... | Dvorák |
| Mrs. Toedt. | |
| L'Addio..... | Donizetti |
| When..... | by special request |
| O That We Two Were Maying..... | Oalet |
| Night Hymn at Sea..... | Henschel |
| Miss Marguerite Hall and Mr. Francis Fischer Powers. | A. Goring Thomas |
| Accompanists, Mr. Victor Harris and Mr. Horace Kinney. | |

The stage and proscenium were beautifully decorated with Easter lilies, palms and various shrubbery beyond any but a florist to name. There was as usual a large preponderance of womankind. Under such conditions it is a wonder that the music, refined, well read, because carefully prepared and rehearsed, is doubly enjoyable?

The Foote trio is somewhat of a novelty. It breathes a breadth and vigor one does not, somehow, associate with the Boston composer.

Mrs. Theodore Toedt, remembered by many as sweet Ella Earle, soprano of St. Bartholomew's model choir, sang the Brahms' song artistically. She seemed a bit short breathed, but this may have been natural to time and place—11 A. M.—and a mass of womankind form a difficult combination to face. The songs are singularly understandable for Brahms. The latter group of songs were, however, her special successes, combining in them flowing, natural melody and a "pianistic" accompaniment; for Cornelius was a Liszt pupil, as well as composer of *The Barber of Bagdad* (1858), *The Cid* (1865) and *The Trumpeter of Sackingen* (1869).

Mr. Brockway's ballade in F, op. 10, opens with an andante calmo in the major tonic, soon growing more lively, until we reach an agitato, then resuming the first tempo, followed by ingenious modulations to a major third below, in which key—D flat—we have a duet-like subject, suggestive of a soprano and baritone singing. This is a beautiful episode, full of subtle harmony and melodic surprises. Then chromatic passages, octave passages and arpeggi, and return to the home key, a stretto finale, and ending as begun, andante quieto. This is the simple skeleton of the musical form, a very interesting work, creditable to the composer and well played by the pianist.

Mrs. James Lawrence Blair, contralto, (née Apoline Alexander, of Washington, D. C.), of St. Louis, Mo., sang well. Mr. Mannes' human-voiced violin filled the auditorium with vibrant melody in the noble Ries adagio. Into this the player put a breadth and variety of tone color which made the movement indescribable. Hearing alone can give an idea of the expression of which this Villaume fiddle and this—fiddle player, shall we say?—are capable!

This young violinist has marked out for himself a career. He is on the road, well along the long journey—some day he "will arrive," as the French say. *Behüt' dich Gott!*

Mrs. Toedt's second group of songs in English—the first sung in admirable German—were of infinite tenderness.

The four closing duets by Miss Hall and Mr. Powers were a fitting close to the morning.

Ovide Musin.—Mr. John Ruelh, of Steinway & Sons, has received a letter from the violinist Ovide Musin, dated Auckland, New Zealand, February 20. Since leaving America, Musin has visited Japan, China, Philippine Islands, the Straits Settlements, Java, Australia and New Zealand, where he has been for four months. He had the good fortune to discover a little genius, Alfred Hill, composer of a lyric piece, *Hinemoa*, in which Madame Musin takes the title rôle. The work abounds in wild and warlike effects and has a striking chorus. This operatic legend was given four times in Wellington to packed houses, and was to be presented March 1, 2 and 3 at Auckland. From Auckland M. Musin returns to Australia for forty-five concerts, and thence to India, coming back to America by China and Japan. At Tokio the Musin Company gave a concert before the Mikado, and in Siam a special concert before the King, both sovereigns bestowing handsome presents on M. Musin.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

THE TRUST DECISION.

THAT far reaching decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in the suit of the Government against the Trans-Missouri Freight Association enters into all phases of commerce covered by the words "restraint of trade." Not only are pooling arrangements of railways, agreements regulating freight or passenger charges and specific contracts "restraining commerce or trade" covered, but any reasonable or unreasonable arrangement or agreement in business which prevents or "restrains" one of the parties or a third or any number of other parties from doing business or trading becomes actually and absolutely invalid, and illegal besides. It is not only killed by this decision, but the law will step in and prosecute in case of continuation of such relations.

This decision is a legal one, and no questions of ethics or logic are considered; it is simply a *final* decision or opinion in law. All of our fond arguments pro or con and the application of common sense, practical and reasonable business theories to the situation go for nothing, for it is law and law only that was applied by the court in this decision.

How does it affect contracts in the piano business? Any contract made by any piano house with any dealer which "restrains" him from selling any pianos except those furnished by that house is void.

No Piano Makers' Union can "restrain the trade" of any piano manufacturer by interfering with his workmen or those he proposes to engage.

No Piano Manufacturers' Association can "restrain the trade" of any trade paper by agreeing to limit the time of contracts for advertising, or by agreeing to do anything relating to the "trade" of that paper calculated to "restrain" it.

No Musical Union can interfere with the engagement of any musician, nor can such a union make laws or rules that "restrain the trade" of its own members or of other musicians.

The decision establishes these points definitely, not in these specific cases, but in the scope of its language, and it must not be forgotten that an agreement that may in reality operate for the benefit of the public is not saved from the condemnation of the law if that agreement has the effect of restraining trade or commerce.

But it must always be an agreement or derive its

strength from an agreement in form or spirit, such, for instance, as a tacit understanding to co-operate for one purpose or object. One firm can do just as it pleases to "restrain the trade" of another or of any number of firms. One editor or paper can do all he thinks proper to "restrain the trade" of a firm, but no combination of editors can do so as a combination.

Probably the Supreme Court of the United States was contemplating the impending probability of a combination of editors of music trade papers to "restrain the trade" of some house, and therefore hurried through this decision, which certainly is of enormous consequence.

Does it not affect certain consignment contracts?

MR. FELIX KRAEMER, of Kranich & Bach, has just returned from an extensive trip, and on Monday celebrated his fiftieth birthday at the Liederkrantz Club. Mr. Kraemer has gradually succeeded in securing with Kranich & Bach the position of confidential representative of the firm, and he may visit Europe this summer on pleasure and business. Next Sunday evening Mr. Kraemer leaves on his second Pacific Coast trip of this year.

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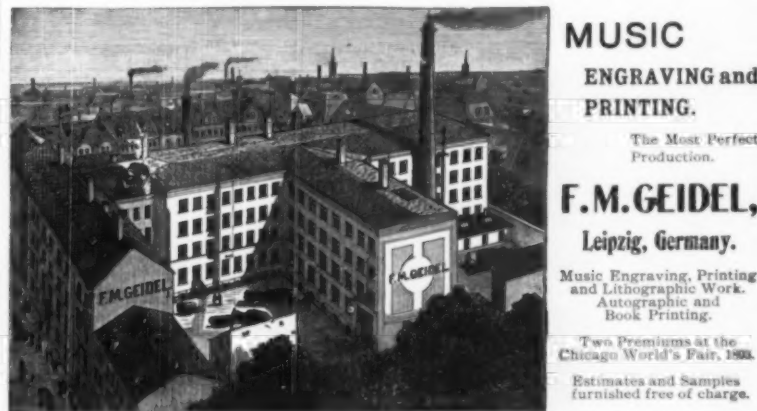


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